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THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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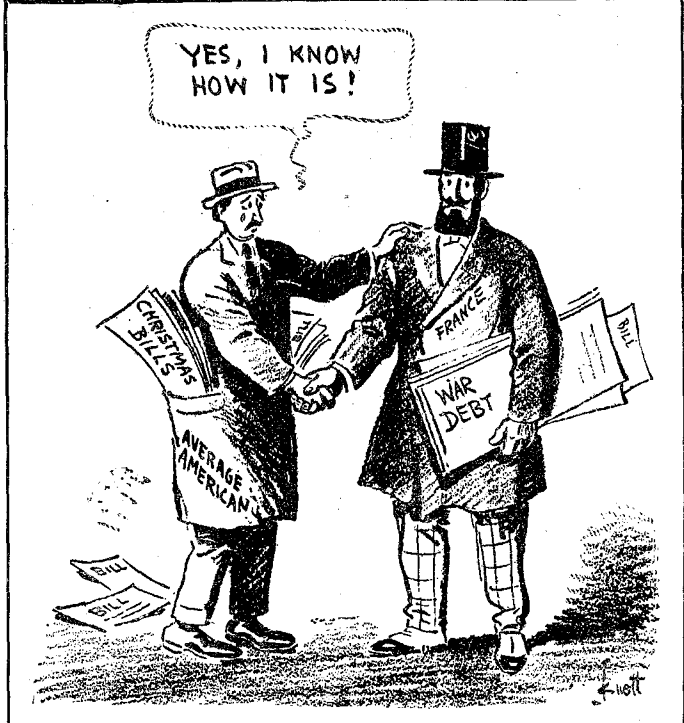
FRANCE TO PAY US BY 2015

FRANCE'S FIRST PROPOSAL for settling her $4,000,000,000 war debt to the United States, altho it reaches our Government marked "confidential and unofficial," is welcomed, because it silences troublesome rumors that France intends to repudiate it, or expects us to cancel it. Moreover, as our editors and correspondents note approvingly, it affords a basis at last for discussion and negotiation—"something," remarks the Minneapolis *Journal*, "that France has hitherto sedulously refrained from offering." This huge sum, as the Chicago *Tribune* reminds us, must be paid "either by the American taxpayer or the French taxpayer." "The French people," remarks the South Bend *Tribune*, "evidently have been deluded by political leaders who have promised debt-cancellation in order to win votes." And a Washington correspondent tells the readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* that "there are many men in the House, and at least one in the Senate, who promised their constituents when they were campaigning for election that they would collect the debts owed to this country by the Allies, so as not to burden the taxpayers of this country for the soldiers' bonus."



SYMPATHY

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

A ten-year moratorium, an additional period of eighty years in which to make payment, and an interest rate of one-half of one per cent. are the outstanding features of the tentative plan submitted by France's Finance Minister Clementel to Ambassador Herrick and forwarded to Secretary Hughes. Altho the document has not been published, these facts have been allowed to reach the French and American people by way of the Paris correspondents. For purposes of comparison it is interesting to recall that Great Britain has undertaken to repay to us her war debt of more than four and a half billions in sixty-two years, with interest at 3 per cent. until 1932, and 3½ per cent. thereafter. Mr. Clementel's suggestions, reports a Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "must be regarded as summing up France's position concerning her debt to the United States." The same correspondent sends the following summary of these suggestions, with explanatory comment:

"The memorandum includes two main arguments why the United States should agree to a ten-year moratorium and thereafter eighty annual payments, contingent, however, on Germany's fulfilment of her obligations to France under the Dawes plan. The original suggestion for sixty-eight years now has been rejected by the French, who believe that it is too short a period in which to pay the entire debt. The argument in favor of eighty years is based principally on the French view-point that transfer operations beyond $70,000,000 annually, representing French reimbursements to the United States of commercial obligations at the present time, are dangerous and impossible to envisage.

"The second argument is on the somewhat moral ground that if France recognizes the debt, and submits to a funding arrangement, payments must hinge on Germany's fulfilment of her obligations to France. The memorandum suggests in this connection that if Germany should default in any certain year—assuming that the French debt is funded along the prescribed lines—France should not be obligated to pay her instalment that year, nor pay doubly the next year.

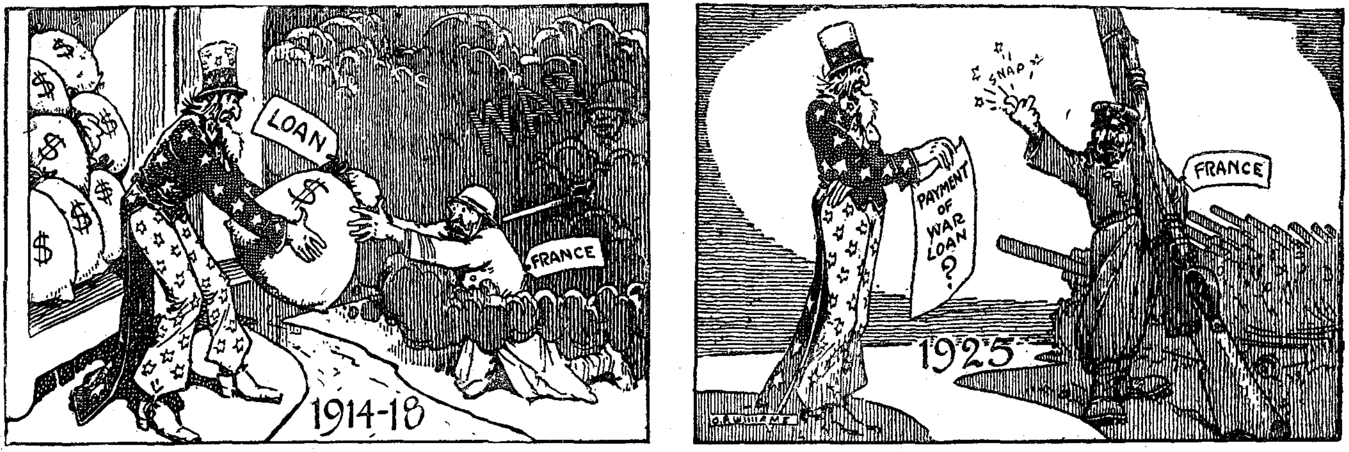
"M. Clementel's memorandum suggested eighty annuities, with interest at ½ of 1 per cent. after the ten-year moratorium, but no interest during the moratorium. Mr. Herrick immediately sent a brief note to the Finance Minister noting that such a proposal differed from the solution suggested in previous private conversations, in which a ten-year moratorium and sixty-eight annuities were suggested.

"Mr. Herrick is understood to have express the opinion that sixty-eight years would be acceptable to the United States, with a small interest rate, tho more than ½ of 1 per cent.—perhaps 2½ per cent.—with a progressive transition between the moratorium and the full instalments.

"The French argument against sixty-eight years and in favor of eighty years now may be summed up as follows, as contained in Clementel's memorandum and maintained at to-day's conference at the Quai d'Orsay:

"The Dawes plan is taken as a precedent for the statement that the transfer of capital from one money to another is hazardous. France's present transfer to the United States should be the maximum annual conversion from paper francs into dollars, the memorandum contends. This includes payments on the 1920 and 1921 loans, the Morgan loan, and the deficit in the commercial balance between the two countries, due especially to France's tobacco purchases from America—$70,000,000 in all.

"The present transfer must be reduced progressively before payments on France's political debts can be started, and the



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A HEARST VIEW—"THEN AND NOW"

—Williams in the New York *American*.

> latter paid in proportion to the reduction in the former. Therefore, ninety years is envisaged, including the ten-year moratorium with ½ of 1 per cent. interest, contingent always on Germany's payments. According to French opinion it therefore would be useless to pledge the payment of sums in excess of the present annual debt service to America. Under all conditions, it is pointed out, the first twenty instalments would be $20,000,000 annually."

This means, remarks David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch, that "the United States and France have entered into a diplomatic controversy which may for years to come affect the relations between the two countries." The attitude of the American public toward this question of the French debt, as reflected in the press and in Congress, seems to be one of growing impatience. Why does France send out semi-official "feelers" instead of making a definite official proposition? asks the Detroit *Free Press.* "American opinion is opposed to remission or any material revision of the war debts, and insistent upon payment," declares the Los Angeles *Express.* And in the St. Louis *Star* we read:

> "For six years the United States has been busy puncturing tentative French proposals that war debts be canceled outright, or at least pro-rated over the whole war period. Paris and statesmen of Europe generally have been lying awake nights to figure out some feasible scheme whereby rich Uncle Sam could be bamboozled into shouldering the lion's share of the expense of whipping Germany.
>
> "Some real action, looking toward funding of these old debts, should be made immediately. Payments of interest upon the $4,000,000,000 owed us will help reduce taxes in this country. Americans are demanding such a reduction. It is time for action, not words."

The American Government, declares a Washington dispatch to *The Wall Street News,* "has no intention of permitting France either to cancel or reduce her war debt to the United States"; and in this connection, several editors recall the following passage in President Coolidge's message to Congress:

> "I am opposed to the cancellation of these debts, and believe it for the best welfare of the world that they should be liquidated and paid as fast as possible. I do not favor oppressive measures, but unless money that is borrowed is repaid, credit can not be secured in time of necessity, and there exists besides a moral obligation which our country can not ignore and no other country can evade. Terms and conditions may have to conform to differences in the financial abilities of the countries concerned, but the principle that each country should meet its obligation admits of no differences and is of universal application."

As coming from a firm friend of France, who served with the American forces in the World War, the following frank words of admonition from Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania have attracted much attention—the more so since Senator Reed is said to "stand unusually close to Secretary Mellon, who in turn is the most important cog in the whole debt-repayment machinery." Mr. Reed said on the floor of the Senate:

> "We have a full understanding of France's difficulties. We understand how hard it is for her to collect what is coming to her from Germany, but the debtor nations have taken no steps toward refunding the debt, they have paid no interest upon it, and they have not even given authority to any of their official representatives to come to any terms with our country toward refunding.
>
> "I make no threats. I know that I speak wholly out of friendship for France, but with an acute realization of the fact that American taxpayers are paying every day a debt that France owes. France must be told by her friends that her inaction in this matter throughout the past five years has puzzled those of us who look toward her most affectionately.
>
> "France, in my judgment, has done the prudent and necessary thing in making military preparation to withstand another attack from hostile neighbors. In my judgment, her preparation has been only reasonable in extent. I believe that the menace is ever present before the French eyes, and that we in her place would make the same military preparation that she has been making. But, Mr. President, she must see that the core of all military preparation is the preservation of her credit. If this attack against which she is preparing shall come, she will need credit first of all things, and she must see that a repudiation of her debt of the last war would fatally cripple her borrowings in that 'next war' against which she is preparing.
>
> "She must see that. Of what avail is it to make military preparations against invasion if she does not keep alive that essential of all military preparation, a sound credit?"

The situation in Congress is described as follows by Carter Field in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "There is a strong sentiment, tho a minority one, in Congress, that the terms of the British settlement were too generous. It is known, for example, that Senator Howell, of Nebraska, believes that the settlement of the British debt was too liberal. There was some talk in advance of the British settlement that Britain hoped for an interest rate of 2 per cent. This was marked up, but even then there was considerable opposition when the bill authorizing the settlement came before Congress.
>
> "Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, holds the position that he would be willing to cancel the French debt, and for that matter the other Continental debts, if agreements with regard to armament reduction could be obtained which would be satisfactory to his own ideals for the pacification and rehabilitation of Europe. Mr. Borah believes that if the French would reduce their Army to a point which they would regard as less than an adequate police force, and if Poland and other countries would do likewise the resulting increase in buying power of the countries of Europe would more than compensate this country for loss of paper obligations on which no payments can be expected in the near future.
>
> "Outside of this idea, which a canvass of the two Houses of Congress discloses has a very limited following, there is practically no sentiment to speak of in either House or Senate for

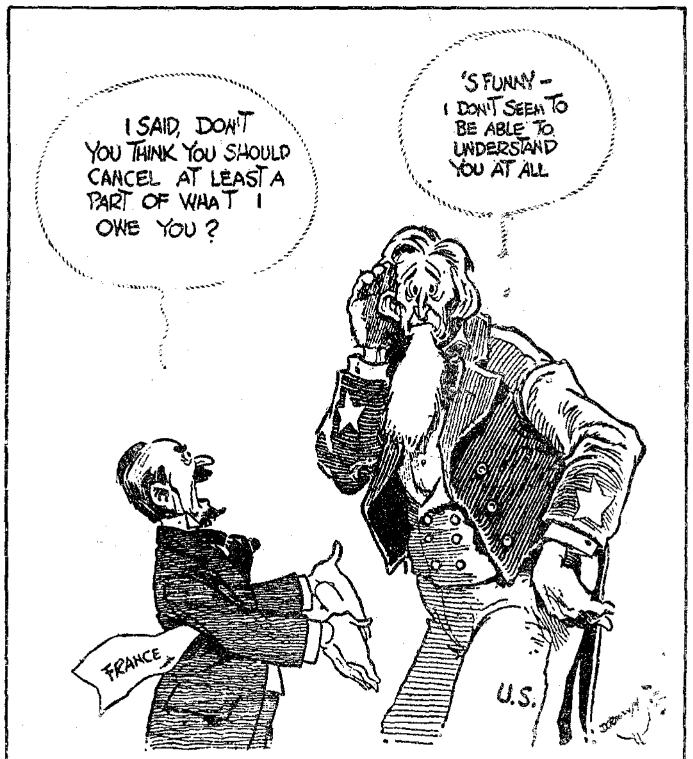
cancellation of the French or any other debt. And even the Borah plan is recognized by the State Department, and in diplomatic circles in Washington, to be impractical for the reason that the French would never consent to such armament reductions as Mr. Borah regards as a sufficient *quid pro quo* for cancellation."

American impatience in the matter of the French debt was aggravated in the closing days of 1924 by the publication of Mr. Clementel's Budget message, which did not feature the debt to America among the Government's liabilities, and which discust the desirability of "pooling" all the Allied debts in such a way that the burden would be carried by the various nations in proportion to their wealth. This gave rise to some heated discussion in Congress, where it was proposed to stop all loans to Europe until an understanding is reached on the subject of war debts. But Mr. Clementel promptly explained that his Budget message did not hint at repudiation, and that his reference to pooling the Allied debts was purely theoretical and academic. In a statement to the press he said in part:

> "France can and will pay her obligations, but can't promise when or how until she knows where she stands respecting the German reparations, which are yet unsettled. I don't mean to link the two questions, but it is evident France's capacity to pay will be increased or lowered by the amount she collects in reparations. If the Dawes plan works and we get reparations, we shall be able to pay America and Britain.
>
> "It is not a question of policy, but of fact. If any one could guarantee us to-day that we will receive all reparations due from Germany, we could immediately settle with America and Britain for full eventual liquidation of debts."

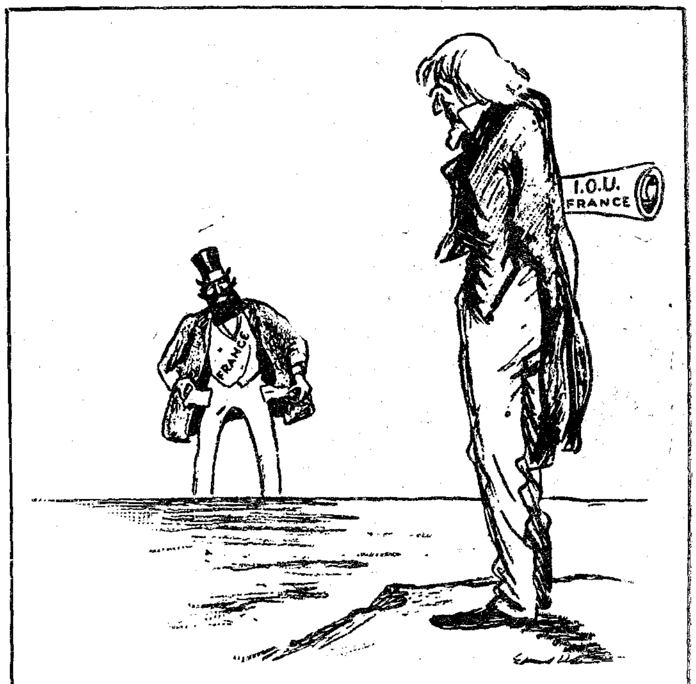
"France will pay when France can pay, but how can France pay now?" asks the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil;* and the Dallas *News* remarks that "assurance of the intention of France is almost enough to satisfy those who, while favoring leniency in the matter, would not favor repudiation or cancellation of the valid obligation." "Deeper than what should be done, deeper than what must be done, lies the issue of what can be done," the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us; and the New York *World* in an editorial headed "Expecting the Impossible of France," says:

> "France owes $7,000,000,000 to Britain and America. The British have asked, and no one suggests that they are not well within their rights in asking, that the French pay as much on the British debt as the French finally pay America.


I SAID, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD CANCEL AT LEAST A PART OF WHAT I OWE YOU?
'S FUNNY — I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL
FRANCE
U.S.

HIS DEAF EAR

—Smith in the Tulsa *Tribune.*



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun.*

> "France, therefore, is asked to pay both countries equal sums. And on the terms of our settlement with Britain those sums would amount to $250,000,000 annually for ten years, and $290,000,000 annually for fifty-two years thereafter.
>
> "We do not attempt to guess what France can pay, but it is no such sum as $250,000,000 or $290,000,000 annually. People who pretend otherwise without proving their case with figures are doing with American opinion precisely what Poincaré did with French opinion eighteen months ago—they are teaching it to overreach itself in expectations.
>
> "It was Poincaré, four months before the Dawes committee went to Europe, who talked of 'vague, little' plans for 'experts.' It was Poincaré who insisted that the first rosy estimates of Germany's capacity to pay needed no revising. It was Poincaré who said, 'we can not renounce any portion of the claim,' and 'we know Germany is and always will be rich enough to pay us.'
>
> "We have our own Poincarés, and if they are successful in misleading public opinion, we shall have our own disillusionment. They have asked for the moon and set some of us to thinking we can have it."

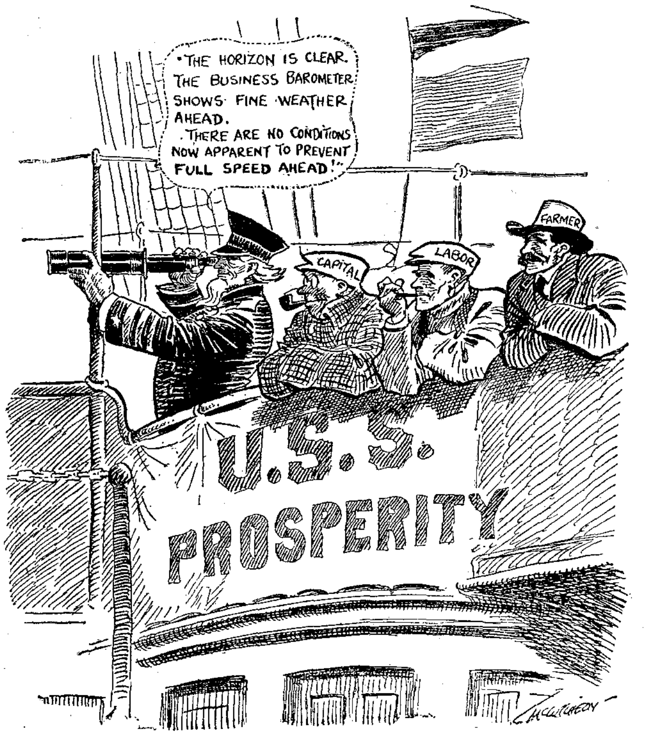
Remarking that France's tentative offer "will be as disappointing to those who have expected to collect promptly and in full from France as it has been disappointing to France not to be able to collect from Germany," the Newark *News* adds its plea for moderation and reasonableness in our attitude toward this debtor nation:

> "Now France comes to us with a statement of what she thinks she can pay, when she can begin to pay, and how fast she can pay.
>
> "We have counseled France to be reasonable toward Germany, to reduce her expectations to sums within Germany's capacity to pay, and to substitute methods of conciliation in place of methods of force.
>
> "What reply, then, shall the United States make to France when she adopts the Dawes principle and asks us to arrange with her for what she can afford to pay? What can Secretary Hughes or Vice-President Dawes say? We do not have to accept the French plan without suggestion or amendment, but we can not logically refuse to work out a settlement on the basis of ability to pay as France proposes. Administration leaders have made a great boast that this is our level-headed American principle, our contribution of helpfulness toward reconstruction and peace. If it is so good that we could insist upon the Allies adopting it toward Germany, it ought to be good enough for us to apply to France."

Expressions of French and British views on the subject of our war debts will be found on page 16.

THE PILLARS OF PROSPERITY

PERHAPS BECAUSE "hope springs eternal in the human breast," every New Year's Day brings a fresh burst of optimism and predictions of good times for the coming twelvemonth. But in the opening days of this year of grace, 1925, there is such unanimity, such confidence, such positiveness, so many definite supporting arguments and facts, in the predictions of prosperity from all the business and financial authorities of the land that the editorial fraternity seem almost willing to swallow the optimistic outgivings without the customary grain of salt. Rarely, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, has an old year "turned into the final period of its decline, cheered on its way with such general and positive hopes for the new as 1924." The Cleveland *Press* misses "the strained note of forced optimism" that "has characterized rosy forecasts in some former years." The "extraordinary unanimity of optimistic opinion" impresses even such an old hand as the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*. It seems highly significant to the editor of the authoritative New York *Journal of Commerce* that "the opening of the year 1925 finds the United States not at a 'turning point' in its economic development, but apparently in the full swing of a new industrial phase, which has already opened." "Wherever one turns these days—to the banker, to the industrialist, or to the statesman whose office has to do with business—he gets the same assurance," reports the New York *Sun;* "1925 is to be a great and prosperous year." In support of this statement there could be quoted optimistic utterances of Cabinet members like Hoover, Mellon, New, and Work; the heads of practically every important bank of the United States; a dozen railroad presidents; industrial leaders like Gary and Schwab, of steel; Teagle of Standard Oil; Agassiz of copper; H. L. Doherty of public utilities; H. R. Mallinson of silk; a score of automobile manufacturers; leading merchants of various types, economists like Professor Fisher and Colonel Ayres; the heads of organizations like the National Association of Manufacturers and the National Association of Credit Men. To these optimists we may add most of the journals specializing in business and finance, the financial editors of the great metropolitan dailies, and for good measure, newspapers in all sections, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington in the East; Memphis, Richmond, Columbia, Galveston, and El Paso in the South; Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Topeka in the Great Mississippi Basin; and San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma on the Pacific coast.


"THE HORIZON IS CLEAR. THE BUSINESS BAROMETER SHOWS FINE WEATHER AHEAD. THERE ARE NO CONDITIONS NOW APPARENT TO PREVENT FULL SPEED AHEAD!"
CAPITAL
LABOR
FARMER
U.S.S. PROSPERITY
McCutcheon

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FULL STEAM AHEAD

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Thus "for the first time since the Great War the world enters a new year with its feet on solid ground," says a New York bank bulletin, and another argues that the war-decade and the post-war period ended with 1924. At last, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, the world is showing signs of "recovering from the awful epidemic of war that broke out in 1914." "A world boom led by the U. S. is a 1925 possibility," we read in the *Forbes Magazine*.

The classic façade of the edifice of business recovery is pictured on one of the pages of *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland). The roof is supported by four columns, named respectively: European recovery, easy credit, farm prosperity, restored confidence. Because of the existence of these four columns our business structure is on a sound basis, argues John W. Hill in the Cleveland weekly, for "all the elements of prosperity are at hand." In the same issue Col. Leonard P. Ayres, who is described as "the 'high priest' of practical business economists," says that we have to-day the "four factors necessary to produce a period of sustained prosperity in this country":

"The first is increasing industrial production after a period of depression. The second is good agricultural prices. The third is increasing export demand, and the fourth is easy credit conditions. Colonel Ayres thinks "it is probable that 1925 will be a year of business recovery, far-reaching prosperity, with greater industrial production, and larger net earnings, and it is likely that these developments will be accompanied by more speculation in both commodities and securities. The year promises to be one of increasing business acceleration, approaching the speed limit, and in danger of incurring the consequent penalties in 1926."

Some financial authorities find more than four pillars supporting the house of prosperity. From the publication of the Guaranty Trust Company (N. Y.) we take this list of twelve bases for optimism:

"1. Ample credit and capital and low interest rates.
"2. Large retail and mail-order sales.
"3. Ample and efficient transportation.
"4. Increasing foreign trade, especially a greater volume of exports.
"5. Greater prosperity and saner regulation for our public utilities.
"6. Improved industrial conditions, particularly in the motor, rubber, and textile industries, and marked recovery in the iron and steel industry, with rising markets for other metals.
"7. Increasing employment of labor.
"8. The high purchasing power of wages.
"9. A reasonable stability and balance of prices.
"10. Greatly increased savings deposits and new life insurance written as evidence of thrift.
"11. Strong stock and investment markets, with a larger volume of successful financing of both foreign and domestic offerings.
"12. A reassuring political outlook."

A still longer list is presented by B. C. Forbes, in a recent number of his magazine. He asks:

"What are the chief pillars on which national prosperity best can be raised?

"Are they not sound agricultural conditions, reasonably efficient and well-paid labor, an abundance of capital and credit available on atttactive terms, ably managed and adequate transportation facilities, stable and inspiring political conditions, expanding foreign demand for products of our soil and factories and mines and forests, decreasing taxes, wide-spread determination to improve the general standard of living, eagerness to invent and adopt labor-saving machinery and implements all over the land; sound national health, a rapidly increasing population, record-breaking savings deposits, numerous increases in dividends, rising security markets, a generous number of extremely capable industrial and financial leaders and, lastly, a spirit of enterprise and of profound confidence in the nation's future?

"Does not America at this moment enjoy all of these?

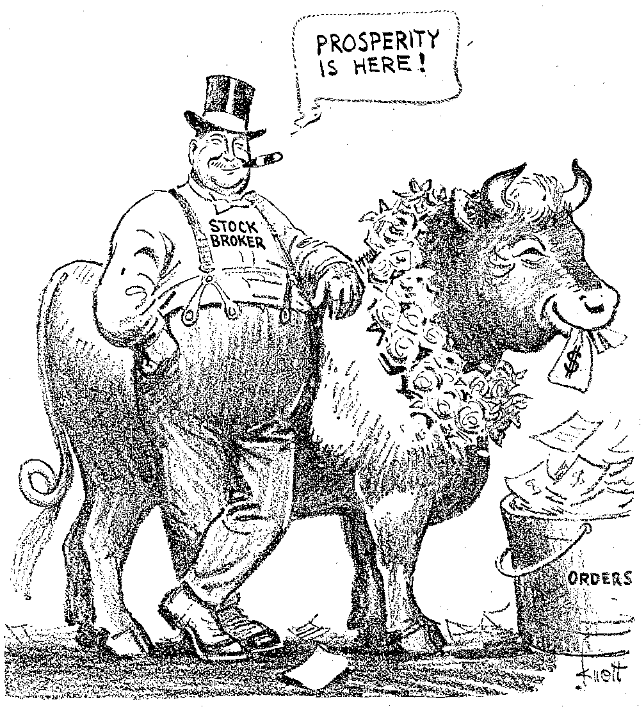
"Prosperity on an impressive scale should be the logical consequence."

"At the risk of tiresome reiteration," writes the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post* in its annual "Survey and Forecast," "one may emphasize the fact that the situation is considerably stronger than that of twelve months ago." The Harvard Economic Service, like other authorities, is imprest by the better agriculture situation, the improvement in Europe, the credit situation, the output of manufacture, the activity in building, and the volume of freight traffic. *Dun's Review* makes the conservative statement that "with more business developing at higher prices, and with potential needs heavy, the indications point to larger earnings by corporate interests."

The examination of "the pillars of prosperity" which wins the widest comment and general endorsement from the press is the statement on 1925 prospects sent out by Secretary of Commerce Hoover. He joins the authorities already quoted in declaring that "the new year begins with the economic structure of the world upon more solid foundations than at any time since the war." To quote in part:

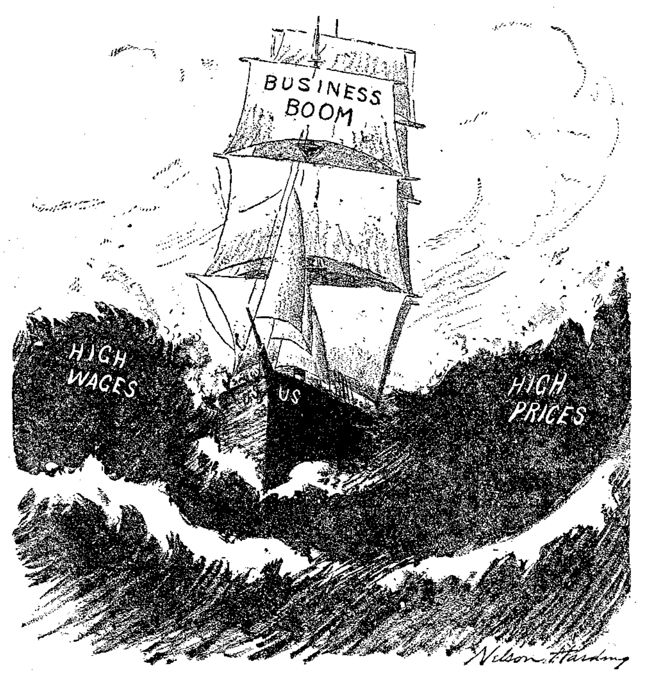
"With the exception of a few spots of secondary importance there has been during the past year a real advance toward social, economic and political stability throughout the world. The only exceptions are Russia and China, which even before the war contributed less than 3½ per cent. of international commerce. A part of this continues. Generally the world is producing more goods, there is fuller employment, there are higher standards of living, more assurance of economic stability for the future, and more promise of peace than we have seen for many years.

"In our own country the outstanding economic development of the year has been the very large recovery in agriculture after its two-year lag behind the recovery of industry. There are some secondary difficulties still remaining, particularly in the cattle industry and the effect of the subnormal corn crop; but the prices of all farm products are gradually moving toward the general average of commodity prices. This improvement in prices of farm products has been paralleled with some decrease in the prices of many industrial commodities, such as fuel, building materials, metals, etc., so that there has been little change in the average of all price levels, and thus the farmers' purchasing power is being remedied in both directions.



THE WALL STREET FARMER

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.



THESE BOOMING TRADE-WINDS KICK UP QUITE A SEA!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"While there has been a good deal of adjustment in prices of single commodities during the year, the average wholesale price of all commodities has varied but 3 per cent. as between the ends of the years 1922, 1923 and 1924. It would thus appear that we are tending to the common level in prices of about 50 per cent. over pre-war, which seems to represent at least our present economic plane in prices.

"The average wage in industry has been stable during the last year and remains around 100 per cent. above pre-war, while the cost of living has maintained almost exactly the same level at the end of each of the last three years, 1922, 1923 and 1924, about 72 per cent. over pre-war.

"Two industries—textiles and Northern soft coal—have lagged in recovery. The textiles are suffering in part from sharp competition of foreign imports, and in part from shift in national habits. An improvement may be looked for in the forthcoming year.

"Our foreign trade has shown considerable expansion during the year in exports, and some decrease in imports.

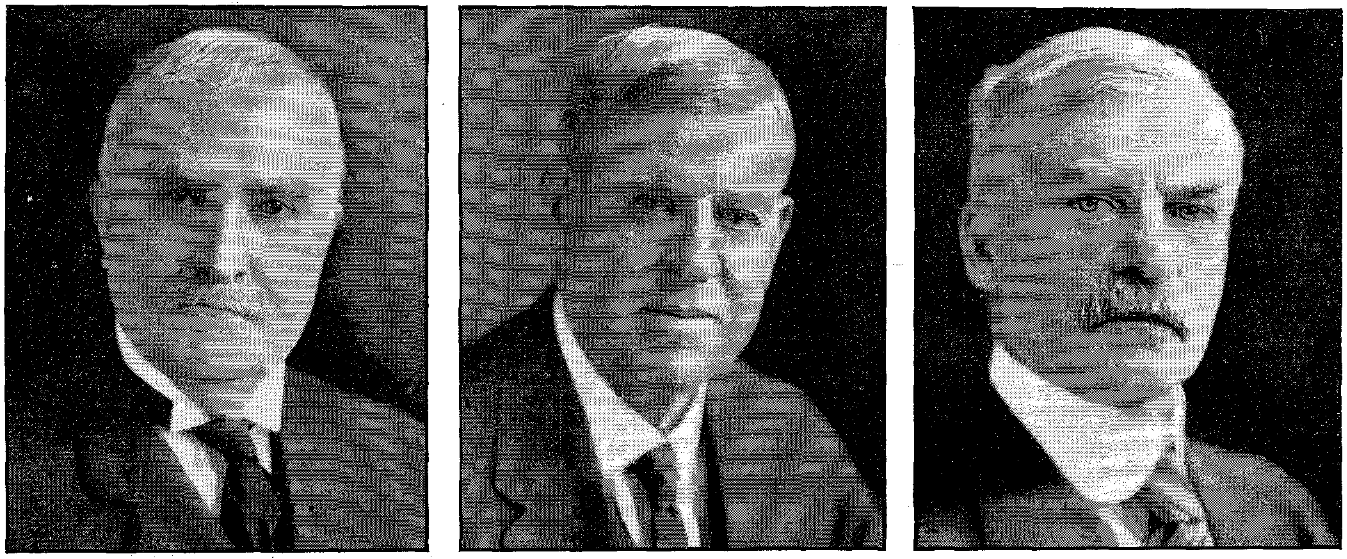
"It has been suggested in some press quarters at home and abroad that the result of these favorable factors may be leading our country toward a period of inflation of the character of 1919-20, with its disaster of 1921. It can be assuredly stated that we are on the march of wholesome recovery from the war, and there is no present indication of inflation."

This complete survey leaves little still to be noted, and the boom in Wall Street is discust in the Department of Investments and Finance.

The one important industry which is in a doubtful position is that of textiles. As *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* discusses this situation:

"Nobody pretends that the textile industries are in as good shape as could be desired. But it is gratifying to know that there is a gradual improvement. A number of mills in Massachusetts during the past week have resumed full time at a wage-reduction of 10 per cent. It is also satisfactory to know that in Maine, following a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages, affecting some 13,000 workers, some of the textile mills which had for months run at only four days a week have increased their working time by one day, and some are even running the full week. Fall River is considering measures looking to the improvement in the cotton business at that very important center."

Pessimists, doubters and pointers with alarm are conspicuous



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DEMOCRATIC SENATORS WHOSE BITTER EXCHANGES HAVE STIRRED UP STRIFE IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

this year by their absence, yet it is not forgotten that, according to *Dun's Review*, "there were more commercial failures in the United States during 1924 than there were during the preceding year." Attention is called in *The Iron Trade Review* to the fact that rising living costs are one serious factor confronting business in 1925, for "advancing living costs may tend to restrict consumption." Prof. Irving Fisher's wholesale price index shows a decrease for 1924 as compared with 1923 but with the final week of the year showing a jump to a point higher than the average for either year. And the writer in the iron trade organ points out that "the advance of wholesale prices for foods, clothing and many other articles of consumption is having the logical result of increasing living costs." All the talk of a boom seems quite unjustified to a writer in *The Nation's Business*. He has been looking into the trade papers to see whether the boom talk is justified, and this is his conclusion:

> "Summarized from such journals as *The Annalist*, *The American Metal Market*, *Commerce and Finance*, *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, *The Price Current-Grain Reporter*, *The Journal of Commerce*, the sound judgment of the trade press is as follows: People feel more secure and hopeful; we are furnished with opportunity rather than with prosperity; we should make haste slowly; finally, *it is unwise to count on a boom.*
>
> "Increased commercial activity is undisputed. But if business men are tempted to jump to the conclusion that it is fair sailing, they had better first study well two dangerous conditions which threaten: First, overproduction with diminished buying capacity; and, second, foreign competition underbidding our high prices on our own territory.
>
> "Unless overconfidence is promptly reduced, commodity prices will soar as a natural result of the speculative movement; then there will be inevitable disastrous deflation because, first, of insufficient buying power—there is a gap of about 14 per cent. between this fall and last, in the matter of factory employment (and resultant purchasing power) and the price level. And further, what buying power there is will be diverted to those imported goods which will be offered at prices so much lower than ours."

Beyond question, we read in a year-end market letter of the Stock Exchange house of Goodbody & Co.: "Our producing capacity in steel, automobiles, bituminous coal, shoes, tires and textiles exceeds our own consumptive demands, while our high production costs keep the most of these products out of foreign markets. Competition in these lines will probably be keen and profits will usually be small, until the weaker competitors have been eliminated."

DEMOCRATS EXCHANGE BOUQUETS

WHY ARE DEMOCRATS RISING in the Senate, hurling verbal vegetables at each other, reviewing the defeat of November, and pointing out the mistakes of the campaign and of certain tactics before the Presidential race began? Is the party to be rehabilitated? Have its dissatisfied members, such as Senator Bruce, of Maryland, and Senator Dial, of South Carolina, decided that the party can reestablish itself in the eyes of the American people only by restoring the ideals of Thomas Jefferson? Or, as Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, suggests, by making itself the party of decentralization of government, States' rights, home rule, and personal liberty? The Senator from Maryland says very frankly that the overwhelming defeat of the Democracy was due to the fact that it had abandoned the principles of Jefferson and Cleveland, and identified itself with paternalistic and socialistic theories, which were a departure from true American ideas and ideals.

In the opinion of Senator Bruce, "the Democratic party has lost the confidence of the country. And we can never reestablish that confidence until there is a return to the old sound relationship between the States and the Government, and the true relationship between government activity and private industrial activity." Senator Harrison (Dem., Miss.) and other Democrats, however, maintain that "the Democratic party has not lost the confidence of the country." But in the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) the Senator from Maryland is quoted as saying:

> "To regain its lost ground, the Democratic party must, first of all, win back the confidence of both the great and small business worlds in the United States by completely shunning the aggressive designs of the La Follette party upon the industry, the wealth and, above all, the judicial institutions of the American people. For such a program, to say nothing of its moral aspects, is a menace at once to the personal liberty and the material well-being of every sober-minded, well-disposed American citizen, and is calculated to excite the alarm not only of the capitalist and the prosperous manufacturer, merchant and trader, but of every person, including the farmer and the industrial worker, however humble, who has ever set aside a dollar, or expects to do so."

"There is no question of the soundness of this position," in the mind of *The Constitution*, which goes on:

> "Senator Bruce, of Maryland, is a Democrat who has the combined virtues of independence and frankness. He does not assume to speak as a leader, but because he refused to follow the

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broncho-busters of the wild and woolly Northwest is no good reason why he should be taunted with disloyalty.

"One of the many troubles of the Democratic party is that there are so many self-appointed 'leaders,' who assume unto themselves, and each for himself, the right to speak for the party, that it is like a mutinous crew at sea, with the only pilot aboard ship chained in the brig."

Such left-handed compliments, coming from Republican papers, would attract little attention, but here is one of the oldest and best-known Democratic dailies in the South upholding the Senator from Maryland in his contention that the country has lost faith in the Democratic party. The crushing blow, however, is delivered by a well-known Northern Democratic paper, the New York *Times*, which says:

"The fatal error of the Democrats in this Congress, however, was that, in consonance with the invariable bad judgment of Mr. Bryan, they ceased to be Democrats.

"They wandered into the La Folletteian pastures and came back shorn. Secretary Mellon's plan stirred general sympathy and expectation. Even the Democrats in Congress were imprest by it at first. At one time it seemed as if they would cooperate like reasonable men. But unwise counsels prevailed. There must be a Democratic plan. As a matter of fact, the Mellon plan was largely a Democratic plan. The Washington Democrats could see in an imperious national necessity only a chance to play a cheap political game. They played it and lost. The Progressive partners who had duped them left them in the lurch.

"The country watched these sorry proceedings. It gave its judgment on them in November."

Senator Dial, of South Carolina, a lifelong Democrat, made the following remarks in the Senate recently, later "expunging" them from the Congressional Record:

"The Democratic party has suffered successive defeats because it has ceased to be Democratic. Like sheep, we have gone astray. Let us manfully realize the truth that we are beaten because we deserve to be beaten; because by our own weakness and cowardice and errors, we have alienated public confidence.

"We have fallen into shifty opportunism, seizing every fad of the moment, yielding to every pressure from lobbies and galleries, veering to every wind that seemed to promise popularity, regardless of the direction from which it blew. We have permitted the great Democratic party to be degraded and used by a small alien faction merely as an instrument of annoyance and hindrance to the administrations."

Republican newspapers appear to agree with *The Times* and *The Constitution*. As representative of Republican comment, we read in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that—

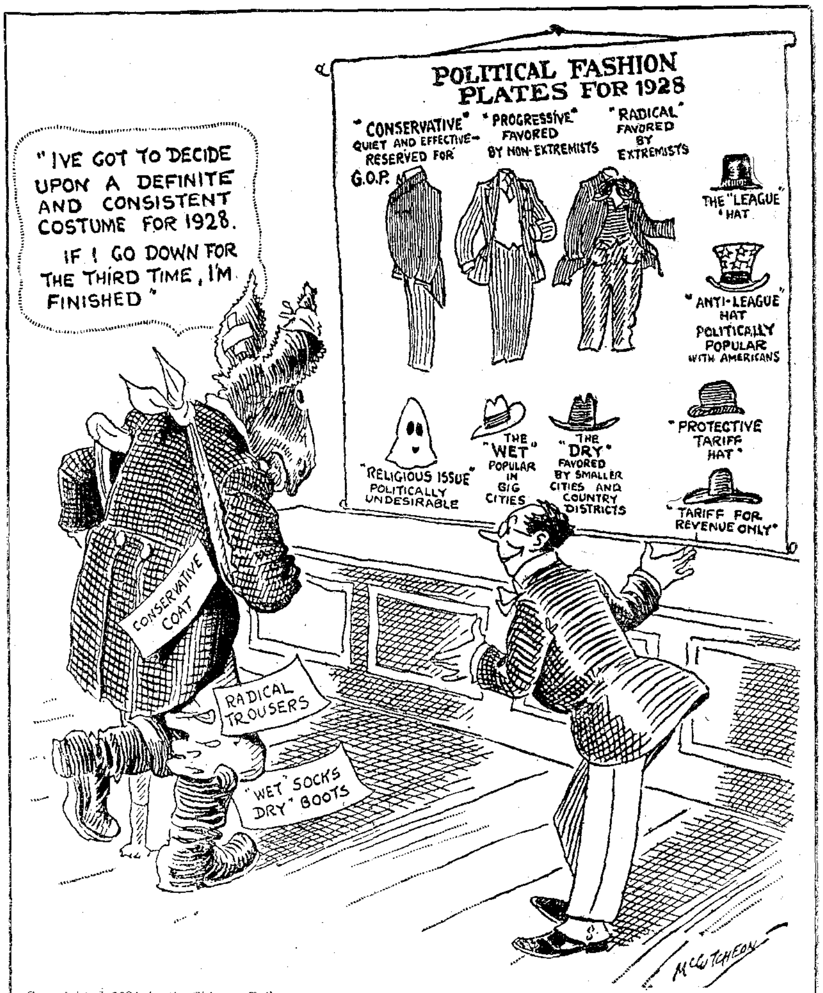
"Republicans can well afford to sit back and view this quarrel with complacency, but it is perfectly clear that Senator Bruce has pointed out the real cause of the Democratic weakness in the last election. The candidate and the so-called leaders of the party ran after false gods, they made common cause with radicals, and as a consequence they received a well-deserved thrashing from the American people."

Senators Walsh, of Montana; Smith, of South Carolina; Caraway, of Arkansas; Harrison, of Mississippi; and Robinson, of Arkansas—all Democrats—on the other hand, deny the charge that the Democrats made an alliance with the radicals in the last session of Congress and the recent campaign. Speaking in the Senate on January 5, Senator Walsh said:

"I take occasion to correct, or endeavor to correct, an entirely mistaken impression that there existed during the last session something in the nature of an alliance or an understanding between the Democratic members of both Houses, at least of the Senate, and the so-called insurgent Republican Senators. . . .

"The result of the election had hardly been announced when press reports issuing out of Washington told about how such alliance was to be dissolved at the insistence of conservative or old-time Democratic Senators. I deny that there ever was any such an alliance, and I venture the assertion that the reports referred to emanated from Republican sources, and are referable to the Republican National Committee."

The New York *Evening World* (Ind. Dem.) likewise comes to the defense of the Democratic party in a leading editorial. Referring to Senators Bruce and Dial, *The Evening World* says:


"I'VE GOT TO DECIDE UPON A DEFINITE AND CONSISTENT COSTUME FOR 1928. IF I GO DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME, I'M FINISHED"
POLITICAL FASHION PLATES FOR 1928
"CONSERVATIVE" QUIET AND EFFECTIVE—RESERVED FOR G.O.P.
"PROGRESSIVE" FAVORED BY NON-EXTREMISTS
"RADICAL" FAVORED BY EXTREMISTS
THE "LEAGUE" HAT
"ANTI-LEAGUE" HAT POLITICALLY POPULAR WITH AMERICANS
"RELIGIOUS ISSUE" POLITICALLY UNDESIRABLE
THE "WET" POPULAR IN BIG CITIES
THE "DRY" FAVORED BY SMALLER CITIES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS
"PROTECTIVE TARIFF HAT"
"TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY"
CONSERVATIVE COAT
RADICAL TROUSERS
"WET" SOCKS "DRY" BOOTS
McCUTCHEON

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DEMOCRACY MUST DECIDE

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"Reading their bitter comments, one would naturally assume that the policies of their party were quite beyond the pale.

"Just what were the offenses of the minority in the last session? Was it really vicious in the minority to force the investigation that revealed the unspeakable putridity in the case of the stealing of the naval oil reserves?

"Should it put on sackcloth and ashes because it forced the indictment of Albert B. Fall?

"Is it culpable because it drove from office the notoriously incompetent Denby, without whose stupidity the cupidity of Fall would have been impossible?

"Was it really infamous to investigate the weird proceedings in the Department of Justice?

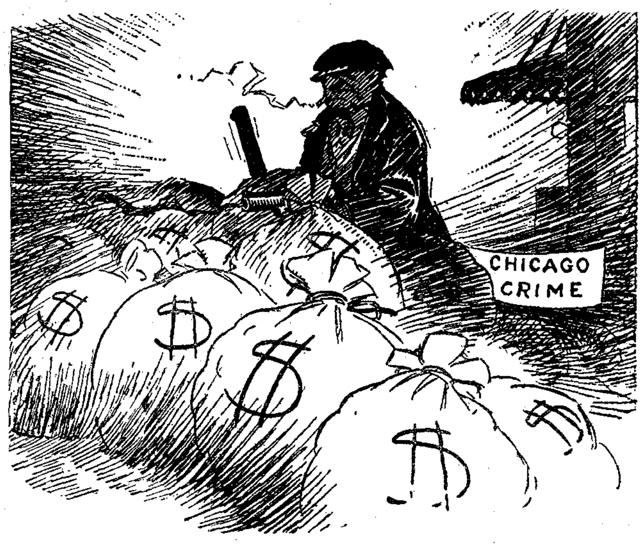
"Was there something infamous in the disposition to ascertain why many millions must be refunded in taxes year by year, and why there is such a multitude of scandals in connection with the enforcement of Prohibition? Or anything bad in the attempt to get action on the World Court?

"Was it wretched taste for the minority to substitute for the Mellon plan one of their own, which gave more relief to the smaller taxpayers and not quite so much to the bigger?

"Far be it from us to give a blanket indorsement to the Democrats' Congressional record, but when a blanket indictment is drawn, a bill of particulars might go far to explain the motives and the principles of the critics."

CHICAGO'S BATTLE AGAINST CRIME

THE WICKEDEST CITY IN THE WORLD, according to the recent Illinois State convocation of Congregational ministers, is Chicago. And while the Chicago *Tribune* denies this, it admits that "Chicago has a bad record in crimes of violence." There were 350 murders last year in the Mid-Western city, as against 347 in New York, with more than double the population. There were also 240 deaths as a result of drinking "moonshine" liquor, writes a Chicago correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association. Two "kings" are said in a Chicago dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* to rule the city's underworld —one arrogating to himself the spoils of vice and gambling; the other controlling the illicit liquor traffic. Meanwhile a "drive" has been started by Mayor Dever, State's Attorney Crowe, Chief of Police Collins, and his chief of detectives. "Arrest the higher-ups. You will have fast cars and hard-shooting shotguns and pistols. Don't be afraid to use either." This is the order that has gone forth.



MAKING GOLD IS NOT LIMITED TO SCIENTISTS

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

All this, however, does not satisfy the Ku Klux Klan of Chicago, it seems. According to another Consolidated Press dispatch, "a reign of terror is promised Chicago if the Klan carries out the crime clean-up campaign against the powerful lawless elements of this city. The Grand Dragon's chief-of-staff declares that the Klan is organized by blocks, wards, and districts for a drive against bootleggers and resort-keepers, and is ready for action the moment the word is given." And, continues this correspondent:

> "Little imagination is needed to foresee what would happen if a hooded band should enter the 'black belt' with its 250,000 inhabitants, to raid the district, which is described by Chief of Police Collins as the center of Chicago's criminal activities."

It was in Chicago's "black belt," we are told, that 150 of the 350 murders of the year occurred. Chief Collins, however, maintains that 75 were justifiable homicide; 55 were committed in the heat of passion, and therefore could not have been prevented by police action; the Italian district yielded 51, Chinese tong wars 3, burglaries and robberies 20, and a desire for revenge is held responsible for 35 killings. Much of the slaying is now concentrated, claims the Chief of Police, so that the better parts of the city are relatively safe places in which to live. The Chicago Crime Commission is doing important work, says *The Tribune*. And a recent report of the Commission, we are told, indicates the weaknesses of the anti-crime forces. Says the report, in part:

> "Chicago's murder-rate for the six years covered by the statistics of the Chicago Crime Commission is as follows:
>
> In 1919, 330
> In 1920, 194
> In 1921, 190
> In 1922, 228
> In 1923, 270
> In 1924, 350
>
> "These figures show a constant, unvarying upward trend, and reflect a situation of increasing danger to the public every month.
>
> "For the purpose of this discussion, the Crime Commission has selected a period beginning January 1, 1921, and ending November 1, 1924. In that time the number of murders reported has been 991; the number of individuals indicted has been 485, or a little over 50 per cent. of the murders reported. The number of trials has been 480, or a little more than 50 per cent. of the murders reported. The number of penalties or sentences imposed has been 250, or 35.36 per cent. of the murders reported.
>
> "When it is remembered that penalties are inflicted in less than 36 per cent. of the cases in which the defendants are apprehended or tried, it means that close to five out of six murderers in Chicago go entirely unpunished."

The "drive" which is now said to be in full swing is held lightly by the Chicago *Journal*. "Chicago is having its old, familiar 'show.'" Continues this daily:

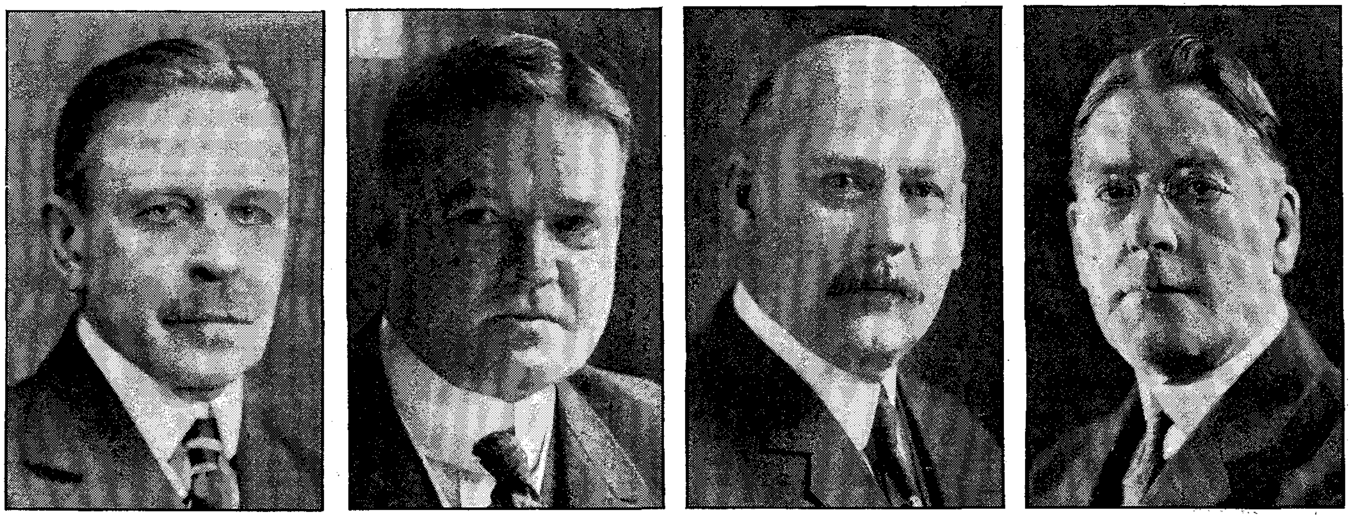
> "The police are given a stern order to 'arrest all gunmen.' They salute and obey. There is no difficulty whatever; no mystery, no sleuthing. The police know precisely where to find an automatic artist whenever they wish. Then why not arrest him without waiting for a 'drive'?"

At the same time, asks the Chicago *Evening Post*, "why waste time on the little fellows when the higher-ups strut about, known but 'protected'?" Chicago, in its battle against an increasing crime-rate, declares the Pittsburgh *Post*, "recognizes as the first necessity the improvement and strengthening of its army of public officers in the field against criminals." Speaking generally, the Chicago *Tribune* admits that the city has "a system of police and an administration of the laws against felonies shot through with fatal weaknesses and perverting influences. Justice is halting, uncertain, and inadequate. It is perpetually evaded and outraged by the skilled technique of organized criminality." As *The Daily News* explains:

> "Out of the welter of charges and countercharges by public officials projects the conspicuous certainty that the people's established legal mechanisms for the prosecution of crime have almost broken down. This sinister situation is due chiefly to two causes—graft and politics.
>
> "The situation can not be tolerated longer by the citizens under the meek assumption that every public official is doing his best. For many are not doing their best. The limit of inefficiency in crime convictions has been reached, or is not far away.
>
> "Chicago by its form of government is dependent mainly on its council. No mayor, however efficient, high-minded and forceful he may be, can deal effectually with municipal problems if he lacks the cordial and intelligent support of the city aldermen.
>
> "Unpleasant symptoms of intellectual and moral deterioration of late years have been manifest in the city council. Some of its major committees have been totally unequal to their tasks. Charges of corruption, painfully reminiscent of the gray-wolf period, have been preferred against certain aldermen.
>
> "If the citizens of Chicago desire a competent, energetic council, they must proceed, as the Municipal Voters' League pertinently points out, to organize in each ward and induce some person of outstanding ability, possessing the requisite qualifications, to become a candidate for alderman."

But Chief Collins's report, points out the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, shows that while the detective bureau, since its shake-up, has made fewer arrests, it has obtained far more convictions. Which leads this paper to remark:

> "If we view the situation comprehensively, we shall find it impossible to put the principal blame for Chicago's crime situation on the police or on the courts or on the State's Attorney's office. America's laxity in the detection and conviction of criminals must in the long run be laid at the door of the American conscience; and similarly must Chicago's laxity be broadly attributed to the conscience of the citizens of Chicago, who choose judges, prosecutors, and other public officers according to political considerations."



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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S OIL CONSERVATION BOARD

A NEW START TO SAVE OUR OIL

THE DEMAND FOR OIL for the ships of the Navy and merchant marine; for the airplanes of the Army, Navy, and Air Mail Service; for the oil-burning locomotives of our railroads; for automobiles and trucks, and for industry in general, "in view of our reduced supply of petroleum, and the extravagant waste in the oil industry, presents a vitally important problem," in the opinion of the New York *Evening World*. "The nation," remarks the Toledo *Blade*, "has enjoyed a plentiful supply of oil for so many years that it is almost impossible for the people to imagine a condition of actual want, yet this is threatened in spite of the apparent surplus." Government experts say the oil industry "operates at too great a rate of speed and with too large a margin of waste," reports the Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*. "Haste to bring the oil to the surface has resulted in the drilling of too many wells, and under present methods not more than a quarter of the oil in the ground is brought to the surface." In fact, the Dayton *News* fears that our oil reserve "is going to meet the fate of our natural gas supply unless steps are taken to avoid waste and plunder."

In addition to its responsibility, not only as one of the largest consumers of oil in the world, but as one of the largest possessors of oil lands, "the Government has a special responsibility to the people," declares the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. As a British oil authority recently remarked: "The country which dominates by means of oil will command the commerce of the world. Armies, navies, money, even entire populations, will count as nothing against the lack of oil." And if we are to guard against shortage, maintains the St. Louis paper, "we must have a comprehensive, permanent, and scientific policy of oil conservation." "Our supply of petroleum is essential to the industry and greatness of the nation," asserts the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which maintains that "waste has taken too large a toll and the time has come to call a halt."

To meet this situation, President Coolidge, "convinced that oil production can not keep up with the demands of American oil users at the present increasing rate of consumption, unless means of conservation and new sources of production are provided," as a Washington correspondent puts it, creates an Oil Conservation Board. "This is the most important step the Government has yet taken to prevent waste in the industry and revolutionize the present business methods of oil producers," believes *The Wall Street Journal*. The new Board, which consists of the Secretaries of the Interior, Commerce, War, and Navy, will study the question of oil conservation in cooperation with representatives of the industry, we are told, with particular reference to leasing and royalties practises. As the President pointed out in his letters to the Cabinet officers:

> "The development of aircraft indicates that our national defense must be supplemented, if not dominated, by aviation. It is even probable that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of available petroleum and its products.
>
> "Oil, of which our resources are limited, is largely taking the place of coal, the supply of which seems to be unlimited, but coal can not take the place of oil in most of its higher uses, on land or sea, or in the air.
>
> "I am advised that our current oil supply is kept up only by drilling many thousands of new wells each year, and that the failure to bring in producing wells for a two-year period would slow down the wheels of industry and bring about serious industrial depression.
>
> "The problem of a future shortage in fuel and lubricating oil, not to mention gasoline, must be avoided, or our manufacturing productivity will be curtailed to an extent not easily calculated."

"The Government, having observed the results likely to follow a policy of carelessness in regard to its oil reserves, does not propose to be caught a second time," remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. And it goes on to remind us:

> "Unlike most other natural assets, oil can not be left to itself for future development. One's next neighbor, by drilling his property, may drain the entire area. That was the excuse given at Washington for leasing the naval oil reserves.
>
> "It is a problem closely related to our national safety, and the best thought of the Administration may well be devoted to it. Leaving the industrial uses out of account—as no one should—a nation short on oil and oil products in the future will be in constant peril.
>
> "Into the hands of Secretaries Weeks, Wilbur, Work, and Hoover, the President thus consigns a task of vast importance to the future of America. The character of the commission insures the thoroughness of the task assigned."

"It will be the duty of this Board to regulate the leasing and royalties system so as to prevent waste," observes the Washington *Star*. For, we are informed by the New York *World:*

> "Oil drawn last year from the public lands, outside the naval oil reserves, as Secretary Work states in his annual report, was nearly 40,000,000 barrels. It was a small contribution, less than five per cent. of the total domestic production. But the public lands are a source of supply which should be carefully husbanded, and one place to begin with real economy is in checking wasteful methods of extraction now generally used."

According to the Toledo *Blade:*

> "A visit to any of the big oil-fields of to-day reveals a fearful condition of waste. Streams become polluted with oil. The

ground becomes soaked with oil. There is loss at well, loss at railroad sidings, heavy loss at field tanks. As there is struggle and excitement while the race is on for the petroleum, there is also a vast amount of confusion and necessarily a large amount of sacrifice of oil."

Moreover, asserts the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

"Vast quantities of American petroleum and its derivatives have been exported within the last few years to countries that seem disposed carefully to guard and conserve their own oil resources. The method of production and distribution in many American fields is wasteful. The seemingly inexhaustible supply of oil has led some producers to ignore all conventional laws of conservation and economy. Yet as reckless production increases the producers obtain less and less profit for their pains.

"What the President seems to have in mind is merely the conservation of such oil reserves as the country might have to depend upon in a period of sudden and unexpected stress, or in a war emergency of the distant future. Certainly there seems to be plenty of work for an oil conservation commission in a time when, while other nations are zealously guarding their oil reserves, we are flinging oil about like sailor's gold."

"The key to the solution," believes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "lies in closer cooperation between the Government and the oil industry." For, asserts *The Wall Street Journal:*

"The trouble with the oil industry, as everyone knows, has been overproduction. The producer has been receiving a very meager return on his investment. Dividends have been either cut or passed.

"The automobile owner and other consumers of gasoline and by-products thereof have benefited through low prices. But it stands to reason that in the long run the consumer might lose. Oil wells do not last forever. Waste through overproduction eventually means excessive prices for gasoline, with record high prices taking the place of present low prices. This would also be bad for the automobile owner and manufacturer. Overproduction means ruination for any industry that has to meet severe competition. Stabilization means good wages, reasonable dividends and a more uniform price trend. Conservation will give to the oil industry that stabilization that will enable the United States to maintain its supremacy in oil for years to come. With consumption increasing at the rate of more than 20 per cent. annually, the question of meeting this great expansion is a serious matter not helped by wasteful production."

According to the Washington correspondent of *The Wall Street News:*

"It is not desired, necessarily, to decrease consumption or to increase the existing level of prices, but what is desired is a restriction of production (always with an adequate reserve supply in mind) to meet current consumption at a reasonable price, and not to go beyond this point. To do this, unregulated competition among producers, it is said, will have to be taken in hand by means of an agreement subscribed to by the producers themselves. It is hinted in some quarters that this may mean virtually an oil administrator, appointed by the Government, similar in scope to the fuel administrator who was appointed during the war.

"Voluntary reform by the oil industry is the goal at which the commission will strive, after the facts are made known and a policy is determined upon."

But the oil industry is "by no means unanimous in its approval of the Conservation Board," declares Edwin J. Clapp, in a New York *American* article. Continues this writer for the Hearst newspapers:

"Some of the wiser and older heads in the oil game are figuring just where this Government intervention will lead. 'Oil conservation' must mean restriction of output. These men are wondering whether restriction of output is going to be politically possible without such strict governmental regulation of prices that the oil industry will lose a whole lot more than it would gain.

"It is understood that the President has become interested in the so-called Henry L. Doherty plan of oil conservation. Doherty suggests the possibility of legislation making all land owners and lessees in a given field pool their interests in a single conservation corporation, which would exploit the field alone. The purpose of the suggestion is to meet the competitive situation which periodically forces break-neck and wasteful exploitation of every new pool.

"The reason for this is well known. If I have a lease in a flowing field and do not immediately drill, other drillers get my oil. Under the Doherty plan, the field would be drilled and the oil run only as fast as the market demanded. The proceeds of the operating company would be divided among the land owners, probably in proportion to their surface holdings.

"It is true that the Doherty plan would legalize combination among oil producers to conserve oil by restricting production. In just the same way, at the present time, railroads are allowed to combine to publish identical rates, and they are protected by law from the competition of unnecessary new lines. But the price they have paid for this legalization of cooperation is a very strict regulation of railroad rates. Some oil men ask: Does the financial experience of the railroads the last twenty-five years have anything in it that attracts the oil industry? What is going to happen to the small producers and refiners under the proposed plan? Can anyone, excepting the largest companies, afford to bid for new fields as they come in? Will not this plan of 'conservation' finally put the whole industry into the hands of ten or twelve corporations? Then what kind of restrictive laws will Congress impose upon a monopoly or near monopoly? And is the country going to gain by killing or dulling the incentive of the thousands of daring individuals and independent concerns that have always been pioneers out ahead of the big companies?

"The Oil Conservation Board is charged with the duty of finding the answer to these questions."

Robert T. Small, writing for the Consolidated Press Association, also informs us that—

"Oil producers and engineers do not see how the Government can carry out an effective conservation program without putting an end to competition. With no competition, prices either would soar or would be fixt by the Government. Price fixing during the war was a hard blow to the consumer. If it is attempted again it is believed the buying public would revolt. Then might follow an attempt at Government operation for a period.

"This is the chaotic outlook that the professional oil men see as the result of any attempted intervention by Washington. The oil men do not attempt to deny that they fear the Government. This fear has been built up, they say, through experiences in the past, experiences with various sorts and degrees of Government commissions. They fear the red tape of the Government. They realize that many things were done during the war which can not be done in times of peace. The oil industry cooperated with the Government during the war. The Government was in business then. The oil men want it to stay out of business in peace times, and let them work out their own salvation.

"The belief among oil men is, that their industry must be governed in the end by natural and economic laws. Relief to the wheat farmers came in 1924, not by government edict, but by economic laws.

"While the oil men have felt that they were sorely troubled within their own ranks, they have adhered to the theory of enduring the ills that they had, rather than to flee to those they knew not of."

A Newark *News* editorial writer, however, can not forego an ironic fling at almost everybody concerned, particularly Congress, when he says:

"By all means let us have such an oil conservation board as the President constitutes. Locking the barn door after the horse is stolen at least may save the harness from a second raid, and if the sheriff succeeds in getting the nag back, why so much the better.

"This rather belated awakening of the Administration to the undoubted need for oil conservation on a national scale can not fail, however, to provoke a rueful smile since it comes only after the shouting and the tumult have died about Teapot Dome.

"But deciding we need a national oil policy is one thing, and determining what that policy shall be is quite another. Undoubtedly the operating companies can and will be heard. To date, however, we have made such a muddle of handling a single undertaking, Muscle Shoals, that it is not to be expected that an oil policy that will satisfy everybody will evolve instanter.

"Always, too, in the background, is Congress and the irresistible itch to play politics with every great policy."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

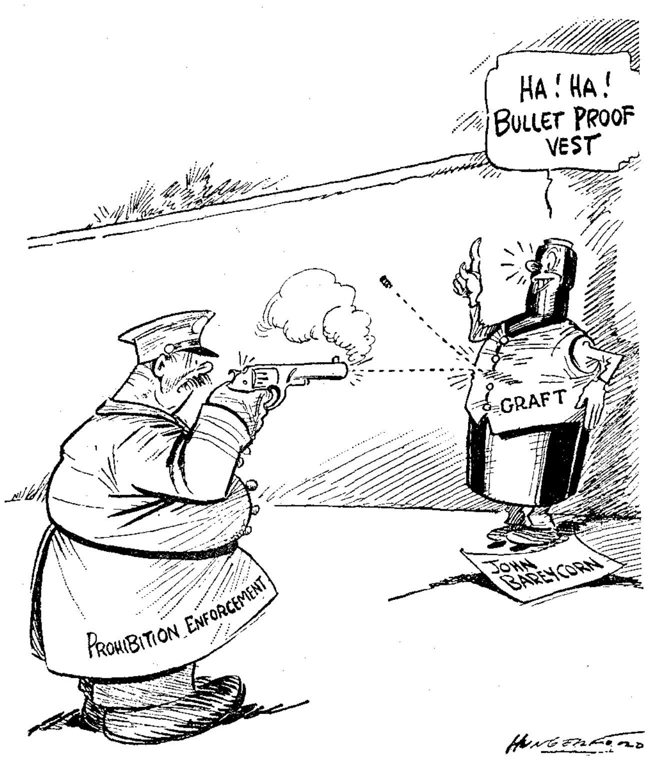
Some men are known by their deeds; others by their mortgages. —*Berkeley (Cal.) Courier.*

Eternal party principles are as enduring as permanent waves, or nearly so.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Still, the cross-word puzzle mania isn't as bad as it would be if it were prohibited.—*Columbia Record.*

Democrats refer to the South as solid, while the Republicans look at it as merely dense.—*Rochester Herald.*

If Germany isn't careful her secret war preparations will rewind that watch on the Rhine.—*New York Herald Tribune.*



SENTENCED TO DEATH

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Sun.*

They call it Federal aid, but it would seem to be largely a case of taking from one State to help another.—*Boston Transcript.*

The feat of sending photos by radio may be a triumph for science, but to date it looks very much like a defeat for art. —*Detroit News.*

The singular thing about all the progressive parties that we have had in this country is that they have never got anywhere. —*Columbia Record.*

Our idea of the gun elevation row would be to require all naval guns to be fixt at an angle of ninety degrees from horizontal.—*Dallas News.*

If they really force those thirty million silver dollars out into circulation it is going to create a brisk market for suspenders.— *Columbus Dispatch.*

The airplaine is now twenty-one years old, and in speed, high flying and recklessness, it comes up to what we must expect at that age.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

An investigator claims to have discovered that poker was played in Biblical times. At any rate, we know that Noah had a full house and Solomon held at least four queens. —*Southern Lumberman.*

Our foreign policy seems to be that we won't belong to anything, but are perfectly willing to butt in.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

There were 14,000 burglaries in Moscow last year, but they can't keep on robbing each other indefinitely.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Another reason why we have more law-breakers than other countries is because we have more laws.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

It's silly to say the student will have no use for the dead languages in later life, now that they're cooking up cross-words in Latin.—*Detroit News.*

Having several hundred of its own, the United States Shipping Board declines to become excited over Germany's sailless ship.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

It is a wise thing to exclude the European criminals from our shores, where it is very likely their morals would soon be corrupted.—*Columbia Record.*

Four ages of man: Bossed by mother; bossed by sister; bossed by wife; bossed by daughter.—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

The trouble with most dumb-bells is that they aren't dumb.—*New York Evening World.*

The hard part of a race problem is to keep inferior peoples inferior.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

In that Rhine bridge game, France seems to favor clubs as permanent trumps.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The basis of this new Anglo-French "hands across the sea" is the arms across the Rhine.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Students of war say that the next conflict will be waged with gas. And it will also be started that way.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The fellow who used to sell lightning-rods is now a stock salesman who makes us believe it is oil that will be struck.—*Mobile News.*

Careful analysis of the late election by 386 experts reveals everything. There were too many Republicans.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Uncle Sam makes an honest but laborious penny by auctioning rum-runners' motor-boats and recapturing them the next week.—*Boston Herald.*

A dumb woman found wandering in Germany has been claimed by three husbands. We should have expected a longer queue than that.—*Punch.*

Maybe Hiram Johnson is maneuvering himself into a position to criticize President Coolidge for talking so much. —*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

A New York reformer suggests a daily paper that prints no crime news. That will be a big step in the direction of conservation of paper.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Trotzky, exiled on Monday, shot on Tuesday, in rebellion on Wednesday, in a hospital on Thursday, in the Kremlin on Fridays and Saturdays, and Minister of War on Sundays. —*Pittsburgh Sun.*

A Gloucester baby has been born with extra fingers. This seems to be nature's first attempt to produce the ideal jazz-band pianist.—*Punch.*

Art may sometimes be daring, but that is no reason for some Broadway producers to give us daring as a substitute for art.—*New York Evening World.*

Looking over the traffic casualty list in any big city in these times, one arrives at the conclusion that all dreaming should be done in bed.—*Detroit News.*

An efficient Government is one in which we pay Congressmen to pass assinine laws that we have to employ Federal judges to construe.—*Columbia Record.*

Disarmament can't be achieved merely by sinking our surplus men-of-war—some way must be found for pacifying our retired men of war.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Dr. Moffatt's modern version of the Old Testament describes the Garden of Eden as a "park." That accounts for the verboten sign on the old apple-tree.—*Columbia Record.*

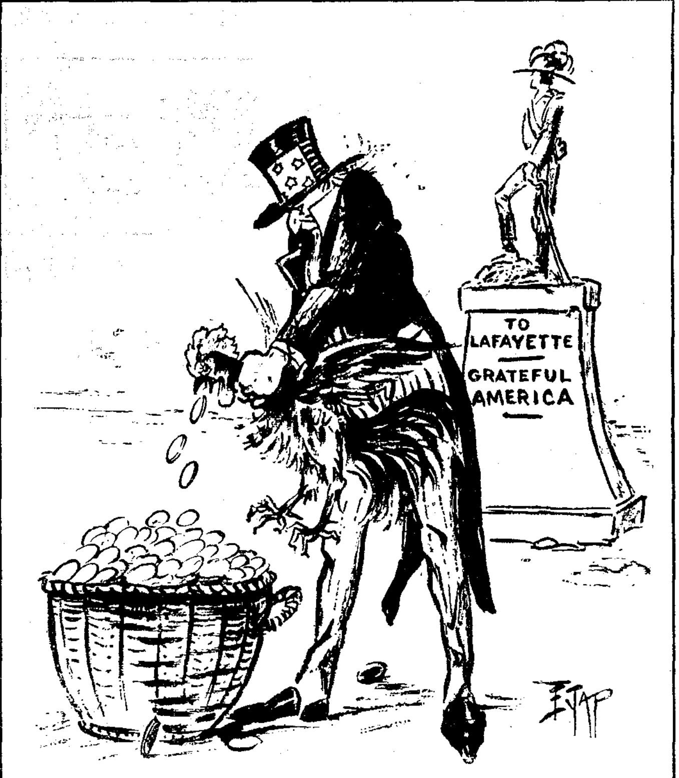
Doc Cook spends his time in jail tatting lace for sofa-pillows. Doc, of course, is privileged to decorate his bed as he likes. He made it, altho he hasn't done all of his lying in it.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

BRITISH AND FRENCH VIEWS OF WAR DEBTS

THE TIME HAS COME, America is said to believe, for the Allies to pay what they owe, and it is argued that this conviction follows logically from the settlement of the reparations problem. But, remarks the London *Statist*, such a belief ignores the fact that the Dawes plan merely postpones such a settlement and has yet to demonstrate its ability to extract substantial reparations payments from Germany. American opinion of the tentative French offer will be found in an earlier article in the present issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Here it seems well to present the general views of responsible British and French observers, as being the best means of discovering the public mind in those countries on the whole subject of war debts. To recur to the London *Statist*, this financial authority maintains that:

"If the ability of Germany to discharge her reparations liability to other countries is to be regarded as a measure of the ability of those countries to discharge their liabilities to the United States, the settlement of the debt to the United States should not be prest for until the Dawes plan has been in successful operation for at least some years. But American official opinion is unlikely to recognize any connection between these two debt questions, and will hardly countenance the plea for a suspension of the payment of one on account of the non-payment of the other. Yet it will be difficult for France to discharge her debt to the United States in the event of a default by Germany. Through the Dawes plan the United States exprest her desire to restore peace and to aid the progress of European construction; but if the plan breaks down in operation, the menace to European peace may be as strong as ever owing to the non-payment of reparations, and at the same time the probable necessity of making remittances on account of the debt to America. With a depreciated currency, an ever-rising cost of living, and the difficulty of balancing her budget, France is not at the moment in a position to undertake any fresh burden, and if forced to do so there is reason to fear that her situation will be as bad as that of Germany a year ago."



FRENCH SARCASM

UNCLE SAM (to the Gallic Cock): "You'll cough up every dollar of it before I let you go."

—*Le Petit Bleu* (Paris).

In discussing what it calls the proper and just attitude of Britain toward French debt parleys with the United States, the London *Spectator* declares the British must be exceedingly careful not to seem to unsay, or to be trying to undo, the memorable transaction which Mr. Baldwin effected when he visited Washington and funded the British debt to America. This weekly argues further:

"That act was a monument of international probity which must not be tampered with. We need say nothing more in emphasis of the fact that our debt to America was due, not to borrowing for ourselves, but to our willingness to back the bills of our friends. Much less shall we try to reopen the Balfour argument, plausible tho it was, that as we did not borrow for ourselves the British debt to America ought to be regarded as part and parcel of the general European debt to America. Nor shall we enter into the interesting psychological question of how Englishmen might have thought it right to act had they been in the position of Americans. The simple fact was that America pointed out that a certain debt to her stood in the name of Great Britain, and that she expected to be paid. We are thankful to say that to the eternal credit—credit in every sense of the word—of this country we did not haggle or dispute. We acted on the simplest and most elementary principle that a debt which is once acknowledged is a debt which must be paid. When Mr. Baldwin funded the debt in Washington, he did a thing which set our credit soaring high above the credit of all other European nations."

It will be a bit of luck for France if she obtains specially good terms from America, *The Spectator* goes on to say, but "we must not forget that there will even then be a large fly in her ointment because:

"A country which has to be granted and which accepts the terms of indulgence is not a country whose credit stands high. As we are among those who regard that intangible abstraction, credit, as a powerful and indeed almost omnipotent goddess, we think a seat in her temple well worth paying for."

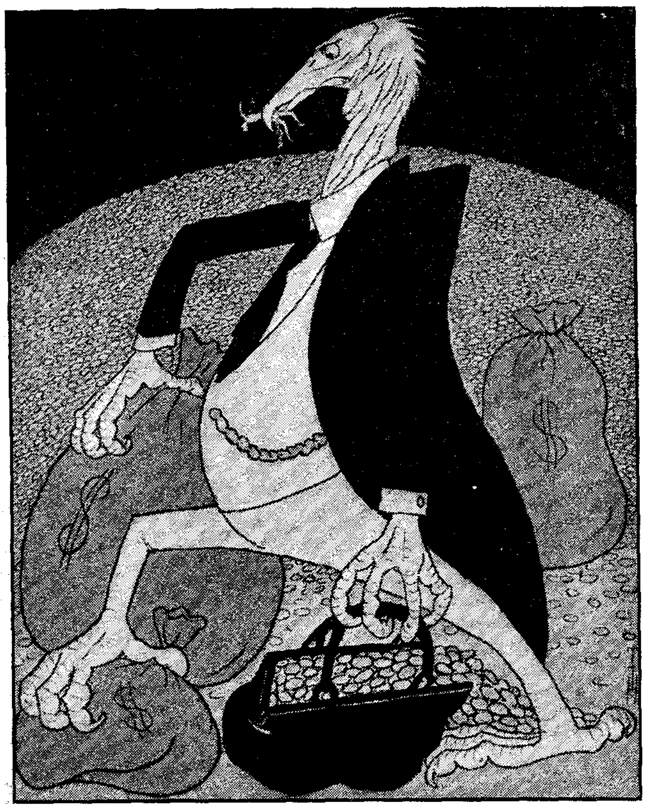
As between two great nations, like Great Britain and France, observes the London *Daily Telegraph*, with some sharpness, how can there be "a just discrimination," and when the principal creditor nation is also by far the richest, and has stacks of gold bullion which she can not use and which actually, according to the experts, operate to her disadvantage, "is it enough merely to say that business is business and that no other considerations can be admitted to the reckoning?" This daily observes of England's procedure with her debt that:

"We have begun paying thirty-three millions a year interest upon it, and shall soon be paying thirty-eight millions—with a vista of further payments stretching over two whole generations. We have our reward, it is true. London is still the money market of the world. We can hold our head high in any company, and the face of the rarely seen pound sterling shines the brighter as it approaches parity. But the burden is so heavy that it absolutely precludes any British Government from making any gestures of magnanimous generosity other than those which are included in the Balfour note. After all, the British taxpayer has the first claim to the sympathetic consideration of the British Government, tho the fact is sometimes ignored by certain critics, both at home and abroad. We pay in taxes over

£17 a year per head of the population, compared with £9 12s in France, and there are still a million unemployed on the register, while in France unemployment is practically non-existent. The plea that France can do nothing for any one until she is quite sure how the reparations scheme will work out would at least be plain and direct. But if she can afford to make terms with the United States, she can not fairly allege inability to make terms with us."

But a British defender of the French standpoint is the London *Saturday Review*, which notes the remark of a writer in the Paris *Economiste Francais* that: "When they ask us to repay our debts these British financiers remember too little that without the heroic resistance of France, the Germans would be established close by the coast of their native land at Calais, and would have no need of a tunnel to invade it, the kingdom of the air being less guarded than that of the seas." The London weekly then turns to the whole question of the debt problem with the remark that:

"The reparations problem has taught us that the fact of a settlement is much more important than its terms. The really essential terms of a settlement are the good-will of its signatories. It may well be that when the world has consigned the exacerbating problem of the war debts to the chest where provisionally settled disputes are stored away, and spirits have received a further dose of calm, the world expansion of wealth will proceed at a pace that will soon make our supposedly enormous milliards and billions look as foolishly diminutive as the figures of the Napoleonic era now appear to us. Perhaps not many years hence the question who is receiving and who paying out little sums like fifty millions yearly will be one of more historical than practical and economic significance."



A GERMAN JIBE

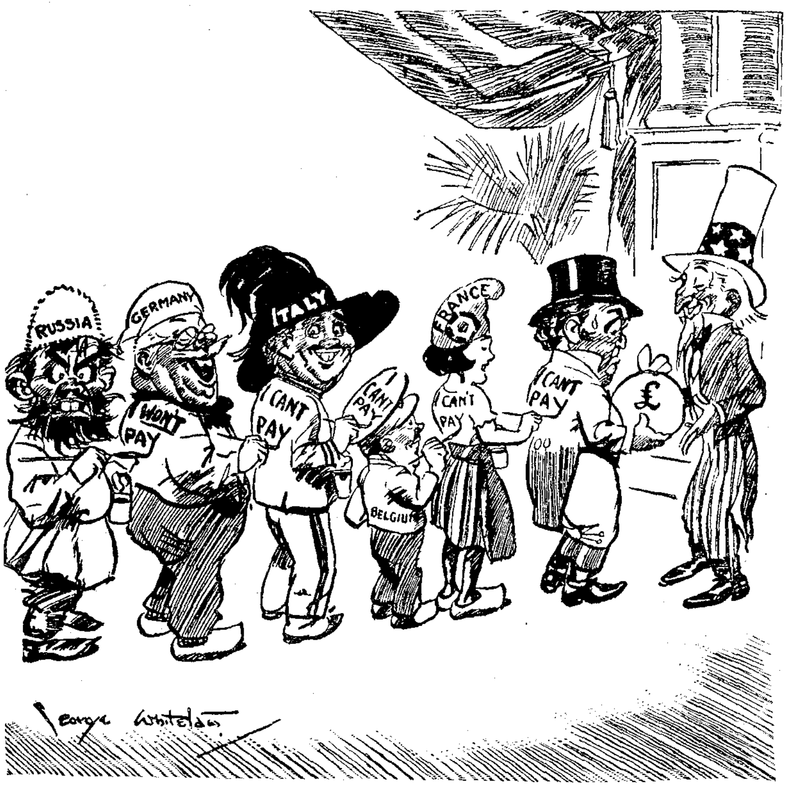
"The boss of all the world."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

Among the French press, a Paris weekly, *L'Opinion*, issues the warning that the French will never gain anything by maneuvering between England and the United States, and it adds that the time has come for France to have a definite policy on the debt question. As far as its debt to England is concerned, we are told, this policy should be linked up indissolubly with the reparations question because: "France can under no circumstances guarantee England against the consequences of a default by Germany, of which default England would be the first and principal victim." By way of exchange, this weekly goes on to say, "either we could revise in England's favor the percentages agreed upon at Spa, or we could surrender to her part of the gold that during the war we gave as security for her loans, and which amounted to a total value of 13,000,000 gold francs." As far as the American debt goes, we are told that the problem here is much more delicate, because: "The United States, which is not a party to the Versailles Treaty, can more legitimately than England argue that the question of debts is wholly independent from the question of reparations." We read then:

"This would not be an entirely exact claim, inasmuch as the Government at Washington aims to-day to indemnify the damages caused to its nationals by payments made by Germany in execution of the Dawes plan. Another point is that American statesmen—who are still mindful of the combat that was fought together—know very well what insurmountable difficulties stand in the way of complete reimbursement by us. Practically such reimbursement could not be effected except by French exports to the United States. And to clear the way for these exports there would have to be a reduction in the tariff, which the American Congress would never favor. All this considered, the United States must accept some day a reasonable arrangement—for instance, a reduction of the principal of the debt or the retroactive suppression of interest and the repayment of the capital extended over a long period."

A much more excited French view is presented by the Paris *Dépêche Colonial et Maritime* which lashes "the vast ingratitude of the Americans" who "pursue us with the bitterness of creditors whose enrichment at our expense seems to have increased rather than lessened their avidity."

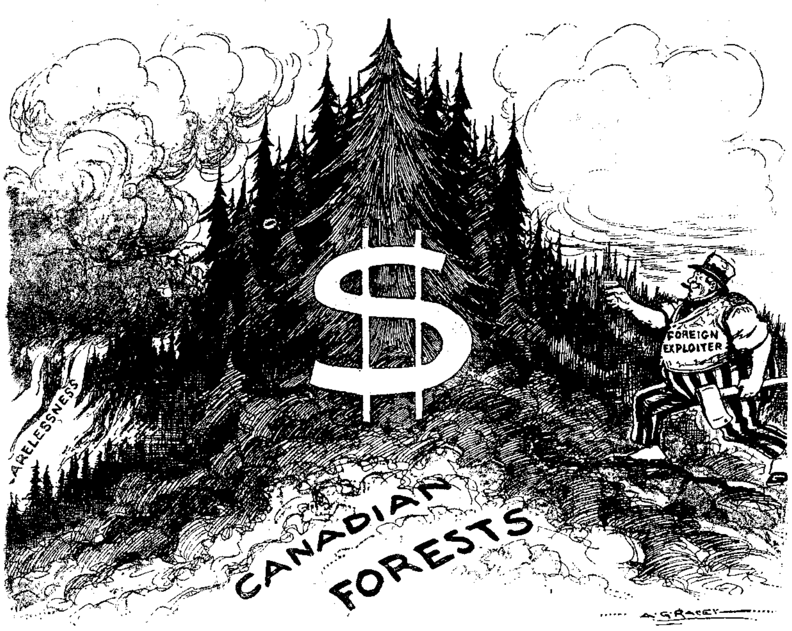


"THE ONLY ONE PAYING HIS BILL"

—*John Bull* (London).

A CANADIAN PLEA TO SAVE THE TREES

NO TREES WILL BE LEFT to shelter youth or age, we are told, if forest depletion on the North American continent continues at the present alarming rate. A contributor to the Montreal *Daily Star* calls attention to a statement of President Coolidge, made on the authority of the United States Forest Service, in which he said that five-sixths of the forests in this country had been cut down or otherwise destroyed within a period of seventy-five years, thus indicating that not more than fifteen years' supply remains. Some people, this writer says, may attempt to deduce that the remaining one-sixth of United States forests, situated largely on the Pacific coast, will yield a greater percentage of timber per acre than the forests already destroyed, because of the greater size of the trees. But—



"SAVE THE FORESTS"

"Your forests are your dollars! Protect them and save them from further depredation by foreign interests!"

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"It is known, however, that any advantage in this direction will be more than offset by the inaccessibility of much of the remaining timber as well as by the indifferent quality of a considerable proportion of it. Furthermore, much waste is encountered in operating in large-sized timber, actual tests demonstrating that waste runs in the heavier stands to an average of more than 20,000 board feet per acre.

"In calculating the longevity of this remaining one-sixth supply, consideration must also be given to the progressive increases in losses through fires, insect pests, and wind, brought about by the drying up of the earth's surface as the forest cover gradually disappears, as well as to the increased needs of a growing population and of new industrial developments dependent upon wood. To allow fifteen years, therefore, for the complete wiping out of the American forests which existed seventy-five years ago, and which have already shrunken to one-sixth of their original extent, would seem to be a very conservative estimate indeed."

This Canadian timber authority, Frank J. D. Barnjum, goes on to say that in Canada the situation is even more disquieting. Taking the Province of Quebec as an example, because it is much better off than most Canadian provinces, he maintains that its available supply of pulpwood will be exhausted within ten years unless something radical is done to check the present rate of depletion. Then he proposes the following reforms which he describes as "imperative":

"1. Prohibit the export of unmanufactured wood. This would immediately save thirty-five million trees annually to Canada (constituting a pile of wood four feet high, four feet wide, two thousand miles long) without the expenditure of one dollar of the taxpayer's money. It would merely entail the passing of a simple order-in-council, for which authority was voted by Parliament nearly two years ago.

"2. Appoint a permanent trained uniformed force of well-paid fire rangers, under a non-political military head with full power to enforce all fire protective measures.

"3. Place the cutting on all forested areas, whether publicly or privately owned, under the supervision of government foresters, and limit the cut to not more than the gross annual growth. (Our stock is now so low we can not longer afford to live on our capital.)

"4. Withdraw all forested lands from settlement. (Settlers in wooded areas have been the cause of greater loss through forest fires than all other causes combined. Why send people out into our small remaining wooded areas to clear up more land when Canada already has such a vast surplus of vacant land devoid of all forest growth which is much more suitable for farming purposes?)

"5. Provide for universal slash disposal and eliminate the present wasteful logging methods."

With the above regulations in force throughout the Dominion, he asserts, no one, not even the operators, would be injured. The cost of forest conservation would simply be passed along to the consumer, we are told, on whom it should properly rest. The land-owner would be immeasurably benefited, it is averred, for while he would be restricted as to the volume of his cut, the price obtained would be proportionately greater. It is maintained also that he would be living on his interest instead of consuming his capital as at present, and we read further:

"The alarming situation in our remaining forest area calls for the immediate adoption of all of the above remedial measures, and any party or any class of people who would undertake to block them would lay themselves open to the charge of despoiling their country for their own selfish ends.

"The life of our wood-using industries is at stake. The existence of our water-powers, upon which millions have been spent, and further hundreds of millions are to be expended, depends upon the adoption of the above measures. The very fate of our richest remaining inheritance, our mines, is also at stake since wood and water are vitally necessary for their development.

"The immediate adoption of the above enumerated measures is the only means by which Canada can be saved from forestial bankruptcy within less than ten years."

A SIDELIGHT ON ALBANIA—The pistol and the sword play a much more prominent part than the ballot-box in Albania, according to the London *Saturday Review*, and therefore it is not much concerned with Albanian internal politics, but it believes the country should be watched by the British for the following reasons:

"Suffice it to recall that Albania has already played an important, if unwitting, part in our own history in the past two decades. Austria's insistence called the State into being at the conclusion of the first Balkan War. That upset the nicely balanced program for the partition of European Turkey among the Balkan Allies, by excluding Serbia from the bulk of the territory assigned to her. Hence came Serbia and Greece to lay claim to the allotted portion of Bulgaria, and out of that arose the Second Balkan War, in which, thanks to the not very gallant irruption of Roumania in her rear, Bulgaria was soundly beaten, and denuded of more than all she had just gained. That determined Bulgaria's entry into the Great War on the opposite side to Serbia, and that, maybe, kept us a couple of years longer at war than need otherwise have been the case. What makes a close observance of Albanian feuds particularly desirable at this moment is the extraordinary state of affairs in the neighboring Jugo-Slavia, where political bitterness may boil up into bloodshed at any moment. The idea of diverting attention from internal problems to a little excursion into Albania might prove perilously attractive to a hard-prest Government in Belgrade."

SINGAPORE AS A "PACIFIC GIBRALTAR"

WHILE BRITAIN IS SUPREME in the Pacific, Australia will be safe is the view held in that country by those who favor the project of making Singapore a base for capital ships of the British Navy. This belief was uttered publicly, we learn from a Melbourne dispatch to the London *Daily Telegraph*, by Premier Allan of Victoria, who described Singapore as the "Gibraltar of the Pacific" on the occasion of an entertainment to Viscount Jellicoe, on his way back to England at the end of his term as Governor-General of New Zealand. Viscount Jellicoe is credited in this Melbourne dispatch as being the "originating mind" of the project of the Singapore naval base. It is recalled by some British editors that the abandonment of the project by the recent Labor Government caused "considerable disgruntlement" at the Admiralty and much protest in Australia. In a telegram sent by Viscount Jellicoe as Governor-General of New Zealand to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, he protested earnestly against the abandonment of the proposal to make Singapore a safe and strong naval station because, he said, "I believe that the Empire will stand as long as Britain holds the supremacy of the sea, but if naval supremacy is lost by Britain, the Empire may fall, to the detriment of humanity as a whole as well as of its own people."

On the other hand adverse critics of the Singapore plan think the construction of the base will be "a mistake comparable in the levity of its undertaking and the potential gravity of its consequences to the mistake which Germany made in challenging our naval supremacy." Such is the verdict of the London *Nation and Athenæum*, which goes on to say:

"There is no escape from the conclusion that Singapore is directed against Japan; doubtless it is intended as a measure of defense rather than aggression, tho the distinction is really a puerile one, as wars seldom occur as the result of a clear-cut aggression on one side, but more usually as the result of a mixed-up quarrel. In any case, it is against Japan that it is directed; and that fact is well-known to the Japanese.

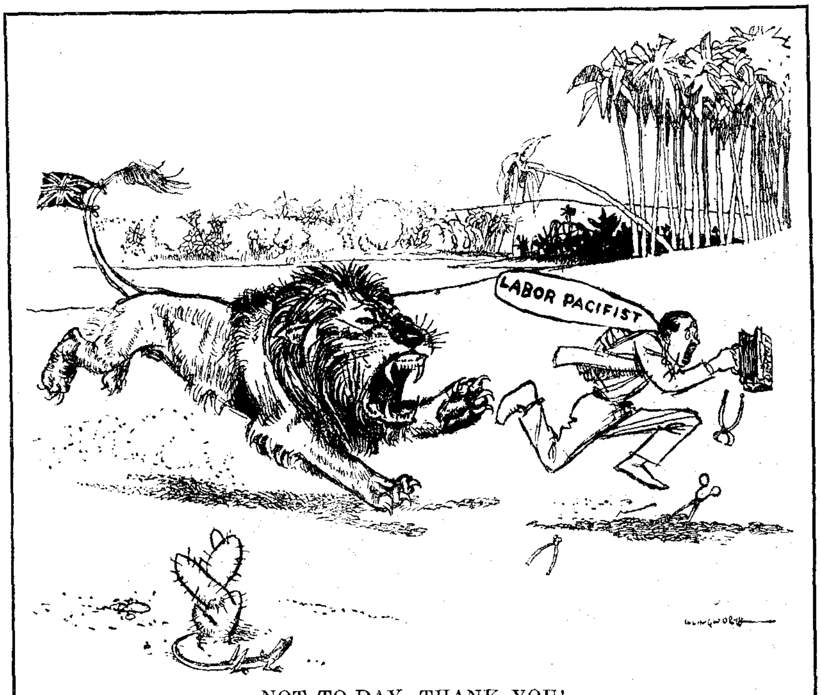
"This, in itself, is an extremely unpleasant fact. Japan was till lately our ally, and proved herself a meticulously loyal ally. Despite the leanings toward and belief in Germany of her powerful military party, she carried out her obligations in the Great War without hesitation, going, indeed, in the naval assistance which she gave us in the Mediterranean, considerably beyond the letter of her bond.

"That alliance has been brought to an end, not at her desire but at ours. She accepted with a good grace the new régime of the Washington Pact, and once more she has carried out her obligations under it in the letter and the spirit. There is absolutely nothing in her past record or her present policy which gives us the smallest reason to distrust her; and nothing—beyond the policy of racial discrimination pursued in our own Dominions—to suggest that any conflict of interests is likely to arise. To embark on a policy of preparation against such a Power would be deplorable enough, even if, in the absence of such preparation, there were a clear strategic risk.

"But the truth is that there is no such risk. The idea that unless we are able to send capital ships into the Pacific, Australia lies at the mercy of Japanese good-will is utterly fantastic. Japan is further from Australia than we are from the United States, and a Japanese invasion of Australia, involving as it must the transport of immense supplies over three or four thousand miles, is outside the realms of practical strategy."

It is quite true that Singapore is too far from Japan to be in itself a menace to her, this London weekly tells us, but adds that it is easy to conceive developments which might render China once more the prey of a process of international partition and a serious source of international discord. Then, it continues:

"If we, associated perhaps with the United States, found ourselves quarrelling with Japan, associated perhaps with Russia, over the treatment of China—with commercial fears and ambitions on both sides as the driving-force—a capital-ship base at Singapore might come in very handily indeed. Using it as our main base, we might seize advance bases further north, and put ourselves in an effective position to resist Japanese policy, and perhaps strike directly at Japan. Is it of this sort of possibility that the Admiralty and the Government are thinking? They will hardly perhaps envisage it as definitely as this; but a vague sense that to be able to use capital ships in the Pacific will serve to strengthen British prestige and bargaining-power, should such developments occur, is probably the main consideration in mind."



NOT TO-DAY, THANK YOU!

THE BRITISH LION: "No! I don't want my teeth drawn or my claws trimmed! I'd be the prey of every jackal that strayed around."

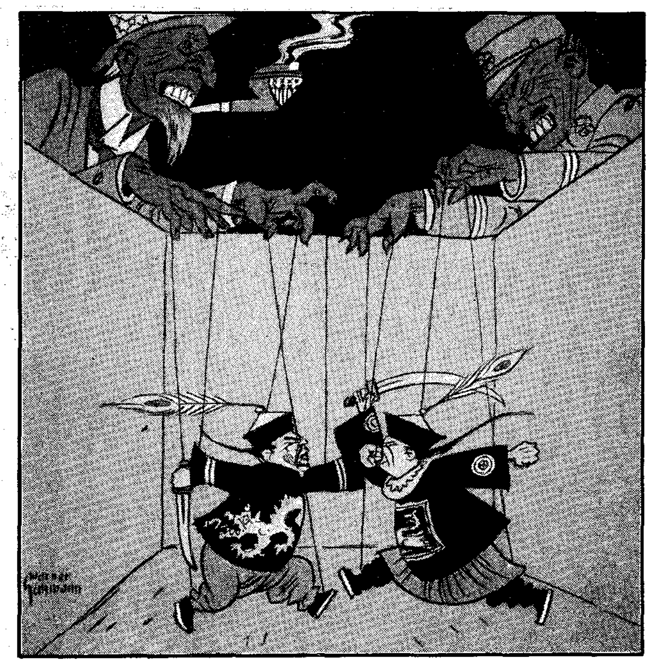
—*Western Mail* (Cardiff).

It is deplorable that British policy should be actuated by such considerations, this weekly thinks, and we are reminded that:

"It is barely two generations since the complete isolation in which Japan had lived for two centuries was broken down, and since she set out to adopt the ideas and the ways of Western States. With amazing success she has learnt whatever lessons Europe has chosen to teach her. Unhappily the first lesson was the extreme importance of proficiency in war, and the practise of a jealous, aggressive, and none too scrupulous diplomacy backed by powerful armaments. But since the institution of the League of Nations a new order of ideas seems to have arisen in the Western world. There is a wide-spread disillusionment with war, including successful war; Japan, with the previous experience of her war with Russia, fully shares that mood. There is much talk of settling international questions by new pacific methods in a more amicable atmosphere. If such ideas really dominate the Western world, there is little doubt that they will dominate Japan. Japan, above all, wants respect, and she will do whatever seems to be the 'right thing' to do. If it is the right thing to work whole-heartedly for peace and for the strengthening of the League, Japan will do so with complete sincerity. But if it is the right thing to be a strong, self-regarding Power, suspicious of your neighbors, preparing against them, conceiving commerce, diplomacy, and armaments to be linked together, as they were linked before the war, Japan will play that game too with all her heart. Nothing is more uncertain than the future trend of ideas in Japan. She may become a strong bulwark of peace. She may become a seed-plot of war. Which she becomes will depend mainly on our example, and it may well turn on the question of whether we proceed with the base at Singapore."

CHINA'S PUZZLING WAYS

EVENTS IN CHINA develop in a manner, it is said, that defies the political presuppositions accepted in Europe. In the judgment of the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, the sanest attempt at forecasting the path which China is to follow under the leadership of Provisional President Tuan Chi-Jui was made by an official of the Japanese Government, who is said to be charged with watching the affairs of China, and to a great extent with formulating Japan's policy toward China. After tracing hurriedly recent development and existing complications, we are told, he stated that there was but one thing for the Japanese Government or for the individual observer to do, and this is to "wait to see what happens." This Tokyo weekly then says:



AS SEEN IN GERMAN EYES

The Chinese puppet theater managed by Uncle Sam and Japan.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"Civil disturbance and overthrow of the existing régime by force, but under a thin cloak of semi-legality, have become so much a matter of course in China that they do not compel the attention that is given similar events in other quarters of the globe. The spectacular activity of Gen. Primo de Rivera in Spain more than a year ago and the erection by him of a 'temporary' military dictatorship is the nearest parallel of recent years to the governmental change that has just occurred at Peking. The Government that has been forced out of power was not a legal Government. Tsao Kun is believed by all to have bought the Presidency with money distributed among the Members of Parliament, but the charge of illegality rests on even more tangible evidence. The M. P.'s whose votes the Chihli chieftain bought had no right to be sitting in the halls of the old law college in Peking that are now used as the Houses of Parliament. The Parliament to which they were originally elected had been twice dissolved, in addition to which their terms would have long since automatically expired, even without intervening dissolution. When, after an interval of five years, Parliament, or a fragment of Parliament, was reconvened on August 1, 1922, at the demand of Marshal Wu Pei-Fu following his victory over Marshal Chang Tso-Lin that year, that body sought to give itself a bit more of a legal appearance by decreeing that the time during which it had not sat had never existed, that the opening session of 1922 was not an opening session but merely a continuation of the last previous sitting on June 12, 1917. But those same M. P.'s voted themselves salaries for this period of time which they did not recognize."

While Tsao Kun's Government was not based on unimpeachable legal grounds by any means, according to *The Trans-Pacific*, it was nearer legal than any of the Governments or independent provincial administrations of the Republic of China. This weekly contends further that the assumption of power by Tuan Chi-Jui is not legal either, and it adds:

"In both cases, the Government was borne into office by armed force and rested primarily on the number of the bayonets supporting it. In such cases legality is mere flimsy verbiage. Some call it revolution; others insist on omitting the 'r' and using the kinder term of evolution. But just as Tsao Kun sought by every means at his command to give his position legality, so will Tuan Chi-Jui.

"Provisional President Tuan admits that he is but a Provisional Executive and has announced his intention of summoning a national conference to formulate a new system of Government for the people of China. If this be done and honestly done, then the resulting Government will be legal."

If the conference actually does take place, we are told, interest will center on what it decides as to the future governmental machinery of "that vast conglomeration of people and territory known to the world as China." In the meantime, it is asserted, the only tangible advantage of the present situation is that hostilities have ceased throughout the nation, and we read further:

"Peace exists, altho it is an armed peace and one based primarily on the potential ability of the victor to put down rebellion if it should arise. With fourteen of the Provinces and all but one of the great Dependencies acknowledging the right of Tuan to act as Provisional Chief Executive, China is united—on paper.

"Disunion, or certainly the threat of disunion, will rear its head again when the conference assembles. There will be wars of words, if no more, among the delegates from Kwangtung and from Heilungkiang, from Shensi and Shansi and Shantung. The various theories of government that have taken root in various sections of the nation and with varying individuals will all be aired and will all be championed by those who believe in them. Far more important, the conflict of personalities will be given rein. It is impossible for the followers of Chang Tso-Lin to agree with those of Wu Pei-Fu, as an example, unless one or both forsake their present stand. Sun Yat Sen and others will also be represented. It is, indeed, the wise course 'to wait to see what happens' before venturing upon the formulation of policy or of prophecy regarding the road which China will tread under Tuan Chi-Jui—or his successor."

The London *Times* reminds us that the Powers have recognized *de facto* the new Chinese Government, and it calls this "an act of faith." One shadowy group of Ministers with whom the Powers have been maintaining official relations in Peking, we are told, has been displaced by another, which at any rate calls itself a Provisional Government, and this daily observes further:

"The new Government may or may not last; the dissensions among its organizers may or may not be serious. What it is important to discover is whether in this new phase in Chinese politics there are any clearer indications of some ultimate settlement, of the establishment of some political system which will have shed the forms of civil war. There seem to be signs of such a tendency. At present, at any rate, there is no pretense of warfare. The leaders are, on the contrary, making great play with the idea of peace. Our Peking correspondent insists that the desire for peace is now universal, and Chinese political leaders are very sensitive to public opinion if it is clearly and strongly exprest. Goods, too, are accumulating in great bulk in the depots, and the release of the railways from the military will mean a sudden and great revival of trade. By consultation, compromise, and some form of federation, with wide provincial autonomy, an issue from the futilities of civil war may at last be found. These tendencies are in the air, and if the Powers, by keeping in close and sympathetic touch with events, can foster them, they will do good service to China, and also to their own interests."

The Times goes on rather hopelessly to wish that "ultimately the unity of China will take tangible political form in a stable and really authoritative government in Peking." Otherwise, it adds, perpetual efforts to give official recognition "to fantom governments in the capital of a country where civil war seems to have become endemic would appear to be singularly futile."

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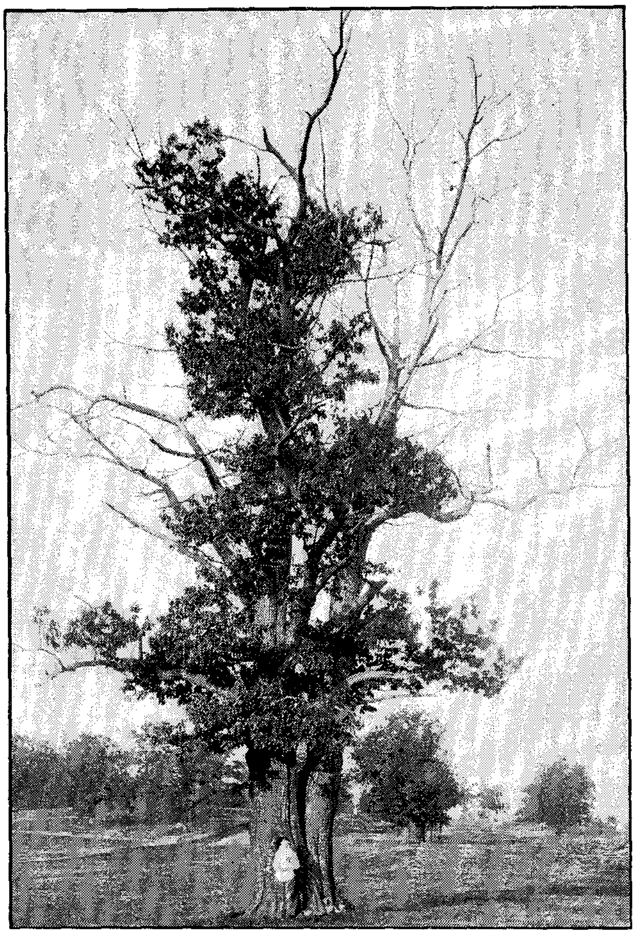
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WILL THE CHESTNUT COME BACK?

CAN ANYTHING STAY THE PROGRESS of the epidemic that has now killed off nearly all our chestnut trees? Probably not, thinks Joseph S. Illick, who writes on the subject in *American Forests* (Washington). It may be possible, however, to find, or to develop, an immune species or hybrid, or even a single immune tree, and so repeople our woods. Mr. Illick believes that experimental work now going on gives us reason to hope for such a result.

Ever since the American pioneers began building their cabins and clearing their fields, the chestnut, he says, has been one of our best-known forest trees. Until the chestnut blight appeared, it was, indeed, regarded as one of America's more important forest trees. He goes on:



Photographs with this article by courtesy of *American Forests* (Washington, D. C.)

A VETERAN CHESTNUT FIGHTING THE BLIGHT

A case where the progress of the disease is comparatively slow.

"Because of its rapid growth and wide range, it was counted a strong favorite among the hardwoods in the foresters' lexicon of forest management. In the year 1904 an unusual and hitherto unnoticed bark disease began killing chestnut trees at an appalling rate, and since that year the tree figuratively has descended into the valley of death.

"The chestnut blight, which is also called 'chestnut bark disease,' is the most rapidly developing and the most fatal forest-tree disease known. During the twenty years the blight has been in America it has spread from the New York Zoological Garden, where it was first noticed in 1904, nearly to the outermost limits of the chestnut's natural range. It will not be long until practically all chestnuts of commercial size in the tree's entire range will be dead.

"During the period of attack and immediately thereafter, the redemption of the chestnut has appeared as a forlorn hope. Even yet, one must admit that proof is not at hand to change this hopeless view, but at least encouraging signs are appearing upon the horizon. These signs are not to be found in the regions recently invaded by the blight, but in places where nature has had some time to work out its own plan of redemption.

"I have been watching the development of chestnut sprouts in regions swept by the blight from five to ten years ago. In many instances a new set of sprouts follows each successive crop killed by the blight. Some of the sprouts succumbed to the first attack, while others withstood it. A number overcame the second and third attacks, and I have observed vigorous sprouts which withstood as many as four separate attacks. There is a marked difference in the resistance of some of these survival sprouts. It seems plausible to assume that the chestnut may be slowly building up a resistance to the blight, for there appeared little or no inherent resistance in the trees at the time of the initial invasion.

"All chestnut trees of commercial importance in the world are attacked by the blight, but not all members of the genus are equally susceptible. Some are relatively immune, while others have only a slight degree of resistance. The common American chestnut, the eastern chinquapin, and the European chestnut are very susceptible, while the western chinquapin, the Chinese chestnut, and the Japanese chestnut are more resistant. Pure strains of Japanese chestnut and the Chinese chestnut appear to be most resistant of all.

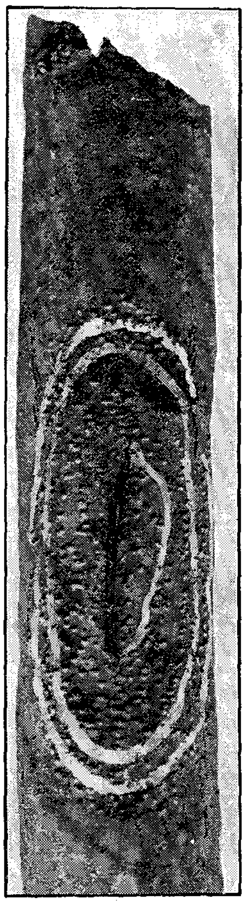
"What is probably the only mature chestnut in central Pennsylvania that has not been attacked by the blight stands on the lawn of J. Reed Thompson in Milroy, Mifflin County. It came as a seedling from a nursery at Little Silver, New Jersey, and was planted in 1885. This tree, a Japanese chestnut, is now 18 inches in diameter and has the general outline of an orchard-grown tree. This unusual tree has attracted attention far and wide. Its resistance is remarkable, for it is surrounded on all sides by extensive stretches of forest land that are filled with thousands of blighted trees. Another blight-resistant Japanese chestnut stands in the little town of Gap, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This tree, too, has withstood the blight in a region where the native chestnut has all been killed. The resistance of these two trees suggests that they may be immune.

"An unusual chestnut-blight experiment is under way near Piketown, about 15 miles northeast of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where all species, varieties, and hybrids of chestnut in the world are being studied to determine their resistance to the blight. Dr. G. A. Zimmerman, an overseas veteran of the late World War, is the investigator. Ever since boyhood days on the farm, Dr. Zimmerman has been interested in trees, particularly in developing varieties and strains that are blight and bug-proof. The portals through which he hopes to come to success are grafting, hybridization, and vaccination. He has already grafted several hundred native chestnut trees with scions of most of the different chestnuts known in the world. Among his growing grafts are many hybrids sent to him by tree experts in this country, Europe, and Asia.

"The experiments are too young to show conclusive results, but it is already evident that some of the trees show a far greater resistance than others. Even among the native stock there is a wide range of resistance. Some of the trees show an obvious degree of immunity. Dr. Zimmerman says that 'tree diseases in many respects are like human diseases. We know there are persons who escape infection, even tho they have been freely exposed, and there are others that have been slightly infected, while others are fatally stricken in the same environment.' Practically all the native chestnut trees were fatally stricken in the first invasion, which was unquestionably epidemic in its attack. It seems plausible to predict that in the course of time the chestnut blight may run a mild course in some trees, and it may be that some trees will grow up that will escape infection, even tho they may have been freely exposed to the disease.

"Dr. Zimmerman hopes to graft and regraft over and over the more resistant of the native chestnut until they develop an immunity sufficiently strong to make it practical to grow them again. He is optimistic that a chestnut showing a resistance somewhere between the rather fully resistant Japanese chestnut and the highly susceptible American chestnut may be developed. Certainly there are grounds for hope that special varieties of chestnut possessing a degree of blight resistance sufficiently strong to insure growth, especially for orchard purposes and other controlled conditions, will be available sooner or later. Sprout growth in forest stands completely devastated by the blight four or more years ago, showing that an apparent resistance is being built up, strengthens this hope.

"After all, the chestnut may come back and take its place among our important forest trees."



BLISTER STAGE

Of the chestnut blight. The fissure in the bark shows where the original infection took place, and the white lines indicate the zones of monthly advance of the deadly disease.

VEGETATION AND MOONSHINE

DO SEEDS PLANTED IN THE FIRST QUARTER of the moon germinate better than when planted in the dark of the moon? A couple of years ago an Englishwoman, Miss Elizabeth S. Semmens, was told by an old gardener that this was the case. Being a scientist as well as a woman, Miss Semmens was endowed with a double dose of curiosity, so she set herself to find out, first, if it were so, and second, if so, why? This tale, begun, as we have told it, by Dr. E. E. Slosson in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), he continues as follows: Miss Semmens began by exposing different samples of the same seed to moonlight and to sunlight, and she found that more seeds germinated in the moonlit set than in the sunlit set. This indicated that there might be something in the old idea. Anyhow it seemed worth investigating more closely. Dr. Slosson goes on:

"At first thought the notion seemed absurd, for moonlight is half a million times weaker than sunlight, so how could it be more effective in stimulating plant-growth?

"Besides, moonlight *is* sunlight, for the moon shines only by the reflected rays of the sun. Has the sunlight undergone any change in quality by being reflected from the moon besides being diminished in quantity? In one respect it has, tho nobody ever thought it made any difference. Reflected light is polarized. Light consists of vibrations across the line of sight. If we look at a lamp on the other side of the room, the light waves in the ray coming to us move up and down, right and left, and all the angles in between. But if the ray of light is reflected in a mirror at a certain angle, part of the vibrations, say the sidewise movements, are quenched, and the ray of reflected light consists mostly of vibrations in one plane, say up and down. Such light is called polarized, because the vibrations have polarity, that is, motion to and fro in one line of direction. The eye can not tell the difference between polarized and ordinary light, and we do not like to think that plants are brighter than we are in any respect.

"But we have to admit that there are some things that a plant can do and we can not. One of them is the building up of starch out of glucose, which the plant accomplishes with ease but which we are not yet wise enough to do. The reverse process, the breaking down of starch, we do in our glucose factories where thousands of tons of cornstarch are turned into sirup. This is accomplished in the factory by soaking the starch in warm water and adding a little acid. The plant gets the same result by using, instead of acid, a minute amount of a ferment called diastase.

"In order to see if polarized light had any effect upon the digestive processes of the plant, Miss Semmens placed some grains of starch in a weak solution of diastase on a microscope slide and threw upon it a beam of polarized light, using a mirror instead of the moon for reflecting the ray, because it is handier to handle. Another slide of the same sort was exposed to ordinary diffused sunlight, mostly not polarized, and a third was kept in the dark. The starch was actively attacked and dissolved under polarized light; very slowly in the ordinary sunlight, and not at all in the dark. The temperature was too low for the starch to dissolve under ordinary conditions.

"The progress of the process could be made plain by treating the slide with two well-known reagents. A drop of tincture of iodin will turn starch dark purple. Glucose treated with an alkaline solution of a copper salt will throw down metallic copper as a bright red powder.

"Miss Semmens showed me some of her photographs and slides on a train in Canada last month. Where the polarized light has been at work for a while, the purple starch grains disappear and appear in later slides as coppery spots of glucose very plain and very pretty. When Miss Semmens announced her results, they were received with much surprize and considerable skepticism. Nobody had ever seen such an effect by polarized light. But in spite of the incredulity of experts, she went on with her work. She obtained funds for research from her college, Bedford College for Women, in London. She made a convert to her views in Professor Baly, of Liverpool University, who has been carrying on remarkable researches in the synthesis of sugars by electric light, and she went to Liverpool to work with him. Then she crossed the Atlantic to continue her experiments under Professor Lloyd, of McGill University, Montreal.

"She has now proved that polarized light thrown upon a living leaf will stimulate the dissolution of starch grains just as it does on a glass slide. Now, when the insoluble starch molecule breaks up, it splits into two molecules of glucose. Increasing the number of molecules in the sap cell must cause an increase in the solution pressure and so a swelling of the cells. The mouths through which the plant breathes, the stomata of the leaf, are closed and opened by two guard cells which act like lips. When these swell and stiffen the mouth closes. These guard cells are filled with starch, and when this breaks down into sugar the cells become turgid and so close the slit. Miss Semmens has found that polarized light has this effect and so may account for the opening and closing of the stomata as the daylight changes.

"Just before sunrise, and after sunset, the light we get is largely polarized, since it comes to us by reflection from particles in the air. As the sun rises to the noon height, the proportion of direct light becomes greater and of polarized light less. This is the time when starch is formed in the green leaves by the sunshine; but after six o'clock, when the vertical light from the evening sky striking the leaves is polarized, the starch begins to dissolve into glucose.

"It is a new field into which Miss Semmens has entered, and if her results stand the test of further investigations, they may give a clew to many a problem of plant and animal life. She herself regards the question as still in the tentative stage and, while she is confident of the validity of her experiments, she religiously resists the temptation to speculate as to their possibilities, at least in public.

"It would be foolish of me to rush in where she fears to tread, but I can not refrain from calling attention to the importance of polarization in vital processes. It is well-known that many of the substances found in plants and animals, notably starch and sugar of all sorts, have the peculiar power of twisting around a ray of polarized light as it passes through them. They are, as the chemist calls it, 'optically active.' The molecule is so constructed as to have a sort of corkscrew action on such light. This peculiarity is taken advantage of in sugar analysis. When the chemist wants to find out how much sugar a beet contains, he simply squeezes out the juice and puts it into a tube of known length, capped with glass at both ends, looks at a ray of polarized light passing through it, and reads off the percentage of sugar. Since so many natural substances have an effect on polarized light, it would not be surprizing after all if it should be found that polarized light had an effect on them."

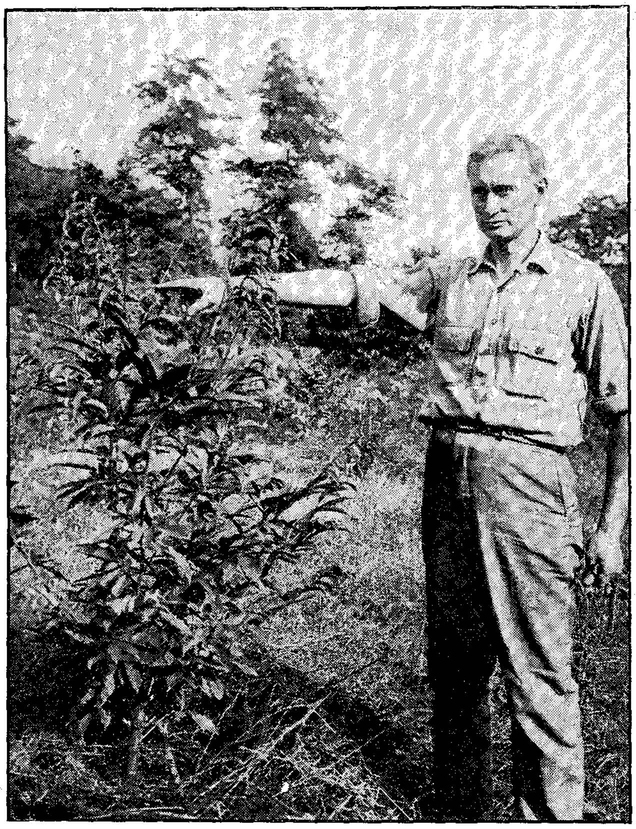
MORE ABOUT WOODPECKERS

AN ARTICLE BY DR. F. D. OWEN on the habits of woodpeckers, quoted recently in THE DIGEST, has brought out letters from several correspondents who claim familiarity with the bird and its ways. We quote below from two of these, one of the writers offering only negative testimony in opposition to Dr. Owen, while the other is sure that the doctor's information is entirely incorrect. We quote first from this second letter, which is a copy of one written by William Atherton Du Puy, of Washington, D. C., to the Washington *Post*, that paper having commented editorially on the article quoted in THE DIGEST. Writes Mr. Du Puy:

"A cowboy had told a visitor to California that acorns placed in fence-posts by woodpeckers were incubators for worms, and the worms which developed were the food which sustained the woodpeckers.

"Unfortunately the observation of the cowboy reported second hand is incorrect. The woodpeckers are sustained by the kernels of these nuts, and not by worms that develop in them. This fact has been definitely and scientifically established by the Government's Biological Survey. Its method of getting at the facts is to kill hundreds of the woodpeckers and examine their stomachs to see what they have eaten. Such examination of these California woodpeckers shows that they are the greatest vegetable-eaters of them all, that the great mass of their food is not worms but the kernels of acorns.

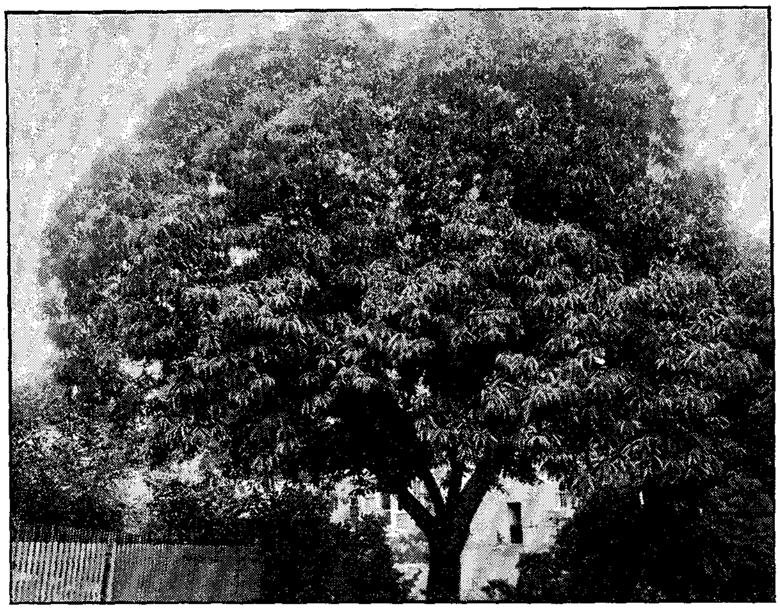
"THE LITERARY DIGEST, *The Post* and those that follow both of you may easily have here started one of those bits of misinformation which will remain in the public consciousness for generations. Take, for example, that other fable of the West, the belief that a rattlesnake will not crawl over a hair rope, and that one may protect himself from rattlesnakes by laying a circlet of hair rope about him. This theory has been accepted and unquestioned for generations throughout the West. I have seen any number of people on the desert lay down this coil of hair rope and believe that they had barred the dread rattler.



A HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

Here is Dr. G. A. Zimmerman, standing beside one of the blight-resistant chestnut trees which he is raising. By growing these trees and by grafting the native variety with shoots from them, Dr. Zimmerman hopes to bring the chestnut back to America

"Finally along came Will C. Barnes of the United States Forest Service, himself a Western cattleman. The mind of Barnes questioned this theory that a rattlesnake would not crawl over a hair rope. Encountering one of these snakes on the range, Barnes laid a barrier of hair rope before it, and the rattlesnake passed right over it with the same indifference he would have shown to a stick lying in his path. Twenty times the hair rope was thrown before it, and twenty times he crossed it with indifference. Thus in a moment was the fallacious belief of generations banished.



A BLIGHT-PROOF JAPANESE CHESTNUT

This splendid Japanese chestnut at Milroy, Pennsylvania, has proved immune to the blight which has stricken thousands of trees in the forests surrounding it.

"The ostrich does not hide its head in the sand. The eagle does not carry away babies. The bat does not tangle itself in women's hair.

"The frog does not make warts on one's hands. The shark does not eat human beings. The world is full of fallacious beliefs, most of them born, I dare say, in some such way as that in which you are creating the myth of acorns as woodpecker worm-incubators."

The other letter is from Edward Hughes of Stockton, California. He writes:

"Concerning the California woodpecker and Dr. F. D. Owen's article, I have been a bird observer for fifty years and for more than thirty years I have been an interested acquaintance with this common bird neighbor. I have watched him by the hour through telescope and opera glass trying to confirm the old school-reader story which Dr. Owen has just retold. Mind you, I don't say it is not true—it may be—but I never have been able to verify it in my own observations.

"I know the bird in question is an eater of fruit and almonds, as I have suffered from his depredations in my orchard. I know also that he eats millions of ants, for I have found them in quantity in all the woodpecker stomachs I have examined. I know also that where almonds are to be had they are generally found stored with the acorns in considerable quantity, but, and this stumps me!—I also find ordinary pebbles that have been driven into the holes with apparently as much precision and care as are the acorns and almonds.

"Furthermore, I have never seen the bird make any use of any of these stores, tho in proper season he is always very busy adding to them by boring and filling new holes on boles of trees where many acorns that are so old and decayed that they crush to dust when the observer attempts to remove them. They must have been there many years.

"The story as told is a beautiful one, but so far as I know, it needs to be proven."

MAKING POCKET-KNIVES

TEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH of pocket-knives, requiring 1,250 tons of steel, besides brass and other materials, are made annually in the United States. The processes of manufacture are described in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland) in one of a series of articles on "Large Uses of Steel in Small Ways." A pocket-knife, the writer says, is almost as much a part of the average man's equipment as his watch, and production statistics in the United States indicate that every alternate male throughout the country carries or owns one. We read:

"Approximately thirty-five manufacturing plants in this country are engaged in producing pocket-knives. One of the largest produced 132,000 dozen knives in 1919 and a manufacturer in close touch with the entire trade estimates the country's production for 1923 as 13,500,000. Government statistics for 1919 show that 5,000 people were engaged in the manufacture of pocket-knives, the total value of which during that year amounted to $10,690,000.

"On the assumption that the average life of a knife is two years and that the production at present is 15,000,000 a year, some 30,000,000 knives in useful condition are constantly in existence in this country, or nearly one to every three people, including men, women, and children.

"Steel enters largely into the manufacture of these knives. Almost universally the blades and springs are of steel. The lining is usually brass. The bolsters are frequently steel, but often nickel silver, and the hinge pins are either steel or nickel silver.

"At one of the largest knife-manufacturing plants the steel parts used in a miscellaneous assortment of twenty styles were gathered and weighed, and the result showed that a little over two pounds of steel is used for every dozen knives. On this basis some 2,500,000 pounds, or 1,250 tons, of steel enter directly into the country's annual production of pocket-knives. This steel varies in quality from common sheet steel to high grade chrome-vanadium alloy steel.

"For high grade knives the blade steel is almost always imported. The reason that foreign steel is preferred by manufacturers is stated by one authority to be because of its more uniform action in heat treatment.

"Except for the cheapest knives, blade steel must come up to rather rigid requirements, and it is common practise to specify an elastic limit of 35,000 to 40,000 pounds per square inch in the bars bought for this purpose.

"Just as the styles of pocket-knives vary, so do methods of manufacture. Blades, of course, form the vital parts of any knife. These are usually made from rods which are cold cut to length, heated in small individual furnaces, and then brought to shape under power hammers. At one plant the heated bars are first drawn out under helve hammers, then die-stamped and trimmed on board hammers and finally cold-straightened under gang presses. From this point the finishing in nearly all plants consists of heat treating and grinding.

"For normal carbon steel the blades are heated to between 1,350 and 1,400 degrees Fahr. Generally speaking, production methods, while adopted for nearly all other operations, have not yet invaded the heat treating department. The small knife blades are placed on trays about 100 to a tray and placed in the furnace.

"When the proper temperature has been reached, the entire tray is taken out and becomes a link in an endless belt arrangement which operates in a steel tank full of oil which is kept at the desired temperature through constant pumping.

"Progress in automatic grinding machinery has been rapid during the last few years and now in plants of even moderate size the heat-treated blades are fed into machines from which they emerge almost completely ground. On all high grade work the actual sharpening is a hand operation. This is usually done on small wheels covered with walrus hide and coated with glue and fine emery.

"Other parts of the knife are more simply made. The brass linings are stamped from sheet brass on gang stamping machines, frequently an automatic process. The springs are formed in automatic machines from coil wire. The pins and rivets are frequently screw-machine products. Handles of bone, wood, or other material are formed on woodworking machines. The parts are hand assembled to form the completed article, and curiously enough it is usually girls who do the assembling for this essentially masculine article."

TWO HUNDRED TIMES AS SWEET AS SUGAR

FROM THE DESERT REGIONS of Eastern Paraguay comes a plant containing a substance nearly two hundred times as sweet as cane sugar. American scientists are experimenting to see whether its saccharine properties may not be valuable in modern diet. From an article contributed to *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) by Paul Popenoe, we quote the following interesting description:

"The plant, which goes under the simple name of *ka-á he-é* (don't fail to pronounce the accents: they are very important!) among the South American Indians, belongs to the family of composites, of which the sunflower and daisy are familiar representatives. Its scientific name is *Stevia rebaudiana*.

"The sweetness which it contains is not a sugar, but a glucosid somewhat similar to that found in the root of licorice. The leaves are dried and ground up, and a pinch of them is added to anything that requires sweetening; or they may be soaked in water and a sweet liquor prepared. One of the most valuable qualities of this liquid is that it does not ferment, as a sirup does. It might therefore be particularly useful in hot weather, when sugar solutions ferment quickly.

"The possible uses of such a plant as this are more or less obvious. It will particularly interest sufferers from diabetes, promising to furnish them with a sweetening that has none of the harmful properties of sugar.

"Its non-fermentability may be of value commercially, as in the preparation of sweetened beverages. It would also be of value, from this point of view, because it would not tend to favor the growth of bacteria in the mouth.

"Extensive tests will be required, of course, before it can be said that the new substance is wholesome and free from all deleterious effects.

"If it proves to be reasonably satisfactory in this particular, it may have a real place in modern diet. The form of sweetening almost universally used is cane sugar, but this is often objectionable because it is a producer of energy as well, and requires the user to digest a concentrated and irritating food, when he perhaps wants no food at all in that connection, but merely sweetening.

"Many of the objections to cane sugar can be avoided by using a fruit sugar or malt sugar; but these are equally producers of energy. The extract of *ka-á he-é* would, like saccharine, be a simple sweetening, with little or no food value.

"The introduction to science of this rare plant is due to the veteran Paraguayan botanist, Dr. Moisés S. Bertoni, who first heard of it from Indians about 1887, and sought it for many years until in 1899 he finally received from a friend a little packet of broken leaves, stems, and flowers, from which he was able to make the first description of it.

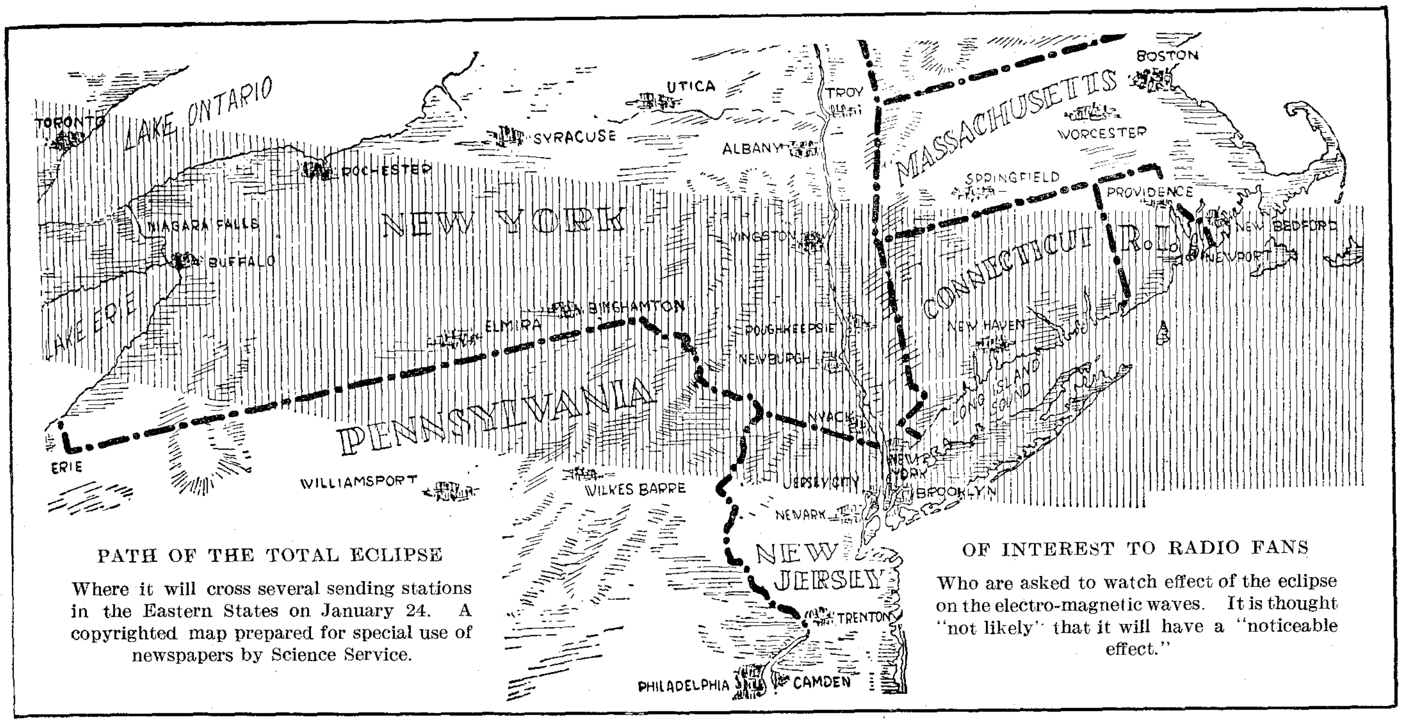
"Four years later a Catholic priest succeeded in getting a single live plant and sent it to Dr. Bertoni, who grew it and has in later years been able to furnish specimens to other persons interested. The Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., recently secured a packet of seeds, from which it has grown 800 plants to distribute to experimenters in the United States.

"The plant has perennial roots, so that cutting the stem does not terminate its life. Dr. Bertoni calculated that two crops might be cut each year, with a possible total yield of two or three tons to the acre.

"Prolonged tests will be necessary to establish the real value of this new plant immigrant, but it is certainly one of the most interesting that has come to the United States in recent years, and at first sight seems to offer great possibilities."

The editor of *Good Health* furnishes the following additional informative note, which indicates that the newly discovered plant may need to be studied a little more before we adopt it as a perfect substitute for sugar:

"Chemical studies which have been made of the *ka-á he-é* show that beside the sweet glucosid, *Stevia rebaudiana* contains another substance much sweeter, *rebaudin*, which is a compound of the former named substance, and which may possibly be more or less toxic, since it seems to belong to a class of substances known as *saponis*, which are hemolytic, that is, possess the property of being able to dissolve blood corpuscles. Evidently, careful study of the physiologic properties of this plant will be necessary before it can be determined whether it can be properly used as a food."



PATH OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE

Where it will cross several sending stations in the Eastern States on January 24. A copyrighted map prepared for special use of newspapers by Science Service.

OF INTEREST TO RADIO FANS

Who are asked to watch effect of the eclipse on the electro-magnetic waves. It is thought "not likely" that it will have a "noticeable effect."

WHAT WILL THE ECLIPSE DO TO RADIO?

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, on January 24, will give radio fans an opportunity to note the effect of the shadow on electro-magnetic waves. The eclipse will be visible through the thickly populated area of the Eastern States to Lake Huron, from sunrise to 10:30 A. M. Complete totality will vary from two minutes for points near the central part of the shadow to a few seconds for points near the edge. We quote from an article in the New York *Times* as follows:

"*The Scientific American* has invited radio fans throughout the belt of the eclipse to make a study of receiving conditions. It is planned to have the broadcasting stations and amateur transmitters in operation so that listeners can note the effect of the sun's shadow as it sweeps past at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. Will the signals swing and fade, or will distant stations in the path of the shadow be audible as at nightfall? Will the shadow act as a reflecting mirror and send distant signals far, or will it be unaffective? It is a well-known fact that the sun weakens radio waves, and it has been estimated that the rays of the sun absorb 70 per cent. of the energy. It is thought that daytime transmission is largely carried on by means of waves moving along the surface of the ground, and night transmission is by means of waves transmitted along a layer in the sky. This conducting layer is estimated to be about sixty miles above the earth. Waves transmitted at night are free from the more uniform absorption encountered in daylight. Scientists wonder if the shadow of a solar eclipse will have a similar effect.

"Astronomers believe that a stream of electrons, which affect radio waves, are flying all the time around the earth, and if the light from the sun is cut off, a freak effect may be noticed. The atmosphere is not a perfect insulator, because the gases constituting it are ionized partly by the influence of cathodic rays from the sun.

"Radio experts say that it is not likely that the eclipse will have any marked effect on broadcasting and receiving stations unless they are within the shadow belt. Listeners in western New York, Connecticut, northern Pennsylvania and New Jersey will have the best opportunity to note the effect on broadcasting stations. For example, if listeners in Connecticut hear WGR, Buffalo, between 6 A. M. and 10 A. M., it would certainly be an indication that the shadow of the eclipse aided radio transmission. Station WGY, Schenectady, will be just outside the shadow band. Stations in Chicago and other distant cities are not audible in New York during the daylight, and it is not likely that a narrow shadow belt will affect their waves, because the sunshine outside the eclipse area will have had its absorbing effect on the energy before the feeble impulses strike the shadow.

"The most interesting feature of a total eclipse of the sun from a spectacular point of view is the corona, the halo of light which surrounds the sun.

"Astronomers say that it is likely stars will appear as the darkness overspreads the earth, especially Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury. Seldom is Mercury visible because its orbit is so near to the sun. When it is the morning star its light is absorbed by dawn and as an evening star it suffers the same fate in twilight.

"WBZ, Springfield and Providence, will be just on the edge of the total zone. Stations at Buffalo, Toronto, Rochester and Canton will be covered by the shadow."

It is thought by some experts that the shadow will not have any great effect on radio because it forms a comparatively narrow belt, with sunlight on its sides. At sunrise the waves of distant stations weaken and disappear quickly, even before there is an indication on the eastern horizon that dawn is near. Says the writer:

"Commercial operators on land stations often handle traffic from a ship hundreds of miles away throughout the night; then suddenly the strong signals of the ship begin to fade and sometimes without warning become silent, as if something had happened to the ship's transmitter. The experienced operator knows it is the result of dawn's approach. If the faintest glow of dawn can have such an effect, it is not likely that a narrow shadow belt surrounded by sunlight will have a noticeable effect upon broadcasting. If the entire country was covered by the shadow, then the range might be slightly increased, but not as greatly as under the cover of night.

"It is doubtful if the shadow cast by a solar eclipse will have any more effect on radio than moonlight. As far as the lunar light is concerned it has no appreciable effect on the ether waves. Many long-distance records have been established on a cold moonlight night in winter. Experts agree that the moon has no apparent effect on Hertzian waves in North America, but operators who have sailed through the tropics claim that the moon weakens signals in the southern climes. A long series of observations made in England prove that reception is best during the full-moon period. It has been ascertained that as the moon first appears in the East, excellent reception follows from eastward stations, and as the moon rises, it is claimed that reception is distinctly improved over all the illuminated section. In the first-quarter moon reception was found better in the early evening. During the critical period, when the moon changes from full to new moon, reception is said to be poorest.

"It will be interesting to know what listeners observe as the shaded area of the solar eclipse moves across the map from Long Island to Minnesota, because many feel that there may be just a slight effect on reception from broadcasters located within the shaded path.

"Astronomers say that Eastern New York and Southern New England will be the best positions for observations. Vessels on the Atlantic north of Scotland will be able to see the eclipse at sunset and in the middle of the Atlantic it will be visible at noon."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

PETER PANS IN RIVALRY

PETER PAN IS HIS OWN RIVAL in the New York theater of to-day. Will the stage win over the silver screen? Will it be Betty or Marilyn who will get the children's suffrage, whether grown-up ones or ones still young? While Marilyn Miller speaks Barrie's lines at the Knickerbocker, Betty Bronson enacts his immortal youth in dumb show at the Rivoli and Rialto. Here is a time to test out the principle laid down by D. H. Lawrence in one of his novels, namely, that the screen will always win over the spoken scene with primitive minds, because the actor seen in the flesh thrusts his personality forward, and disturbs the complete identification that the beholder of the screen play always tries to make of himself with his hero or heroine. But Marilyn had a long running start over Betty, and seems to have lived down the first critical objection to her impersonation of the boy who refused to grow up. Miss Miller in her adventure with the critics after the first night a month or six weeks ago seems only to have repeated the original adventure of the play itself, when it burst upon their unsuspecting intelligences nineteen years ago. Mr. Woollcott of the New York *Sun* is candid enough about his own profession to unearth some of the vicissitudes of "Peter Pan" in making its way into the place it holds in the folklore of modern life. London has seen a long succession of *Peter Pans;* and the flesh and blood embodying him appear to have been disregarded, but America has seemed to have a set belief that *Peter Pan* was Maude Adams and Maude Adams *Peter Pan,* and so the trials of Marilyn began even before she stept foot on the stage. Follows Mr. Woollcott:

WENDY AND *PETER*

Mary Brian as *Wendy* and Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan* bring the Barrie fantasy to life in dumb show on the silver screen for thousands who will never see the play.

"On November 6 of this year—nineteen years to the very night after 'Peter Pan' had made its first frightened appearance in New York at the Empire, in the next block—this magical nursery comedy was played at the Knickerbocker, played with a sometime song-and-dance-girl, named Marilyn Miller, in the rôle which was—and still is—Maude Adams's own.

"Miss Miller made a lissome figure as *Peter Pan.* She may be said to have danced the part. But engaging a dancer to play *Peter Pan* recalls a little too bitterly that mad moment in the career of Arthur Hopkins, when in casting about him for an *Ophelia* to share the stage with Mr. Barrymore's *Hamlet,* he selected a young lady because she could sing ballads. At the same time he overlooked several able fencers in town who might have been glad to take over the rôle of *Hamlet* on the same principle. After all, 'Peter Pan' is not a ballet.

"In defense of Miss Miller, this should be said. Many of us were visited last week with a suspicion that she was being asked to find things in the play that are not in it—that were not in it when the script left Barrie's hands on its first voyage across the Atlantic. If you will first note how cockily and how pertly the present *Pan,* like a Boy Scout doing his good deed, prances up and down on guard in front of the house they built for *Wendy,* and if you will next recall the magical moment when the *Pan* of long ago, white-clad, stood silent on guard outside that precious door, an exalted figure, the very spirit of consecration taking on flesh and color before your eyes—then you will see what oceans separate the two. But you may also pause and ask yourself whether you are really demanding that Marilyn Miller play *Peter Pan.* Aren't you rather asking her to play *Maude Adams?*"

Mr. Woollcott's most astounding line is that "the dicta of the local reviewers on 'Peter Pan' should never be regarded as having the weight of gospel." And this from one of the confraternity! His defense is that "the fraternity failed too miserably at their task when the play was new." Something more of this:

"It was all through the troubling November and December of 1905 that the life of 'Peter Pan' hung in the balance quite as anxiously as does the life of *Tinker Bell* every night that the old comedy is acted anywhere in the world. The play had triumphed in London the preceding year, and the anticipation of its New York premiere was so acute that messenger-boys sent to buy the first seats drowsed from dusk to dawn on the comfortable benches in the Empire's lobby the eve of the first ticket sale at the box-office window. But Washington had been frankly puzzled by the madness of Barrie's puckish invention, and the same Buffalo that crowded to see this revival a few weeks ago could not be induced to see it when it paused there for a week just before its first venture into New York in 1905.

"In the intervening years the idiom of the comedy has become so much a part of our every-day thought and speech, and the people of its legend have so indisputably entered into our lives along with *Cinderella* and *Buttercup* and the *Mad Hatter* that it is difficult to recall the state of mind in which that obtuse first-night audience watched the play unfold when it was new in New York. It is difficult to recall that the critics in this town were ever so muddleheaded as those who, for the most part, hurried to their waiting typewriters and pronounced the new Barrie comedy a piece of unutterable rubbish.

"'A great disappointment,' quoth the late Acton Davies in an insensitive moment rare with him, 'a conglomeration of balderdash, cheap melodrama and third-rate extravaganza.' Master

Darnton, then reviewer for *The Evening World*, vowed that Barrie had finished 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' by 'getting up out of the wrong side of the dramatic bed.' And the still functioning Alan Dale dismissed 'Peter Pan' as 'drivel' and 'the fancies of a disordered stomach.'

"In response to these critical analyses, the public proved reluctant, but Maude Adams had faith and so did Charles Frohman. Through the first scanty weeks they held the Empire stage and then, gradually, as the Peter Pantheists found out how good and dear a play was waiting for them on the stage, the tide turned and in the crowds that waited in the falling snow at the stage door after each performance just for a glimpse of Miss Adams as she went to her carriage, you heard the overtones of a folkway and saw the beginnings of an immortality."

There is so much in the newspapers about Miss Betty Bronson that there seems almost a deliberate effort to create a new Maude Adams tradition. *Peter* is secondary. So we go afield to Boston for a review of the screen drama. Even here the old tradition dies hard. "It is not the *Peter Pan* of Maude Adams's finer years." And little Betty was chosen by Sir James Barrie himself after a long survey of candidates for the film impersonation. The spell of *Peter Pan* is wrought for this Boston observer, and we are assured:

"It is no easy thing in these days of artificial and shallow pictures, of cynical and hypercritical audiences, for a director to work such magic as this. That Herbert Brenon has done it is of course due primarily to Sir James Barrie, whose whimsy he has made a pliable medium for his working. It was within Mr. Brenon's power to make nothing of it at all. Many directors would have. But by surrounding himself with a cast of players capable of reading Barrie's imagination into their parts, obviously enjoying their playing to the full, by sympathetic astuteness, and a delectable fancy of his own he has made 'Peter Pan' a really superb picture. There was no mistake in selecting Miss Betty Bronson to portray *Peter*. She may not disguise the fact that she is a girl; she does not need to, for she has caught the soul of the wistful boy and the eternal youth of him. George Ali, as *Nana*, the mournful dog-nurse, is delightful. Each rolling of those somber eyes, each turn of the expressive paws is inimitably droll, and somehow infinitely pathetic. *Nana* might have been made more comical, and thereby have provoked more laughter. But it would not have been Barrie's *Nana*, and the laughter would have been too loud. The contented chuckles, the quick smiles would have been lacking. Ernest Torrence, versatile veteran, makes the vengeful *Captain Hook* fascinating. He is a double-dyed villain and a thorough rogue, but he is a gallant gentleman for all of that. The observer regards him without rancor, and sees him, as he does the incorrigible *Peter*, as a 'not wholly unheroic' figure."

Metcalfe, in the *Wall Street Journal*, while calling this a good movie, insists that this one, perhaps for the first time, shows "the defects of the medium":

"Not once in this child play is heard the always appealing sound of a childish voice. The endearing title of mother is shown often in the cold script, but never through the ear does it reach the heart. A captivating *Peter*, waving frantically from the screen for expressions of faith in fairies to save the life of the expiring *Tinker Bell*, gets faint response from those who are seeing but not hearing. This last may be further proof of the stupidity of movie audiences, but it is entirely easy to understand that the printed and pictured appeal has no such power to stir the emotions as has the human voice in proper use. Even Miss Marilyn Miller, not eminent for her acting ability, manages to secure in the current spoken version, of which she is the *Peter*, a much more potent response from audiences that hear as well as see.

"'Peter Pan' is a good movie but it ought to be a much better one. No one ought to have been permitted to have anything to do with it in any capacity who was not thoroughly familiar with and a lover of the Barrie play. Its whole atmosphere is so remote from that of the movie world that it is not surprizing to find little of it preserved in the picture. We have had so much enlightenment about movie processes that we can understand how it might easily ooze out in the varied handling that a screen play gets before it ever reaches the public. Much of the child and fairy fancy is lost but for it is substituted some illusion not possible outside of photography."

THE HIGH PRICE OF ART

THE ARISTOCRATIC STANDARDS of big business have entered the arts somewhat to their detriment, so we gather from journals devoted to art and music. Teachers of the latter charge so high for lessons that pupils are forced to go abroad; while painters ask so much for pictures that no one in moderate circumstances can afford to buy one. "Many music teachers complain that advanced students go abroad to complete their studies," says *The Musical Leader* (Chicago), and asks, "Why do Americans spend the money for a European trip and then work over there with American teachers?" The answer is given "by a young accompanist who plays for a famous singer":

Marilyn Miller

MAUDE ADAMS'S SUCCESSOR

Marilyn Miller, now playing *Peter Pan* at the Knickerbocker Theater, gives a modern flavor to a part supposed to have been set forever by Maude Adams, who was the favorite of the past generation.

"I would have liked to continue my musical studies in America, so that I could have remained near my family, but it was impossible. I had only a limited amount of capital; I had reached the point where I was ready for advanced study, and the teachers with whom I believed I could make the greatest progress demanded from twenty to forty dollars a lesson. When one adds to lessons the advance in living expenses, I figured that it would cost me at least one hundred dollars a week, whereas in Paris or Berlin I could have the same comforts, the best instruction possible, and time to work, study, and find entertainment for one hundred dollars a month. Forty or fifty dollars for an hour's instruction is what might be called 'a bit steep.'"

To this *The Leader* adds a comment:

"Few young people have this much money to spend, and even if they do manage to scrape enough together for a few lessons, they can scarcely do justice to their work because constantly worrying as to where and how they can begin earning money in the 'profession.' They 'skim over' their study in an endeavor to accomplish results in a hurry. Artist teachers in America should realize that when they place their lessons at prices beyond what serious aspiring artist-students can afford, they are creating a

European market. If in America also there were small hotels or small pensions as there are in Europe where rooms, pianos and food were included in a stipulated amount, it would make life easier for students and enable them to complete their education right here in the States.

"Why do they go to Europe? The answer is: Because it is cheaper."

Comment has recently appeared in *The Art News* (New York) on the high price of American painting. The subject was first broached by Ernest L. Heitkamp, art critic of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, and confirmation is found in the testimony of Clifford Phillips, who writes to the New York art weekly:

"The usual cost of things here is two or three times more than in Europe, except pictures, which are often seventy-five times more. I chanced into a little gallery in Grenoble, France, last summer and saw a superb example of Victor Charreton, quite as fine, I think, as the picture by him in the Brooklyn Museum and about the same size. The price was 800 francs, or about $45. In New York the price of such a work by Charreton is $1,500.

"I soon discovered this staggering price variation is general among all the French artists known to the American public. More and more tourists are finding this out, and if the artist here refuses to recognize it, his trade will soon dry up. The connoisseur can find some wonderful things abroad, and is finding them. Lower your prices and teach the new rich that the shortest cut to 'superiority' is through art patronage."

THE DOOM OF OPERA

IS THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE doomed to tarnish? Will New York's one substitute for the splendors of court pass into the limbo? Mr. Newman, the trenchant music critic that the New York *Evening Post* brought here from London to give our music life "the once over," seems to feel, along with "most people," that "for the time being, at any rate, opera has come to the end of its resources." If that is so, then the institution that parades our wealth before foreigners better than any other must be doomed along with opera, for its devotees would not be expected just to go and sit there on exhibition. As it is—according to the complaints uttered this season by Mr. Newman, and last season by Mr. Colles, who served *The Times* in a similar capacity—the devotees spend as little time as possible listening to the music, what with late coming and early going. Some inherent weakness in opera itself must account for its mortality. "An old song, a sixteenth-century mass or madrigal, a seventeenth-century fugue, an eighteenth-century Passion or oratorio or symphony or sonata," Mr. Newman points out, "is as vital to-day as it ever was, provided the music of it be good." In fact,

"Not one of these forms is in itself antiquated. If few great oratorios or Passions are produced to-day it is not because the form is dead, but because the emotions that once found expression in religious words now seek and find new media. It is not because the unaccompanied mass and the madrigal are forms out of which the life has gone that we do not get masterpieces in these genres to-day, but because we no longer have masters of pure vocal polyphony of the caliber of Palestrina, Vittoria, Byrd, Weelkes, Wilbye, Morley and Monteverdi. But over opera a curious fatality has always hung. In the other genres a work dies because, to put it in a way that may seem merely tautological, it has no life of its own. But in the operatic genre we get the paradox that works excellent in themselves have died because, tho they had a life of their own, the genre itself had not.

"There is something to reflect on in the historical fact that the oldest opera that now keeps the stage is Gluck's 'Orfeo,' that dates from 1762. (I leave out of consideration the recent German revivals of some of Handel's operas in adapted versions.) In that year Gluck was nearly fifty years old, and had already written more than a score of operas, not one of which survives in the true sense of the word. From 1762 to 1924 is one hundred and sixty-two years; that represents the real age of opera as a living genre. But, curiously enough, opera as we know it goes back to exactly one hundred and sixty-two years before 1762; it was in 1600 that the two settings of 'Orfeo' by Peri and Caccini were first given. (Peri's 'Dafne' came six years earlier; but the score of this is lost.) Of the thousands of operas that must have been written between 1600 and 1762 not one keeps the stage. Some of them, such as Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' (1607) and his 'Crowning of Poppea' (1642), are of the profoundest interest to the student of musical history; but none of them are practicable to-day.

"In the seventeenth century the French no doubt thought that Lully's operas would endure as long as the art of music itself; but they are all, for practical purposes, dead. In the eighteenth century Rameau was held to have completed and improved upon Lully as Wagner completed and improved upon Weber; but nothing of Rameau's keeps the stage. It is not because his operas are made of inferior music. Rameau was a truly great genius, and no one can play through the score of his 'Castor and Pollux' (1737), for example, without feeling that he is in the presence of a masterpiece."

Mr. Newman perhaps need not be reminded that Rameau is not quite so dead in France as he may be elsewhere. It will be remembered that this opera was chosen as the one for the gala performance when President Wilson was in Paris, and the editor of this department has since heard it on the same stage. So the French do not abandon their masterpieces. Mr. Newman, however, puts a pertinent question:

"Why then have so many excellent operas died? The earliest ones, no doubt, because the composers had not yet mastered the technique of the new genre. But there is no question of lack of mastery in 'Castor and Pollux'; the music of that is as truly at the very summit of the operatic music of its day, emotionally and technically, as 'Tristan' or 'Falstaff' was relatively to the German opera of 1860 or thereabouts or the Italian opera of about 1890. The fatal defect of Rameau's works, and of many others in the century and a half that preceded him, is that while they are the consummation of the spirit of their time, that spirit, as exprest in dramatic and choregraphic form, has become outmoded. The life has completely gone out of Bernard's libretto of 'Castor and Pollux'; and the dead libretto has dragged the music to the grave with it. It is not a question of the music perishing through its association with a foolish libretto, as in the case of 'Euryanthe.' The libretto of 'Castor and Pollux' is one of the very best of its type, and was recognized as such for half a century. The trouble is that the whole literary and dramatic genre to which the operas of Lully and Rameau belong is dead beyond resurrection."

Mr. Newman writes as tho opera were a form fully developed, used up and ready to give way—

"Enjoyable works can still be written in the present forms, but not, perhaps, works of the first order. Has German opera really gone any further than Wagner, when all is said? Can we conceive it going any further along those lines? Italian opera has almost certainly reached the limits of its historical resources. Modern French opera, until Debussy, was less a native thing than an amalgam of Italian and German methods touched with the French spirit: the one towering monument in it—a work that almost defies classification—is Berlioz's masterpiece, 'The Trojans.' When I heard that work in the 1921 revival of it in Paris, I received one of the profoundest impressions of my musical life.

"Debussy tried to create in 'Pelleas and Melisande' a new and purely French form. He took, for the first time in the history of modern opera, not a libretto but a self-subsistent poetic drama, and inlaid it, as it were, with music, for the most part just heightening the expressive accents of the poet. Ravel followed his example in 'L'Heure Espagnole,' Franc-Nohain's libretto for which is, all in all, the finest text ever written for a comedy in music. But neither of these operas is wholly satisfactory. In each of them the composer leans rather too heavily on the poet; he often avoids the problem of making convincing and organic music by throwing the main burden of expression upon the poet.

"Moussorgsky had previously attempted much the same thing in his children's songs and in the opera, 'The Marriage.' The form has remained sterile; we can not believe that it will ever be made completely satisfactory to the musical sense of the hearer. In both 'Pelleas and Melisande' and 'L'Heure Espagnole' the play itself is so superlatively good that it can carry off the many weaknesses of the music.

"Schreker and the other modern Germans merely manipulate the Wagnerian and Straussian methods with more or less success. The last attempt to make a genuinely new form for opera has been that of Debussy and Ravel, that has remained infertile. But the time has come when opera must either renew itself from the roots upward or die. What form is the renewal to take?"

WORN-DOWN SMALL CHANGE OF OUR DAILY SPEECH

SINCE POPULAR AMUSEMENTS are becoming allied to letters in one way or another, the next step may be running down to their sources popular sayings. Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose whimsical mind takes delight in such things, has begun the chase in a column of *The Sunday Times* (London). Recently, so he says, he overheard a friend say that he was "as weak as a rat," and forthwith Mr. Lucas was off on a scent that should lead to weak rats, if there are any. What he finds is that the simile is only "a foolish cliché," a false coin of speech, and from this one he leaps on to others, paying tribute to some of our American coinage, which, he says, he happened to hear during a recent visit to these shores. Mr. Lucas is one of the editors of *Punch*, but his prolific mind scatters its products in other places. To take up the tale with the aforesaid rat, he asks:

> "For are rats weak? Bishop Hatto (in that terrible ballad in our school Reader) didn't find them so. The burghers of Hamelin didn't find them so. Relatively, anything can be made weak, and a rat, compared with a horse, would have little strength. ('As strong as a horse.') But a rat all by himself—is he so weak? Even if he is, the simile is an indifferent one, because weakness would not be our predominating thought in connection with rats. A rat, to an observer unacquainted with the species, would suggest many things before fragility: such as stealth, purposefulness, evil.
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> "'As tired as a dog,' we say when we are off our guard. But how often are dogs tired? No such word could be used about the dog that kept me awake the whole of one night in the country last week; it was I who was tired, not he. Only a puppy, too, as his owner explained, in the fond belief that age could exonerate; that the tenderness of his years could make my eyelids less heavy. Dogs, it is true, can become tired, and after a prolonged hunt fling themselves on their stomachs, full length, in ecstasies of fatigue, but those are exceptional cases. The dog is not essentially a tired animal; quite the reverse. He is always jumping about and trying to make you take him for a walk—you who, like me, really are tired."

Mr. Lucas perhaps did not hear one phrase that is the invention of a former police captain—"as crooked as Pearl Street." If he had, he might not have been able to convince his English readers of its fitness, tho New Yorkers feel it. Some of the phrases he notes of English origin are also current here:

> "'As mad as Sam Hill,' Americans say. When I was in America, I asked in vain for biographical particulars concerning this public character, and I am still in hopes of discovering some. In the same way, I have inquired to no purpose in Lincolnshire as to the original Dick in the local saying, 'As crooked as Dick's hatband.' By 'mad,' the American does not mean what we mean when we say 'mad as a hatter'; the American means angry. When the American wishes to indicate a loss of reason or deficiency of wits, he has a whole vocabulary at hand, from 'batty' to 'bughouse.' The English correlative of 'as mad as Sam Hill' is, I suppose, 'as cross as two sticks'; but that is purely pictorial.
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> "'Why hatters as a race are mad,' says the poet, 'I never knew, nor does it matter'; but I disagree. I think that it does matter. My acquaintance among hatters is not extensive, but I have dealt with enough to be able to say in all sobriety that a saner set of men I have never met; and but for the eminent good sense and generosity of one hatter, at any rate, the National Gallery would lack some of its best pictures. Who would call Henry Vaughan mad? The sanity of hatters is the more remarkable when you think of the time that some customers (I have watched them in those three-sided mirrors that either give you serious misgivings or emphasize your complacency) spend in making up their minds. The wise, it is said, take their wives or lady-loves to the hatter with them to perform the task of selection; but only a very careless type of man would do that.

ON THE DECK OF THE *JOLLY ROGER* IN "PETER PAN"

Ernest Torrence, as *Captain Hook*, with one of his crew, who is operating a sea-going sewing-machine.

> "'As mad as a March hare' no doubt has a certain accuracy as a simile, for March is the month in which you see hares in the fields running spasmodically, and without any apparent object, in all directions. Naturalists tell me that they are acting under the vernal impulse; that love, perfect love, is the basis of these gyrations; but to the uninformed spectator the hares are merely mad. Hatters, even under the vernal impulse, never: and I think we ought to probe the myth to its roots. We ought to know who was the first hatter to cause people to tap their foreheads and purse their lips. I find no serious signs of madness about that eminent theologian, S. Clement, whose day happens to be this very Sunday, and whose association with hatters dates from his flight from his persecutors, when, in order to run the better on his blistered feet, he packed his sandals with wool, which, from the pressure put upon it in the energy of his evasion, was converted into felt.
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> "But what about this? Felt is normally made of the fur of rabbits and hares, and hares in March, as I have been relating, are mad. Hats are also made of straw, and stage idiots have straw among their locks. But these are merely the soap bubbles of investigation; the traditional madness of hatters is still unexplained. Can the designer of the first topper have been thus stigmatized from the absurdity of that article of apparel? Or was the hatter not a man's hatter but a woman's—a milliner? 'As mad as a milliner' is not a good simile, but what about 'As mad as a milliner's customer'? I have seen some criminal hats on women's heads in my time. Expensive, too.
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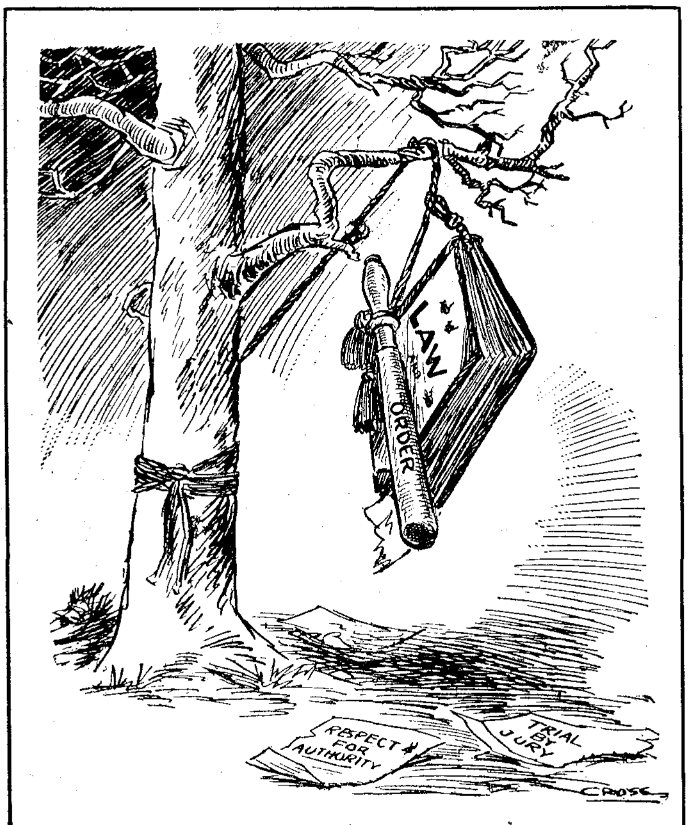
> "'As pretty as a picture' and 'As fresh as paint' are common expressions, but their prosperity flagged when the Cubists came in. I can not at the moment recall the current similes for depression and grief, but for high spirits we have 'merry as a grig' and 'jolly as a sandboy,' and none of us has the right to use either, because none of us has seen a grig being merry (a grig is a cricket), and none of us has seen a sandboy being jolly. Referring to the dictionary, I find that a sandboy (obsolete) is one who hawks sand. Nothing jolly about that. And how many of us know enough of the private life of the House of Lords and the Bar to presume to say 'As drunk as a Lord.' 'As sober as a judge'?"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE SOUTH'S FIGHT AGAINST MOB MURDERS

JUST AS IT WAS REJOICING over the decrease in mob murders the South is shocked by two more lynchings. And from no section of the country is the crime more bitterly bewailed or more utterly condemned. Up to that date there had been fourteen lynchings in 1924, according to a report of the Interracial Committee at Atlanta. Then a negro was lynched in Nashville, and another at Charleston, Missouri. In both cases the wrath of the communities was visited upon the fugitive slayers. The Nashville Chamber of Commerce offers a reward of $5,000 for the capture and conviction of the murderers, supplementing rewards offered by the Governor of Tennessee and by the city of Nashville. In Missouri Governor Hyde offers a reward of $300 for the arrest of each of the lynchers at Charleston. Unmeasured reproaches on the private avengers are poured out by Southern editors, for they regard the lynchings as deliberate splotches on a sheet that was becoming white.



THE REAL VICTIM

—Cross in the Nashville *Tennessean*.

In the Nashville case Robert Smith, a fifteen-year-old negro boy who had shot and wounded a grocer following a robbery and was himself badly wounded, was taken from the City Hospital and done to death at the scene of his crime. The slayers were immediately outlawed by public opinion. The deed was "without any measure of justification," says the Nashville Chamber of Commerce in a set of resolutions, "and its perpetrators were guilty of murder and are answerable to the law as murderers." Pledging the Chamber to assist in bringing the murderers to trial, the resolutions assert that "in no other way than by trial and conviction of the perpetrators of this crime can the law be vindicated." In this sentiment joined other civic bodies, churches and public officials. Hurt to the quick, the Nashville *Tennessean* finds no salve in the "old community excuse," that "the best people of the South do not commit such deeds," and declares:

> "But if the best people of the South allow such deeds, it matters little that their own hands do not commit them. It is their part to see that they are not committed, or else accept the condemnation that justly falls upon them.
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> "The guilt of the deed rests on all. Its degradation, its brutish spirit and its lawlessness shame the whole people, share and share alike. Words amount to nothing, it matters not how utter their condemnation. A community that allows a thing like this to happen bears as a whole the burden of its guilt.
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> "Tennessee, nor Nashville, nor any household in all the State and city is absolved from its part in the unmanly cowardice of this foulest of foul deeds until its perpetrators, to the last man of them, pay the penalty of their unspeakable crime.
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> "We have in our hands an opportunity to prove our detestation of such crimes and our determination that they shall no longer stand as the will and habit of our people."

The mob's deed was so brutal and wanton, says the Knoxville *Sentinel*, that it is difficult to discuss it soberly. There was no conceivable excuse for the murder, since the boy was in the hands of the law, adds *The Sentinel*, asking:

> "When will our fair Southland, our States and communities of God-fearing Christian people be relieved of this hideous incubus of lynch law and the small minority of unaccountable malignants among us who itch to practise it be taught by swift and dire prosecution and justice that they will not be suffered longer to disgrace and shame us before the world with impunity?"

The thing that can soonest banish lynching, says the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, "is a public sentiment that will not tolerate lynching and that in its righteous indignation demands a stern accounting when a mob has flouted the law and the courts." "To put a price on the head of the lynchers is a drastic step," avers the Houston *Post-Dispatch;* "but when fear of public sentiment fails to prevent such crimes, drastic measures become essential. The fact that they have been undertaken so promptly reflects the strong condemnation under which lynching now rests in official and responsible circles." In the opinion of the Asheville *Times:*

> "The South is rapidly learning that lynch law is a serious indictment of our Christianity and a death blow at our system of administering justice. We know now that lynchings do not prevent the commission of the crimes which they seek to punish. If anything, they breed lawlessness and multiply those offenses which are accepted as racial crimes.
>
> "The time once was when the public opinion of the South condoned lynch law. That day has very happily passed. To-day the decent public sentiment of the South looks upon a lynching as organized murder. Sheriffs no longer wink at such usurpation of the powers of the courts.
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> "This change of sentiment is reflected in the decrease of lynchings. In fact, it explains this reduction."

So, we are told by a Northern paper, it is not a mere happening that negro lynchings in the South have notably decreased—from fifty-eight in 1922 to twenty-eight in 1923, with only sixteen recorded at the time for 1924. Six years ago, says the

Philadelphia *North American*, Southern leaders of both races saw that something had to be done. So, through the Commission on Interracial Cooperation,

> "They've put education first, because they know it's impossible for average persons to get anywhere in work or conduct without it. They've built hundreds of new schools and made hundreds of old ones habitable. In Alabama, a State wofully deficient in colored schools, their efforts have secured a high school and several modern rural schools—one costing $38,000—in and near Mobile; while at Anniston the value of negro school property has increased from $3,000 to more than $50,000 within two years. In Atlanta, through the cooperative spirit aroused, $1,250,000 has been put into improved schools. Memphis has spent $350,000 for five new buildings and plans a $250,000 high school.
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> "These are samples of the way they are attacking their task in every Southern State. In promotion of health they are going to the root of the matter by stressing personal and home hygiene; by building sewers and hospitals and establishing visiting nurse service. Tuberculosis always has played havoc among colored people, and this plague is being vigorously and successfully fought.
>
> "Injustice and hardships suffered through discriminatory laws —old sores of residence and travel restriction, civic hindrances and the like—have been lessened in many States. Sanitary lacks have been looked after. Playgrounds, swimming pools and other recreation advantages have been supplied in scores of places. And negroes have been helped to become good farmers and successful storekeepers.
>
> "Just sensible cooperation of the sort white leaders have been giving their own kind for many years, and lately the leading negro newspaper in Birmingham said, 'This commission is the best organization for the handling of human questions that has come to the American people since the days of slavery.' That's saying a good deal, but these earnest men and women have done a good deal. The way their work is reflected in the lynching figures warrants the hope that they have found a key to the perplexing situation by recognizing that its 'difficulties are to a large extent local problems, which must be worked out by the mutual forbearance and human kindness of each community.' President Coolidge said this in his first message to Congress."

BLOCKING BOLSHEVIST BLASPHEMY

SOVIET RUSSIA HAS TEMPORARILY HALTED its march to the conquest of Almighty God, not that it fears, or hesitates at, the task, but because it can not drag the peasantry along under its blasphemous banner. In short, the decision is one of Soviet strategy, not of change in plan. The Russian people, it now appears, are not yet ready to give up God. So, as an Associated Press dispatch appearing in our press tells us, Gregory S. Zinovieff, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Third International, admits that the Communists had gone too fast in their propaganda against existing religious rituals and in their efforts to establish atheism. The order, coincident with the advent of Christmas, is given as follows:

> "In a peasant country like ours, where the majority of the population is illiterate, and where the peasantry pays so high for articles of necessity, we can not allow ourselves such a luxury as a vigorous and inflexible religious campaign. We shall pursue our attacks on Almighty God in due time and in an appropriate manner.
>
> "We are confident we shall subdue Him in His empyrean. We shall fight Him wherever He hides himself, but we must go about such a question as anti-religious propaganda more carefully in the future.
>
> "I have been informed by old workmen that not only the young Communists, but Boy Scouts are mocking people who are religious. I have also been told that groups of Boy Scouts have even imprisoned whole congregations in church while they were worshiping. This is a mistake. Our campaign against God and religion must be carried out only in a pedagogic way, not by violence or force."

Further proof that Bolshevist dictates have not yet dethroned God lies in the announcement that Russia kept Christmas despite the example of its earthly rulers. For a few there were the comforts and luxuries that we know; but for the millions there were scant bread and less fuel. But if the material side of Christmas was wanting, the spiritual was much in evidence, as shown in this picture sent by an Associated Press correspondent:

> "In spite of the Communist campaign against religion, the greater part of the population in the larger cities went eagerly to church to celebrate the birth of the founder of the Christian faith. In countless homes candles burned brightly in front of ikons. The diminutive Chapel of the Iberian Virgin, in the heart of Moscow, the most famous Christian shrine in all Russia, was packed with fervent Russians, who prostrated themselves on the ice-strewn floor. Not far away was another shrine—that of the Bolshevist Revolution. Within it sleeps Lenin in eternity. The two edifices presented a strange contrast; one typified Old Russia, the other New Russia.
>
> "Little groups of holiday visitors from the villages, mingling with workmen and Communists, stood in front of Lenin's wooden tenement of death in awesome silence as they visualized the unseen spirit of the father of Bolshevism within.
>
> "Immediately behind the tomb, with their slender golden spires pointed heavenward and touched magically by nature with a glistening sheen of virgin snow, were the churches of the Kremlin, their bells and chimes now stilled in tongueless silence, as if symbolizing the citadel of the Soviet Government, which recognizes neither Christmas nor religion nor imperialistic traditions."

That the Soviet régime intends "to crush Russian Christianity out of existence, and not only Orthodox Christianity but Methodism, Roman Catholicism and all other varieties of Christianity," is testified by Capt. Francis McCullagh, the British correspondent who was the only one to send out a "full and accurate account of the Cieplak trial," which our readers will recall. Captain McCullagh's testimony is based on personal observation and on documentary evidence. He cites from the Bolshevist Penal Code, which "is as easy to get as any other contemporary code," that "the teaching of religious doctrine to persons under age in public and in private schools is to be punished by hard labor for a maximum term of one year." The teaching of religion to children is also forbidden, and, "in order absolutely to cut short collective teaching and individual relations with isolated persons under eighteen years of age on the part of ministers of all existing religions on subjects of faith, of religious traditions and of cult, no matter in what place this is carried on, prosecution will follow with all the rigor of the revolutionary law." In an article in the New York *Herald Tribune* Captain McCullagh tells us further:

> "The Bolshevik press makes no secret of the determination to extirpate the Christian religion in Russia. Let us hear what the *Pravda* says, and the *Pravda* describes itself, and quite rightly, as the official organ of the Bolshevik party, that is, of the political party which now rules Russia. The *Pravda* declared at the time of the Cieplak trial that:
>
> "'Religion and communism are incompatible. The Church must be swept out of our path as an obstacle to the progress of culture. . . . The fight against religion must be carried on as systematically as the political struggle and with even more determination. Women and young people must be trained for the war on the denizens of heaven, who must all be ejected from the households of the workmen.'
>
> "Speaking on another occasion of the same anti-Christian campaign, the same paper declared jubilantly that:
>
> "'The campaign has had a tremendous success, splitting the Church into numerous sects. We must devote even more serious attention than before to anti-religious propaganda. The peasantry has undergone a change. The infantry of Jesus is gradually wavering.'"

In the sects which have been nurtured by the Bolshevists for Bolshevist purposes—gradually to wean the members from the last vestige of Christian faith and substitute Communism as a religion—Captain McCullagh detects imminent peril, and he warns:

> "This change may give Bolshevism a hold on the more extreme and emotional forms of Eastern and Western dissent and may do incalculable harm here in America, where there are such possibilities, not only among the large foreign population, but among Americans themselves, of an explosion made up of Bolshevist, Christian, emotional and simply hysterical ingredients."

THE MELTING-POT A FABLE

AMERICA IS NOT, and probably never will be, a melting-pot, says Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, who not only upsets the popular idea, but advises racial groups to preserve their cultural identity while they contribute their gifts to a common country. Jews specifically are advised not to marry Christians, because such marriages, the educator believes, "are not safe." In the considerable comment aroused by Dr. Eliot's statement, there is evident some confusion caused by his choice of terms. One sees in it a veiled Ku Kluxism, while another takes a reference to the Irish as expressing doubt of their loyalty. It was in the course of an address to the American Zionist Society that Dr. Eliot denied the existence of the traditional pot. As we quote him from *The Jewish Tribune* (New York), he said:

> "You doubtless have heard a great deal of talk in this country during the last five or six years about the assimilation of races in the United States. The fact is, and it is perfectly plain, there has been no assimilation in the United States; and, more than that, it isn't deserving that there should be any assimilation or amalgamation of races in the United States. That isn't what we need, that isn't for our best advantage in this country. What we want is numerous races with various histories, with various gifts, with various abilities, living side by side in concord, not in discord, but in concord, each contributing its own peculiar quality to the mixed population.
>
> "Assimilation, or amalgamation, is simply non-existent in the United States, and nobody sees, or very few people see, that it is non-existent. You may see a very strong instance of it in the immigration of the Irish to this country, which began back in 1830 and went on for many generations. Have they ever been assimilated anywhere? Never, and it has never been desirable, and it isn't now desirable that they should be assimilated in the United States or amalgamated, taken in and absorbed within the British-American population."

New York rabbis who had pondered on Dr. Eliot's theory and advice are, in the main, agreed that the one is true and the other good. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise hails Dr. Eliot's advice as the best which could be given, and adds his criticism of those Jews who "apparently dread being too loyal to their race." Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein, as we quote him from press reports, is "happy, indeed, to note the pure attitude of Dr. Eliot on what Americanism and American should mean to all of us." He asserts:

> "America is not the melting-pot of the respective world's faiths. America is made richer by the contributions which Catholic, Protestant and Jew bring through their religions to the enhancement of the moral and spiritual well-being of our beloved country.
>
> "Our beloved country will lose every vestige of racial and religious hatred when we will emphasize our non-sectarianism, not by breaking down the multitudinous sects, but by encouraging each and every one of them to bring their spiritual offerings.
>
> "Who is an American? One who lives by, subscribes to and is willing to die for the Constitution of the United States. In short, Americanism is patriotism. Wo to America if Americanism is made to mean, by implication, that to live by Catholicism, Protestantism or Judaism makes one a whit less of an American."

Agreeing with Dr. Eliot that the various ethnic and religious groups which make up America have not intermarried so as to lose their identity, Rabbi Nathan Krass says, "Americanism does not mean destruction of group gifts, but the common allegiance of all citizens to the ideals, the institutions and the flag of the United States." To him—

> "Assimilation means the taking into one's soul of these political ideals and of the adoption of the *modus vivendi* that best expresses these ideals. Assimilation does not mean that each religious group—Jews, Catholics, Protestants—should throw its religion into the 'melting-pot' and wait patiently for a new religion to emerge. It does not mean that each ethnic group should surrender whatever virtues peculiarly its own it possesses, and out of the 'melting-pot' choose a fused resultant.
>
> "Diverse individualities competing for the common advancement are a greater asset than a fused, colorless, undifferentiated mass. A perfect Jew, a perfect Catholic and a perfect Protestant are three mighty forces for genuine Americanism. Three nondescripts will weaken, not strengthen, our remarkable and unique Republic."

On the other hand, Rabbi Samuel Schulman notes that Dr. Eliot's advice makes Jews uneasy, because it intimates that, if they mix too much with the non-Jewish world, they may be doing it harm. "After all," he continues, "does there not peep through the cultured language of Dr. Eliot the peculiar teaching of the Ku Klux Klan? If I understand the platform of the Klan, it is this: That only men and women of Anglo-Saxon descent can be considered the only pure Americans." Jews are not foreigners; they do assimilate, and are not afraid of being destroyed by assimilation, says Rabbi Schulman. He adds: "We find nothing in our racial individuality which prevents us from accepting the forms of American life. And we certainly find nothing in our religion which prevents us from being whole-souled and unhyphenated Americans." Apparently in some doubt as to the meaning Dr. Eliot intends, *The Catholic News* (New York) says that if he meant that the Jews and those of Irish blood in America have not given up their religious faith, "he was speaking the truth, but if he sought to convey the impression that they are not genuine Americans, he was deplorably in error." Samuel Gompers, late head of the American Federation of Labor, a Jew born in England, and Martin H. Glynn, ex-Governor of New York, the son of an Irish immigrant, are cited as men who "ennobled our American citizenship."

Turning to secular newspaper comment, we find the Hartford *Times* declaring that Dr. Eliot "simply has stated a fact, not a dogma." All, we are told, "are Americans in ideals, in aspirations, in culture and in habits. But there has been and there seems likely to be no amalgamation of blood and assimilation through intermarriage," which, as the Hartford paper construes the venerable educator's remarks, "is what Dr. Eliot is talking about." "It is not Dr. Eliot's opinion that the various peoples should not become Americans," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "but that, in becoming Americans, they should cherish the inherent racial characteristics that were theirs before this hemisphere was dreamed of."

On the other hand, the New York *Sun* thinks that Dr. Eliot aims at too broad a target. The Roosevelt family and John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York, are cited as from the melting-pot, and we are told that "all over the United States the descendants of fairly recent immigrations are intermarrying—Norwegians with Hungarians, Germans with English, Swiss with Scotch, Poles with Italians." Furthermore, argues the New York paper, "by the time a race has become sufficiently at home in the United States to make a contribution, it has become enough at home to begin ceasing to be a separate race."

The Utica *Press*, among others, thinks that the process of amalgamation and assimilation is going on all the time, and that "the ideal is one race and the brotherhood of man." Asserting, for example, that once nearly fifty languages and dialects were spoken on Manhattan Island, the great gateway to America, the Springfield *Republican* goes on:

> "Races or peoples that wish to preserve their distinctive and ancient characteristics acquired in many centuries of inbreeding and isolation in the Old World should stay away from America. This is the one continental tub history has known for the swamping of races and nationalities. American 'standardization' has been much derided and attacked, but American 'standardization' is the enemy of alienism and racialism even as the radio, newspaper 'comics,' mail-order clothes, cross-word puzzles and the Ford car are the enemies of provincial and sectional cultures within America itself. No one can be surprized because of the 'increasing tendency,' which Dr. Eliot has observed, 'of Jews to marry Christians.' This is American, and America will not be denied."

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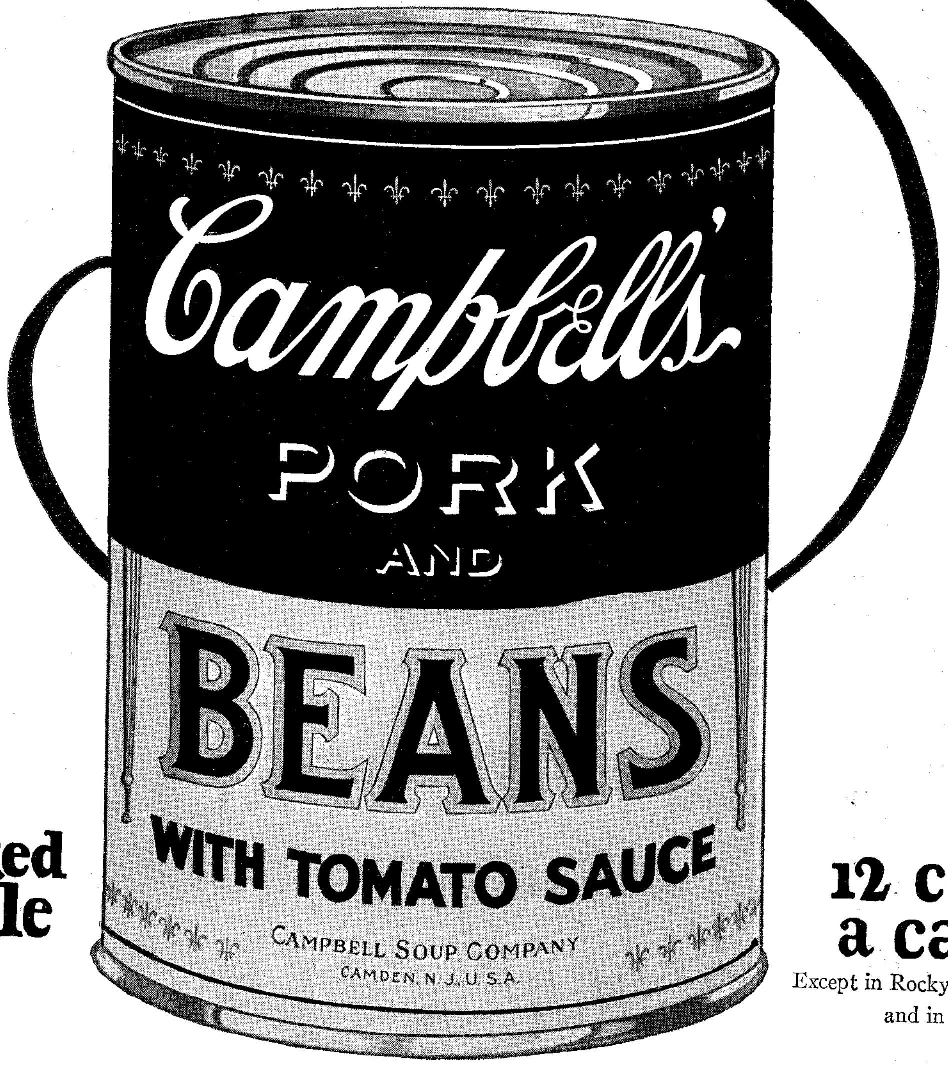
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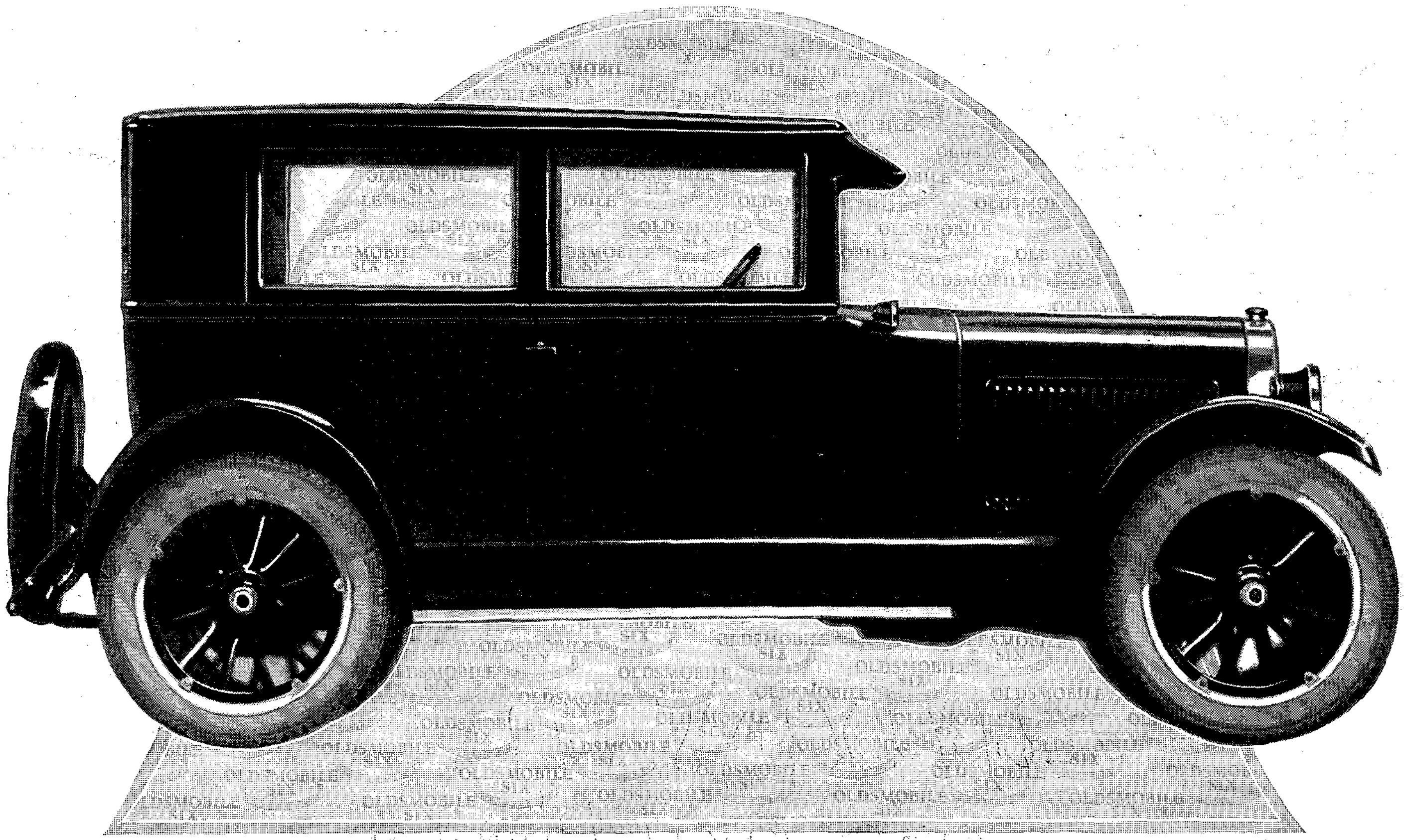

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IRELAND with her new-found nationality seems to resemble Russia in some things, and one of them is revealed in *The Irish Statesman*, by S. L. M., whom we may perhaps translate into Susan L. Mitchell, one of Ireland's cleverest ironists:

THE BLEAT OF THE CHILDREN

By S. L. M.

Do you hear the schoolboys crying, O my brothers,
At their home work every day?
They are leaning their fat heads against their mothers,
Though they'd rather be at play,
For the ducks wait their stoning in the shallows,
The birds' nests their robbing in the tree,
They might be getting ready for the gallows,
All untaught, unteachable and free;
But the young Irish schoolboys, O my brothers,
They are howling might and main,
They are growling and complaining to their mothers
Who clout them all in vain.

Do you question the young victims in their sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
We old ones may weep because to-morrow
The things we used to know—
The things that we spent our lives in learning,
The dates of Crécy and Poictiers,
Those lists of English reigns that stilled our yearning
For knowledge in past year—
That knowledge we'll have no more chance of airing,
For even the *Irish Times*
Must one day surely cease its endless faring,
Its flights to foreign climes.

But the young, young Irish children lift their faces
And answer us and cry:
"For the years past we stood bravely in our places
And no master blinked an eye
When we babbled on the shoes of the *charpentier*,
Or how *oncle* in *le jardin* left his *plume*,
Though our dads said never yet on road or *sentier*,
In France for these phrases they'd found room,
Nor in Deutschland had they ever met that *Biene*
Who *war durstig, sehr durstig*, and who
Presumably, though tempted by the wine cup,
To *einer Quelle* flew.

"And our parents were contented with our *devoir*,
They paid for every line,
Like us they'd never traveled far from *avoir*,
From *haben* or from *sein*.
But now, but now, a cruel Irish nation
Will stand to move the world on a child's heart,
Stifle down with Gaelic heel its palpitation
And threaten to make us smart
If we do not learn our lessons." O my brothers,
Do you wonder children weep—
Leaning idly their fat heads against their mothers—
For the harvest they must reap?

"Once," said the children, weeping faster,
"We had Irish without tears.
For then, dear old O'Growney was our master,
But in these later years
Very swiftly all the Gaelic wheels are turning,
And our Eoin and our Seosamh standing by,
Won't put up at all with any kind of learning
That can't meet Bergin's eye.
And all day long our tender brains are reeling
Madly from *iss* to *thaw*,
And in our most perfect phrasing we've the feeling
Bergin will find some flaw."

"And oh!" said the children, "life is dreary
And we're feeling very done,
If the ducklings sailed by us, we're so weary
We scarce could throw a stone.
We've hardly more than half the day for cricket,
Tennis, hockey, scouting, all those games refined,
And we sometimes feel that we can never stick it,
This forcing us to cultivate our mind;
But in the cup of sorrow we are draining
One drop of comfort's found,
In spite of all the Gaels that they are training
The teachers won't go round."

Orpheus (Pittsburgh) is a newcomer, and is explained only as "a private journal of poetry." No other whys and wherefores about its publication. We give two revelations of its privacy—

INTERLUDE WITH A PROUD LADY

By Aaron Arnold

Retrieve your saffron fan and come with me—
They're dancing now, and flesh is in the air—
Out in the garden there is alchemy
That frees my blood from this electric glare.

We're here, and O your shawl flames in the dark!
Your neck is whiter than the fountain spray,
Full of the moon, both. You are like a lark
Brushed on a curtain for a Chinese play!

Insolent Beauty, come and kiss me, so—
Made to destroy men with your rich delight—
Stab me with laughter as I turn to go. . . .
I am the Devil and I say, good-night!

Do not forget we have a rendezvous
Someday, my Precious. . . . I'm in love with you!

MADNESS

By E. L. Peterson

Some one stabbed the moon
With a copper dagger.
The stars began to tremble
And the moon to stagger.

A rending crash,
The thunder of wars,
And the sky fell down
With a splinter of stars.

Then ink-pot blackness
Rushed on me,
And I tried to crawl under
The roots of a tree.

There are challenge and indictment in this poem in *Poetry* (Chicago, January):

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

By Eunice Tietjens

She stands where the old world meets us, lifting the torch of liberty.

School-children in Bohemia dream of her, peasants on northern fjords look into the westering sun for her.
Fishermen in the caves of Capri, hewers of wood in the Black Forest—these are her lovers.
She is of them, of their thinking. She is their hope in us.

And we?
She is a gesture given us, a rôle for us to play.
From France she came, from the land of gestures.
Foreign she is in form, and foreign in feeling.
From the outside she came.
She is not of us.

Better than that we know liberty.
Better we know the hard way she leads us, the pitted path of the pioneer.
Better we see the wandering will-o'-the-wisp, the beckoning phantom that she is.
Our eyes grow dim with searching; our years are as water.
Our very hearts grow grey in her service.
And we do not find her.

On our shores the gesture stands, a rôle for us to play, last outpost of an older world.
Children in Bohemia dream of her, and peasants on northern fjords look into the westering sun for her.
Fishermen in the caves of Capri, hewers of wood in the Black Forest—these are lovers.

Yet liberty we have not seen, nor clasped nor found her.

History does us a valiant service in judging modern ideals, and *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London) brings us an idea pertinent to to-day:

ROYAL AUDIENCE

By Edward Thompson

Gilbert Murray
Lecturing in Christ Church Hall—
Harry Eight,
Puff-cheeked, overfed, and furry,
Straddles o'er him on the wall,
Bulging-eyed, as when his bellow
Crashed on Lambert's plea, with "Fellow!
Thou shalt burn!"—or when he sent
Anne or Katherine from his bed,
To the grave's embrace instead

And Swagger-gait,
As Geneva's name he catches,
Fusses, fatly insolent.
"Body o' me! lo, what is this
New, false doctrine now that hatches
In Heresy's metropolis?"
Visibly in their pictured stations
Tremble all the Dead, to mark
How the coldly-bestial stare
Kindles to a wolfish glare
On that bold heresiarch
Lecturing for the League of Nations.

But Professor Murray,
Always gentle, courteous, reasoning, never in a hurry,
Tell us, "In some minds there seems confusion.
As for this so-called *right* of making war,
Civilized people more and more
Are everywhere coming, I think, to the conclusion. . . ."
He does not see at all
That listening Wrath upon the wall,
Looming through the painter's glaze
With axe and gallows in its gaze.
"*So-called* right, indeed!"

The Lyric (Norfolk) begins the New Year rather thinly; but one here has an incitement to musing:

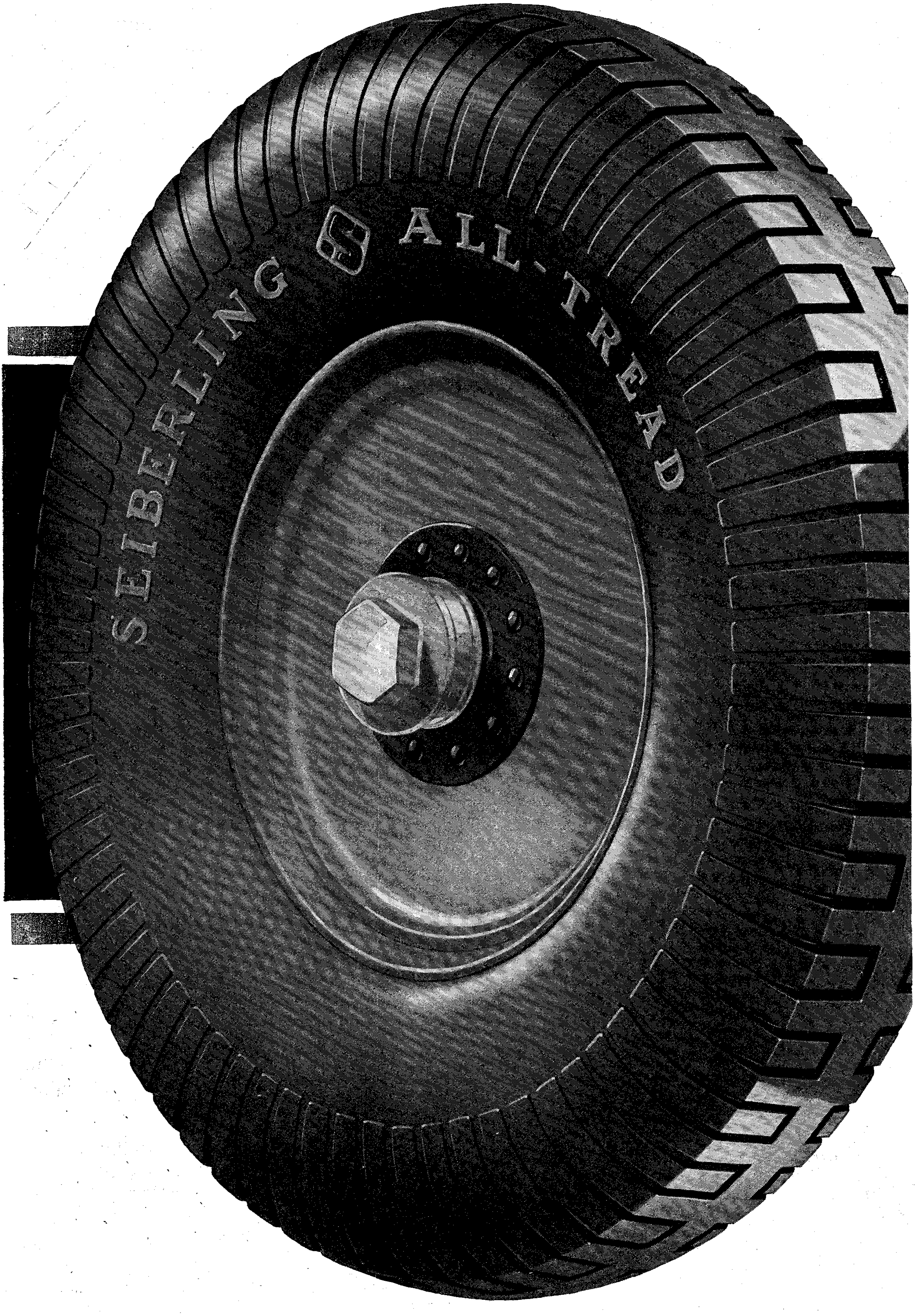
PLAYTHINGS

By Josephine Johnson

I played with edged tools
And they cut my fingers,
But I can never endure dull safety again
After their keenness.

I played with fire
And it burnt me and seared me,
But after its flashing beauty—
Rapture
That recompensed pain—
Everything else is dead.

I played with you,
And you took my heart in your hands and broke it to pieces,
Laughing.
But oh . . . !
How stupid and clumsy the fingers that gather the fragments,
Striving to piece them together!
They mend what *you* broke?
The fools!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AN ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL, TWO JUDGES AND A DIPLOMAT

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, on the extreme left, has been much in the press lately in connection with her work on Prohibition cases. Next to her is Judge Mary O'Toole of the Washington Municipal Court, and Judge Katherine Sellers of the Juvenile Court. Miss Lucile Atcherson, on the right, is the first and only woman to become a member of the Government Foreign Service.

WOMEN WHO HELP BOSS US

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE is ruling the world in a rather more literal way than ever before, it seems evident as newspaper correspondents sum up feminine victories in the recent election and take account of the actual part played in our Government by women office-holders. There are no less than fifteen women, discovers one correspondent, in important jobs at the nation's Capital, "and each one of them has risen to her present important position by ability and hard, painstaking work." These Washington women are Presidential appointees, and, tho they may rarely figure in the society columns, we are assured that they are much more important, and both know and influence "politics behind the scenes" to a far greater extent than do their more prominent society sisters. Another correspondent discovered that 122 women were voted into office at the last election, of whom 65 are married, 12 unmarried, and the matrimonial state of the remaining 45 not reported. In comparison with the progress of women in business and in the professions, announces the correspondent, their advance in the public service has been more rapid. They may be found in all types of local offices, from Governor down, except that no record has yet been found of a woman coroner. They have made more rapid progress into public office in the West and Middle West, according to this authority, than in the East.

Taking up first the women who "run things" in Washington, a special dispatch to the New York *World* carries the information that:

> These women are sometimes spoken of as "Presidential appointees" inasmuch as they hold Federal positions to which they were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, or appointed by members of the President's Cabinet and confirmed by the President, or appointed by the District of Columbia Commissioners and confirmed by the President. At any rate the President figured in the appointments of every one of them.
>
> Around a table at the clubhouse of the American Association of University Women, No. 1634 I Street, these fifteen women gather once a week at luncheon and discuss informally

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THREE FEDERAL COMMISSIONERS, AND A MAJOR IN THE U. S. ARMY

Mrs. Helen Hamilton Gardener, of the United States Civil Service Commission, is on the left, with Mrs. Clara Sears Taylor, of the Rents Commission of the District of Columbia, and Mrs. Bessie P. Brueggeman, Chairman of the Federal Employees' Compensation, of the Labor Department, next. Major Julia Stimson, on the right, is the head of the Army Nurse Corps.

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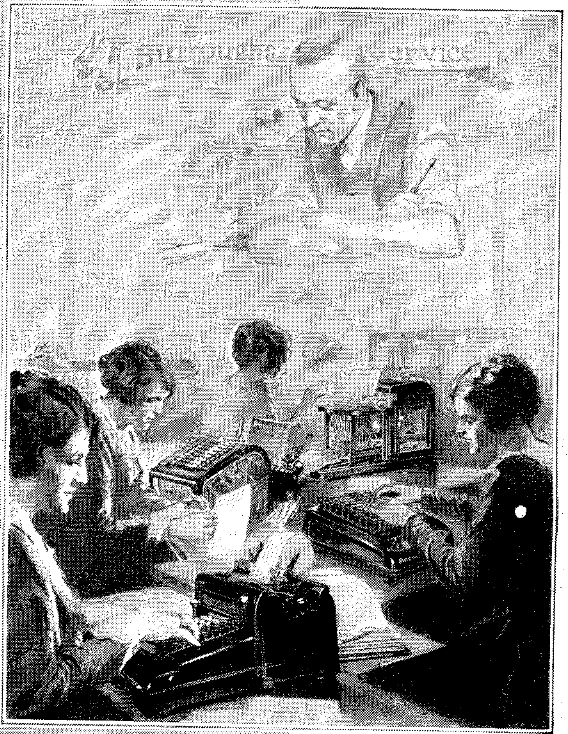

From the very beginning the Burroughs Adding Machine Company realized that its obligation to the business man went far beyond merely supplying machines to handle all his figure problems. The Burroughs Company felt that its success and the satisfaction of the user could only be attained through the continuous, profitable use of Burroughs machines throughout a business lifetime.

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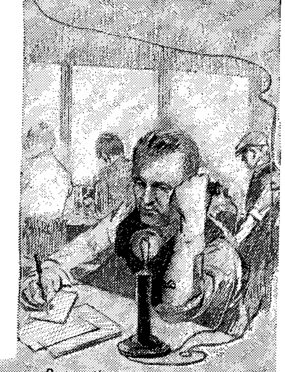

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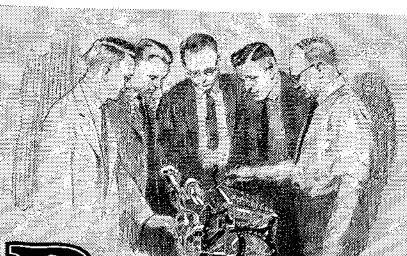

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A SECRETARY OF STATE, A LIEUTENANT OF POLICE, A HEALTH OFFICIAL, AND A BUREAU HEAD

Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, on the left, is the new Secretary of State for New York. Mrs. Minna Van Winkle, next to her, bears the title of Lieutenant of the Metropolitan Police Force of Washington. Miss Lucy Minnegerode is head of the Public Health Service Nurse Corps of Washington, and Miss Grace Abbott, on the right, is chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor.

> "interlocking" subjects pertaining to their work, which comprises a varied field.
>
> The most important of these positions, and the one which has the greatest influence, is undoubtedly that of Assistant Attorney-General. This does not mean an assistant to the Attorney-General, but it means an office created by Congress for the purpose of assisting in the official duties of the Attorney-General's office.
>
> The first woman to be appointed to this position was Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams of San Francisco. At the expiration of her term she was succeeded by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, also of California. This young Portia, who is in the early thirties, brings before the Supreme Court of the United States all matters of jurisdiction concerning prisoners, Prohibition, Internal Revenue Laws, evasion of income tax, smuggling of liquor, minor acts to regulate commerce, and a few other matters. In all of these she represents the Department of Justice before the highest court of the land and she does this with a clearness of vision and a virility of mind that has brought forth the admiration of those with whom she has to deal.

Miss Lucile Atcherson of Ohio, who is entering her third year in our foreign service, is introduced as the first and only woman to become a member of this branch of government service, having passed among the highest a competitive examination three summers ago in Washington. The correspondent reports of her that:

> The officials in the State Department who are familiar with her ability insist that she has done and is doing "splendid work" in the Latin-American Division to which she was assigned on entering the department. And yet Miss Atcherson has really seen no "foreign service," altho the men who passed the examinations at the same time she did were sent out "in the field" within a few months.
>
> Miss Atcherson, however, has borne her disappointment well and with fine diplomacy—apparently still hoping that some day she may cease to be a "white elephant" and may get her chance at some foreign capital.
>
> Three of the fifteen women are Federal Commissioners—namely, Mrs. Helen Hamilton Gardener of the United States Civil Service Commission, Mrs. Clara Sears Taylor of the Rents Commission of the District of Columbia, and Mrs. Bessie Brueggeman, Chairman of the Federal Employees' Compensation of the Labor Department, which fixes compensation for injuries received in the Federal service.
>
> Mrs. Brueggeman is the only woman who has ever been Chairman of a Federal Commission; Mrs. Gardener has been Acting Chairman for months in the absence of the regular Chairman, and during the absence of the Chairman of the Rents Commission Mrs. Taylor has performed similar services as the director of that commission. These positions are of a judicial nature and, altho these women may not technically be called judges, they do act in that capacity.
>
> Mrs. Gardener and Mrs. Taylor are two of the first three women to be made Federal Commissioners. The third was Mrs. Frances Axtel, the predecessor of Mrs. Brueggeman, altho she did hold the position of Chairman.
>
> Mrs. Gardener was born in Virginia, and has passed most of her adult life in Washington, with the exception of much travel in foreign countries. Altho she has been married twice, Mrs. Gardener is known by neither of her husbands' names, nor by her maiden name. The one that she bears is the pen-name she adopted when she began to write early in life. She is considered an authority on heredity, and her best-known book is entitled, "Men, Women and Gods."
>
> Mrs. Taylor is from Denver and had engaged in newspaper work before going to Washington during the World War to have charge of an information service.
>
> Mrs. Brueggeman was born in a town in Illinois, but married a man of St. Louis, which city is still given as her place of voting residence. Mrs. Brueggeman had given her time largely to society until the war, when she discovered she had unguessed ability as an organizer. She was the moving force of the Red Cross Motor Corps in St. Louis. Her war work and her social connections made her somewhat conspicuous, and so she was chosen in 1919 as Committeewoman from Missouri on the Republican National Committee. As a politician she outranks most women in Washington.

There are two women acting as judges on the District of Columbia benches—Judge Katherine Sellers of the Juvenile Court and Judge Mary O'Toole of the Municipal Court. The *World* reporter says of them:

> Judge Sellers is the first woman to hold a Federal judgeship. She was born in Ohio and went to Washington soon after she was grown, where she held, for about a decade, the position of assistant in the library of the Department of State, and for a while was with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Meanwhile she studied law, and began to practise it in 1913. She was appointed to this judgeship in 1918.
>
> Judge O'Toole is a good demonstration of the energy and ability of those who spring from Irish soil. As an immigrant girl she came to this country not so very long ago and, as a member of the American Bar Association, she revisited the scenes of her childhood last summer, when she went over primarily to attend the Bar Association meetings in London.
>
> Judge O'Toole's mind is somewhat like that of Mrs. Brueggeman in its appreciation of the ways of politics, and she, too, can be termed a "good politician."
>
> Major Stimson, head of the Army Nurse Corps, is the first and only American woman to have the rank, insignia and the rights that go with the rank of Major in the United States Army.
>
> Miss Stimson headed the Army nurses when the A. E. F. went to France. She went nearer the first-line trenches and No Man's Land than any other American woman, and upon her return to her country she was given the Distinguished Service Medal for her valor, and was made a Major in the Army.
>
> Miss Beatrice Bowman, head of the Navy Nurse Corps, and Miss Lucy Minnegerode, head of the Public Health Service Nurse Corps, have positions of importance similar to that of Major Stimson. Of a kindred nature is the work of Miss Anita Phipps, the daughter of an Army officer, who has charge of the social service work under the jurisdiction of the War Department. She has to supervise the work of this kind in all of the Army corps

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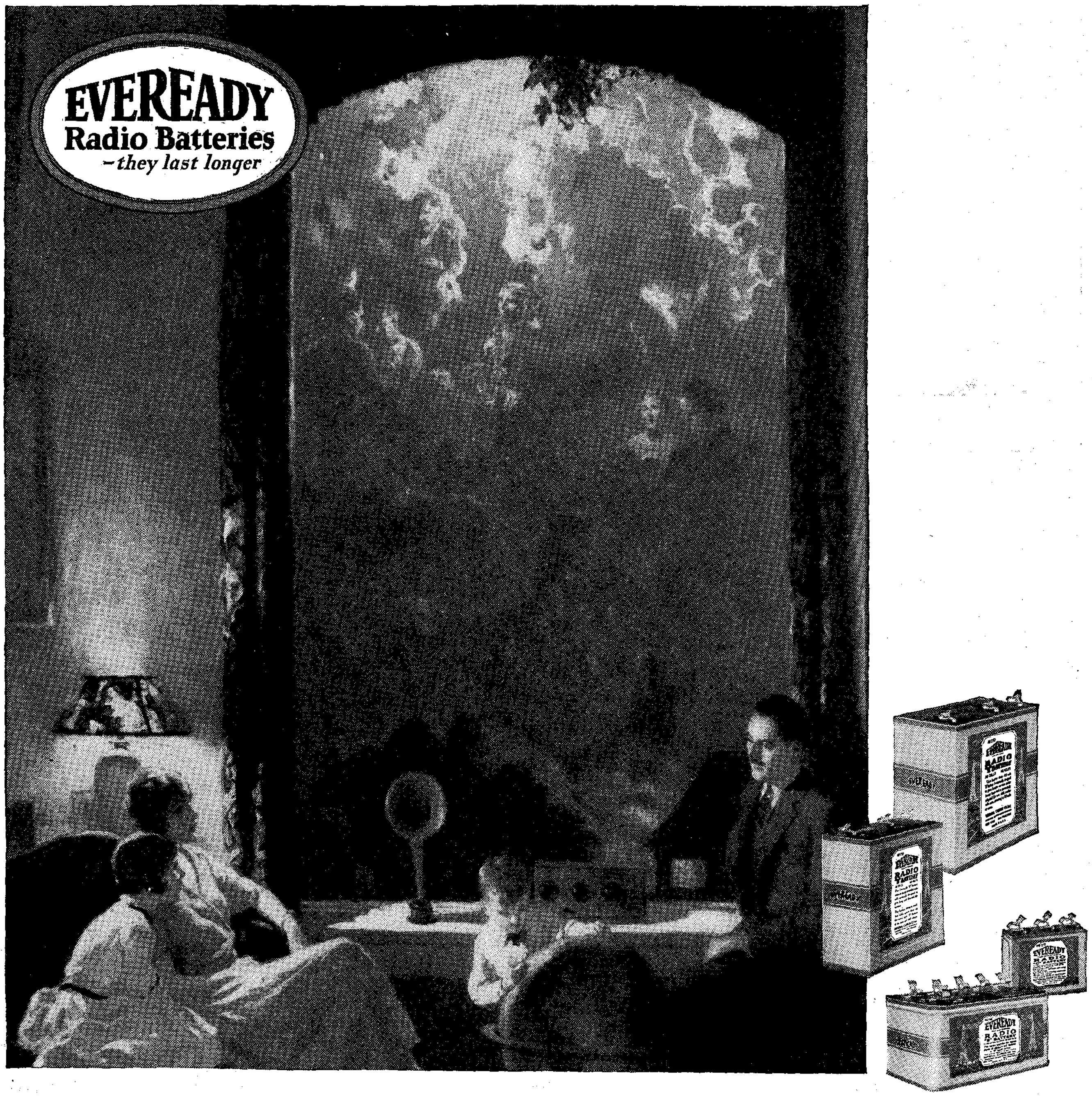

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TWO GOVERNORS, A MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND A LABOR BUREAU HEAD

The highest executives of both Texas and Wyoming are women—Governor "Ma" Ferguson at left, and Governor Nellie Ross beside her. Mrs. Mary T. Norton is a Member of Congress from New Jersey, and Miss Mary Anderson, on the right, is chief of the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor.

areas throughout the country—wherever the enlisted man assembles in large Army units.

Miss Grace Abbott, who comes from Nebraska, is chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. She succeeded Miss Julia Lathrop, the first head of this bureau. She had experience in social-service work at Hull House in Chicago, under the direction of Miss Jane Addams for several years.

Perhaps none of these women has had a more varied experience than Miss Mary Anderson, chief of the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor. Born in Sweden, where she stayed until she was sixteen, she then came to the United States, and her first employment was as a housemaid. Later she entered the garment-making industry at West Pullman, Chicago, and afterward in a spool factory for eighteen years. Then she was elected as the representative of women in the National Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, which took her all over the country as an organizer. Early in the World War she was sent to Washington to serve in the Women-in-Industry Division under the National Defense Advisory Committee, and later she was made assistant to Miss Marie Van Kleeck, who headed the service, which later crystallized into the Woman's Bureau, of which Miss Van Kleeck was the first chief. Miss Anderson succeeded Miss Van Kleeck in 1919, and has had the position ever since.

Miss Anderson has a staff of thirty assistants, who aid her in looking out for the interests of some 8,000,000 workingwomen.

Mrs. Mina Van Winkle bears the title of Lieutenant of the Metropolitan Police Force. Formerly she lived in New Jersey where she engaged in social service work, and soon was regarded as an authority on the subject. During the World War she joined Herbert Hoover's forces in the food campaign, where her work was of such a standard as to command the interest of the Administration. From this work she went to take charge of the women's section of the Washington Police Force, where she now is.

Two years ago Mrs. Van Winkle traveled extensively in Europe, observing police methods there. She in president of the International Association of Police Women.

The woman most recently added to the group of fifteen is Dr. Louise Stanley of Tennessee, who last fall was made chief of the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture, a new bureau organized for the extension of the study of problems pertaining to the home.

Outside of Washington, for the most part, there are 122 other women who hold various elective offices, according to a recent report by the Bureau of Vocational Information of New York City. The Bureau finds, incidentally, that women candidates were often nominated, as a kind of left-handed masculine compliment, in districts where they had little chance of election, with the results that the "number of women elected is not in proportion to the number of women candidates." However, continues the Bureau's report, as summarized by *The World:*

Historically the most important development of the State contests in the recent election, the Bureau finds, is the election of women as Governors of the States of Texas and Wyoming. New Mexico has had a woman Lieutenant-Governor, but this is the first time the Chief Executive office has been entrusted to a woman.

Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, Governor-elect of Texas, will be inaugurated a few months less than eight years after her husband resigned as Governor in face of impeachment.

Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, Governor of Wyoming, will serve the unexpired term of her husband, the late Governor Ross, to its end in 1926.

Both women have children, and have been essentially homemakers, acquiring their training for their present responsibilities from interest in and support of their husbands' activities.

Wyoming has been consistently progressive in its position with regard to women as citizens. They were given full equal suffrage fifty years ago when the 9,118 residents applied for the status of a Territory, and they have been voting ever since and have successfully filled minor posts. The candidacy of a woman for the position of Governor came as a natural development.

Editorial opinion, according to the Bureau's observations, has generally pointed out that the women Governors have not won political recognition in the same way that men do, but that sentimental reasons entered into both elections.

"In regard to women in Congress," the report continues, "the experience has been somewhat similar. Of the four women who have occupied seats in the House of Representatives, Miss Winifred Huck of Illinois filled out the unexpired term of her father for two months. Mrs. Mae Nolan, widow of Representative John Nolan of California, was chosen to fill her husband's seat for an unexpired term. The only woman who has ever come near the United States Senate was Mrs. W. D. Felton from Georgia, who was appointed as a gracious gesture by the President in 1922, when Congress was not in session, to fill an unexpired term, without the merest chance to participate in official business, since her elected successor would take his seat at the next session.

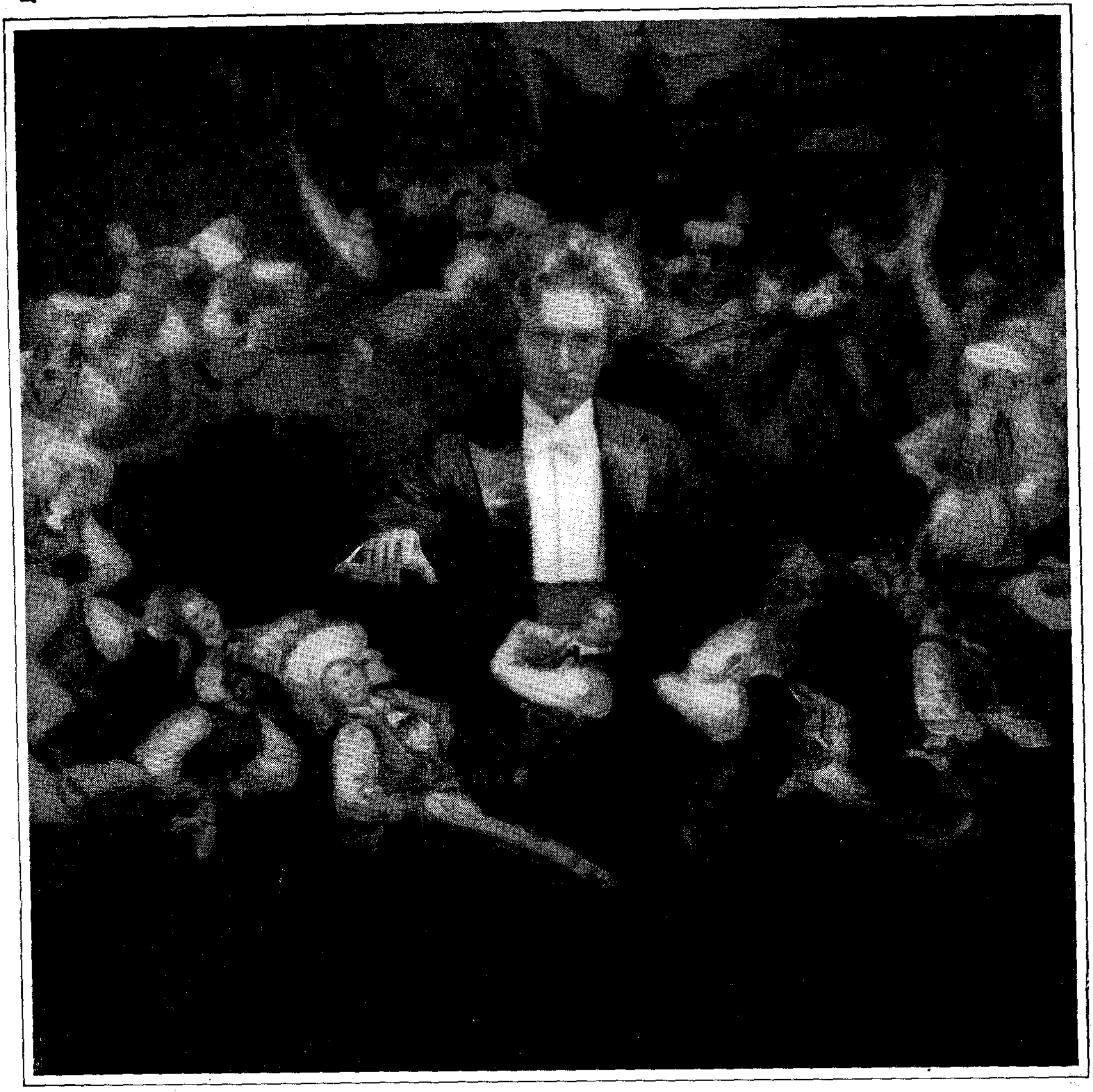
"On the other hand, the first woman in Congress, Jeanette Rankin of Montana, won her place in the House of Representatives by a hard political contest. To her refusal to vote on the declaration of war her failure to be reelected was largely attributed. Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, who followed her, also served but one term. She incurred the disapproval of many women's organizations through her opposition to the Sheppard-Towner maternity and infancy bill.

"One woman has been elected to a seat in the House this year. Mrs. Mary T. Norton of New Jersey is the first woman Representative from an Eastern State. She won her nomination by good party service. She has been vice-president of the county Democratic organization and of the Democratic State Committee in New Jersey. The first office to which she was elected was that of freeholder in New Jersey, in charge of county almshouses and hospitals.

"Five other Democratic candidates were defeated in solidly Republican districts, altho Nellie Cline, in Kansas, with two years of service in the State Legislature to her credit, and Mrs. Mary Giles Howard of Tennessee were such close competitors of their opponents that first reports credited them with election.

"Among women chosen to fill State offices an outstanding figure is Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, elected as Secretary of State in New York, the only woman on the State ticket of either of the major parties. Four years ago a woman candidate for the same office in New York and, this year, candidates for the same office in Rhode Island, West Virginia and Missouri, were

GRAINGER PLAYS "WEDDING DAY AT TROLDHAUGEN"



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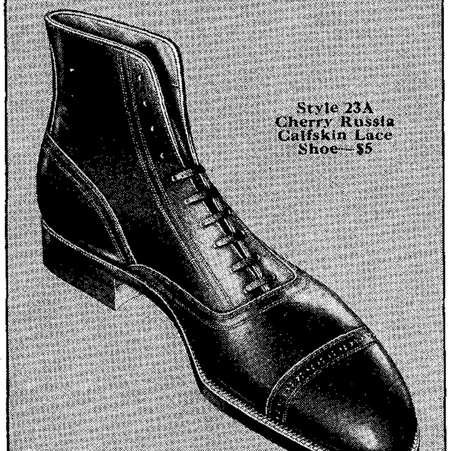

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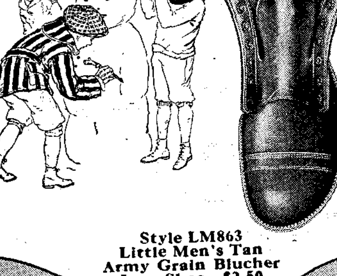

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

defeated. A woman has held this office in at least one other State, New Mexico."

Mrs. Knapp won her nomination by sheer political strength, the report remarks. Also, we are told:

> She will have many and varied duties, and probably will have the designation of fully 1,000 officials for the decennial enumeration of inhabitants of the State preparatory to reappointment of Senate and Assembly districts.
>
> Three women were elected as State Superintendent of Education, or Superintendent of Public Instruction. In Colorado Mrs. C. C. Bradford is serving a fifth term in this position; in North Dakota Minnie J. Neilson was reelected, and in Washington Mrs. Josephine Corliess Preston. This position has been held by women in Idaho, Iowa, Montana, New Mexico and Wyoming also.
>
> Women were elected as judge of the probate court in two counties in Connecticut and one in Ohio. Judge Florence Allen of the Supreme Court of Ohio still stands as the one woman in a State court. Indiana elected a woman to a State office for the first time, in choosing Mrs. Emma Eaton White as reporter in the Supreme Court. Women are being sent to the Assembly for the first time in Nebraska and Wisconsin, and Illinois elected a woman to the State Senate for the first time.
>
> According to what is said to be the most complete tabulation yet made, out of the 122 women chosen for State offices at the recent election, 65 are married, 12 unmarried, and 45 are reported with "no prefix." Ninety-six were nominated by the Republican party and 18 by the Democratic, and no party designation was reported in the remaining 18 cases.

There has not been time, the Bureau says, to obtain a complete report of women chosen to fill local offices, but there has been a decided increase in the number. In general:

> A 1923 report from Wisconsin showed more than 100 women holding municipal offices, including one mayor, seven city treasurers, five city clerks, seven "alderwomen" and an auditor. In villages, ten women had been elected as village clerks, twenty-four as treasurers, seven as trustees, two as assessors, four as justices of the peace, and one constable. In the preceding year there had been a woman health officer and a woman city attorney. There were some fifteen policewomen in the State, numerous women on school boards, and, in a few cities, women police and fire commissioners.
>
> These reports from Wisconsin, it is said, are typical. A survey of Connecticut in 1923 disclosed at least as many women officeholders. Indiana also had many.
>
> Illinois made a record last year by electing Miss Mary Bartelme, its famous head of the Chicago Juvenile Court, as judge of the circuit court of Cook County. Among other women who have served as judges of Juvenile Courts are Katherine Sellers, Washington, and Mrs. North in Herkimer County, New York. Mary B. Grossman was elected Municipal Judge of Cleveland.
>
> One woman, Mrs. R. E. Barrett, of Warrenton, Oregon, holds the position of City Manager.
>
> "Proportionately women are less frequently found in public elective offices in larger cities," the report points out; "to some extent, no doubt, because patronage is an asset so valuable that the party organization is unwilling to relinquish it to a woman. Hence, women candidates are often nominated in districts where they have little chance of election. In general, also, women have made more rapid progress into public office in the West and Middle West than in the East, altho, of the 108 women shown by the tabulations to have been elected to State Houses of Representatives, thirty-nine were from New England. Perhaps final authoritative information will change this proportion.
>
> " . . . Women now in office represent all types of interests and preparation, not so different from men in public office.
>
> " . . . Some eager supporters of the cause of women have exprest disappointment that the results of the Nineteenth Amendment have not been more overwhelming and that there have not arisen more strong leaders among women in public office and in politics. A summary of development in these few years of opportunity can not but be encouraging, however. In comparison with the progress of women in business and the professions, their advance in the public service has been more rapid."

THE ROMANTIC IMMIGRANT WHO MADE THE "WORLD"

HE jumped off a sailing ship in 1864 at the age of seventeen, and swam Boston Harbor to enlist in a Union cavalry regiment. This dramatic entrance of an immigrant, Joseph Pulitzer, into American life, more or less keyed his subsequent astonishing career, described in what is generally regarded as one of the greatest biographies of 1924. After hard riding and varied fighting with Sheridan in the Army of the Potomac and in the Shenandoah had been ended at Appomattox, this young Austro-Hungarian Jew rode down Pennsylvania Avenue in the parade of the Grand Army past Lincoln, Grant, Sherman—and all he saw was the man and horse on either side that prest against his sore knees.

Back in New York, looking for a job in a ragged uniform and dirty shoes, he was asked to leave the lobby of French's Hotel on Park Row because the "hotel's patrons resented the presence of soldiers." Twenty years later he bought the hotel, tore it down, and erected in its place the golden-domed Pulitzer Building, still used by the New York *World*. The years between flash out vividly in the story told by one of his most loyal followers and friends on *The World*, Don Seitz, in his "Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters," (Simon and Schuster). The dynamic young ex-soldier's journalistic apprenticeship under Carl Schurz in St. Louis, his tempestuous political career, his stormy courtship, the meteoric accumulation of his newspaper fortune, his smashing entrance into the political fortunes of the Democratic party in New York and the nation, his tragic blindness and the imperial splendor in which he cruised around the world in his yacht, surrounded by six hard-worked secretaries, all as well fitted to supply material for some modern Arabian Nights.

Joseph Pulitzer, it appears, was not exactly the poor immigrant boy of fiction, except as his bold venturing brought on hardships. His family, says Mr. Seitz, was one of standing in Mako, Hungary, some hundred miles southeast of Budapest on the Maros River. His father, of Magyar Jewish descent, and his mother, a beautiful Austro-German, were both superior people, of means, education, and character. Joseph was sent to a private school and later had a special tutor. Had it not been for a frail physique and bad eyesight he would have begun, and might have ended his career as an officer of Hussars, like others of his family. As it was, his Hungarian blood showed itself up to the days of his blindness in a passionate love of horses and in his superb horsemanship.

After the death of his father, and subsequent dissatisfaction with a Teutonic stepfather, the boy tried successively to enter the French Foreign Legion, the British Indian army, and the German merchant marine. It was only after his physique had barred him from each in turn that he sailed for the United States "because a war was on." But from the time he dove into the waters of Boston Harbor he swam sturdily on in the currents of American life, independent of Europe and all behind him.

Feeling that the New York of 1865 considered ex-soldiers a little "out of step," the young cavalryman tried vainly to sign up on a New Bedford whaler, and then worked his way out to the German colony in St. Louis, probably by "riding the bumpers." In a review of Mr. Seitz's biography in *The International Book Review*, Horace Green thus compresses some of the subsequent dramatic story:

> After many false starts, the young Pulitzer was given a chance as reporter on the *Westliche Post* of St. Louis. He contributed columns to each issue and dominated the shop with his electrical energy. Rival reporters laughed at the gaunt figure and arrow-like chin: but Mr. Pulitzer laughed last. In 1870 he was elected to the Missouri legislature from the Fifth St. Louis district, but was a failure, politically speaking. For his mind was on reporting corruption. In later years he was elected United States Representative from one of the New York City districts, but soon resigned the Washington office, because his energies were preoccupied with the New York *World.*
>
> It appears that Mr. Pulitzer's invasion of New York was not altogether in search of fresh fields to conquer, following the success of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* He was—more or less—forced out of St. Louis by public pressure, due to two episodes. During the *Westliche Post* days a certain Edward Augustin, member of the legislature, called the reporter-editor a liar;

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Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

whereupon Mr. Pulitzer, instead of knocking down his insulter, returned to his hotel room for a pistol. The shot went low, injuring Augustin's right leg and, temporarily, the editor's reputation. In 1882 the *Post-Dispatch's* standing was badly injured by a real tragedy, when Colonel Cockrill, its editorial manager, shot and killed Col. Alonzo W. Slayback. The consensus of opinion upon this occasion was that Slayback had entered the office of *The Post-Dispatch* for a manual assault at the worst: and the feeling against the owner became so strong as practically to force a change of management.

These were the fiercest episodes of his active days; for in later years, no matter how intense his crusading ardor, we constantly find him counseling accuracy, accuracy, and fair play.

Altho ceaseless in production of new schemes, "forever unsatisfied," as Mr. Seitz puts it, Mr. Pulitzer was far-sighted in money matters. He never borrowed; and even in the early impecunious days paid rent and board in advance. "Furthermore, "his initiative . . . was not extraordinary; indeed, he frequently showed a hesitancy that verged upon timidity in adopting policies that were often very successful." On May 8, 1883, Joseph Pulitzer reached an agreement with Jay Gould, then owner of *The World*, for the purchase of that struggling paper. Pulitzer was to pay $346,000 in instalments (no notes being given; the amount to be paid from *The Post-Dispatch* profits), the first instalment to be paid on the following day, when the agreement was to be signed. In the meantime the editor was overcome with a clear case of refrigerated extremities, for overnight he determined to abandon the project and start for a European vacation. In fact, he told his wife to pack their belongings. But Mrs. Pulitzer laughed away his fears and told him to go through with the bargain. Three nights later, when for the first time the revolutionist came to the *World's* office, an assistant editor, Hancock, pestered him to make a personal announcement. "This Mr. Pulitzer was loath to do"; but Hancock insisted so persistently that the new owner, in an outburst, wrote his now famous working creed.

In the kaleidoscopic eight years that followed under Joseph Pulitzer's active control, certain high lights shine out. There was the unerring turn to Governor Cleveland of New York as the hope of the Democratic party, and the inauguration of the campaign that according to Cleveland himself was a vital factor in his election to the Presidency. There was Pulitzer's election to Congress and his subsequent resignation in order to regain independence of editorial action. Then came the famous *World* campaign which erected the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, and the famous unveiling of the boodle Aldermen who had been bribed by Jake Sharp for a traction franchise. The completion of the $2,500,000 World building on Park Row in 1889 (every cent of which had been earned by the paper) was the twenty-fourth anniversary of Joseph

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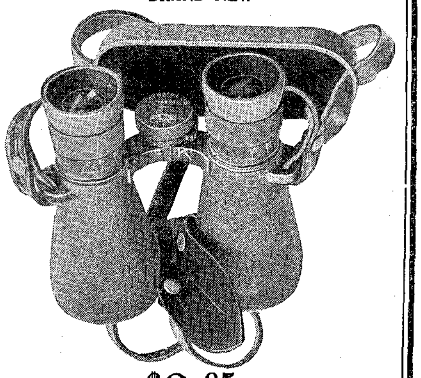

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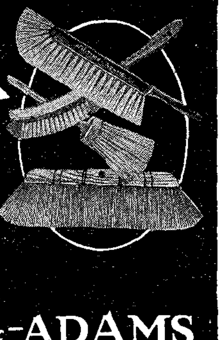

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Pulitzer's arrival in St. Louis as a stoker on a ferry-boat. The cornerstone of the structure was laid by his son Joseph, Jr., aged four years, while from his sick-bed in Wiesbaden, the father, after a nervous collapse wrote:

"God grant that this structure be the enduring home of a newspaper forever unsatisfied with merely printing news—forever fighting every form of Wrong—forever Independent, forever advancing in Enlightenment and Progress—forever wedded to truly Democratic ideas—forever aspiring to be a Moral force—forever rising to a higher plane of perfection as a public institution.

"Let it ever be remembered that this edifice owes its existence to the public; that its architect is popular favor; that its moral cornerstone is love of Liberty and Justice; that its every stone comes from the people and represents public approval for public services rendered."

It was only shortly after this that a cablegram from *The World* reached the ship of the slowly convalescing Pulitzer in one of the Grecian ports, and threw him into one of his quick passions. As the ship was about to leave port, Pulitzer standing at the rail, turned to a secretary and remarked:

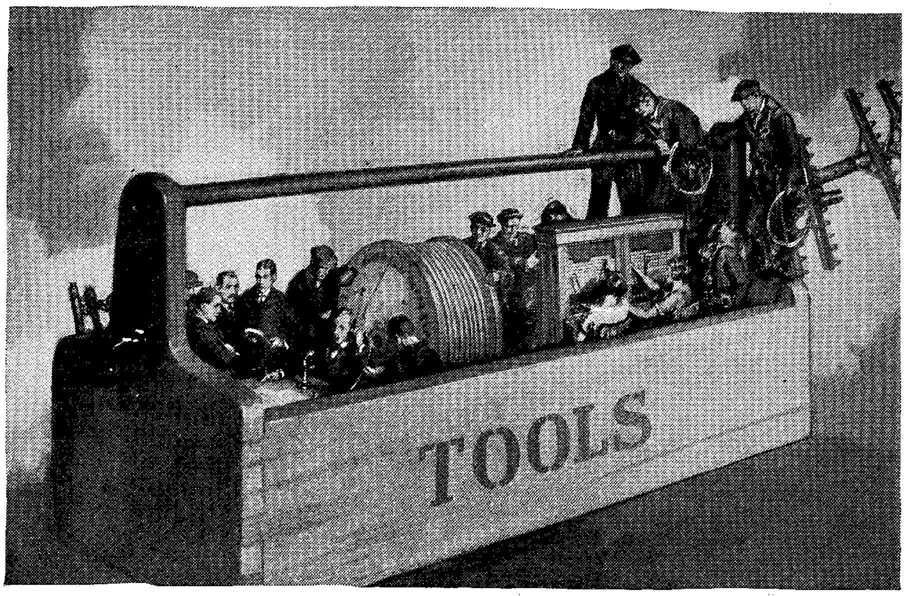
"How suddenly it has gotten dark."

"It's not dark," replied the secretary.

"It's dark to me," was the reply. He had gone blind. Not totally so, but with dim vision held by only a slender thread. Thereupon began what the reviewer calls the most extraordinary part of Mr. Pulitzer's career, and because of Mr. Seitz's knowledge thereof, the part most emphasized. The blind man was forced to relinquish active control of *The World*. Yet for years he kept in almost daily touch with his beloved paper, from any or all parts of the world, through the Venezuela affair of Cleveland, Bryanism and Free Silver, the War with Spain, Insurance Reform in New York, and the Roosevelt Era ending in the big libel suit over the Panama Canal.

Here is a picture of the lightning crusader of those days. Most of us have realized vaguely, but not in detail, says Mr. Green:

> That "J. P." was a ceaseless searcher for facts; that table-talk was usually a violent discussion of politics, literature, art, etc., and that if an argument as to fact or date arose, waiters were ordered to stop the meal until a text-book had been consulted. That he craved luxury, was a tremendous eater, and sometimes satisfied his hunger by an extra meal in the middle of the night. That he never carried cash about his person. That he was curiously delicate about being fully clad, even before a sculptor; that from his earliest days he slept alone. That he was singularly shy (not modest), and in later years found it advisable to cultivate few if any personal friends among public men. That the smell of perfume so irritated him that visitors—especially French doctors—were deodorized before being brought to his presence. That with his insatiable eagerness for mental stimulus,



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The tools of service. The national, two-billion-dollar Bell System, handling fifty-eight million telephone calls a day, must be enlarged and extended while in use.

The tools of forecast. We must continue to know the rapid and complex growth of communities and make provision in advance, so that the telephone will be ready when needed.

The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

We must have the best tools of finance, of invention, of everything else, in order to continue serving the American people.

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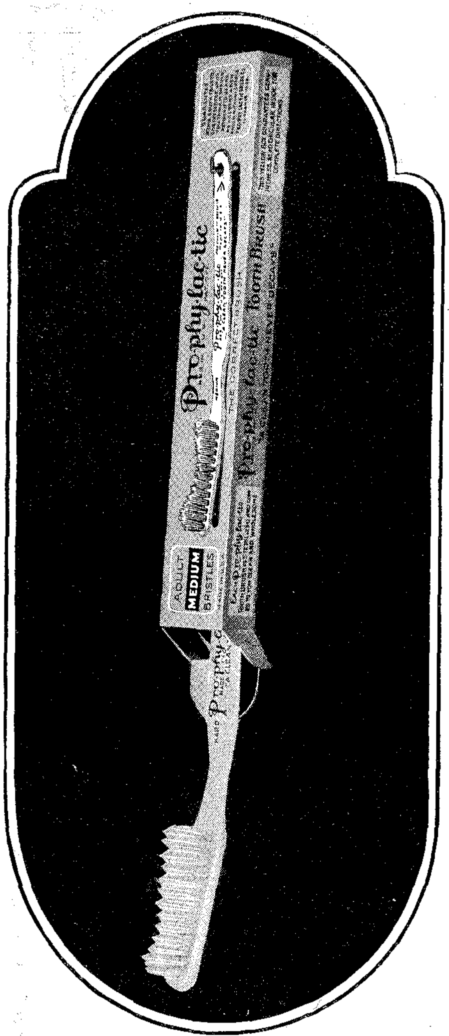

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

KEEP *all* your teeth clean and you will keep all your teeth. There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth. That requires a brush scientifically designed of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "*Is your brush hitting on all 32?*" After reading the text can you supply a *new* headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on February 15, 1925.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tripled by blindness, he wore out six reading secretaries, and, if memory serves, occasionally kept three going at a time. That his nerve-wracked senses became so tortured by noise that in the Seventy-third Street house in New York he caused the tight-closed windows to be guarded by triple thicknesses of glass (the only ventilation coming through the fireplace chimney), and that silk threads were stretched across the latter to break the sound; that *three* doors separated the room from the main mansion, "*the floor of which was on ball-bearings to prevent vibration.*"

A most startling contrast with this picture is the Pulitzer of the early eighties who bought *The World*. A vivid portrait is contained in an article in *The American Mercury* on "Old Days on *The World*," by Walt McDougall, the famous cartoonist of that time. On impulse one day, it seems, he left a cartoon of Blaine at the *World* office and was amazed to receive a wire the next day from Pulitzer asking him to the office. The cartoon was used and he was given a job on the staff and a "studio," where he remained sixteen years. He tells how Pulitzer welcomed him to his little office "at the left of the dingy barn," and introduced him to the redoubtable Colonel Cockrill. He continues:

Pulitzer and Cockrill were the most profane men I have ever encountered. I learned much from them, for their joint vocabulary was extensive and in some respects unique. When J. P. was dictating an editorial upon some pet topic, such as Collis P. Huntington's ill-gotten wealth, Jay Gould's infamous railroad wrecking, or Cyrus Field's income, his speech was so interlarded with sulfurous and searing phrases that the whole staff shuddered. He was the first man I ever heard who split a word to insert an oath. He did it often, and his favorite was "indegoddamnpendent." Indeed, when the stenographer took down every word he uttered, his editorials had to be sifted, as it were, after he concluded his dictation. At this time he apparently actually felt all the indignation he voiced against the wrongs he so constantly assailed on his editorial page. The misty clouds of myth are already dimming the outlines of the man who made *The World*. The writings of some of his former employees are creating a demi-god out of a highly commercial gentleman who knew exactly what every cent in a dollar was worth and what sort of literature would most cheaply extract pennies from the lower classes.

In the first few years of the *World's* success he was very approachable and even companionable when not opprest by a fear of disaster, and very generous when pleased with any especially clever performance. But he would suddenly cut salaries when opprest by any unforeseen expense or by fears of such a catastrophe. He was almost absolutely devoid of any sense of humor, save of a certain banal sort, and the stings of that human wasp, Dana of *The Sun*, drove him frantic. He was so obsessed by the fear of libel suits that he nightly read almost every paragraph in the paper. This practise eventually cost him his sight.

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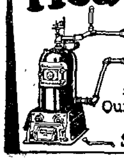

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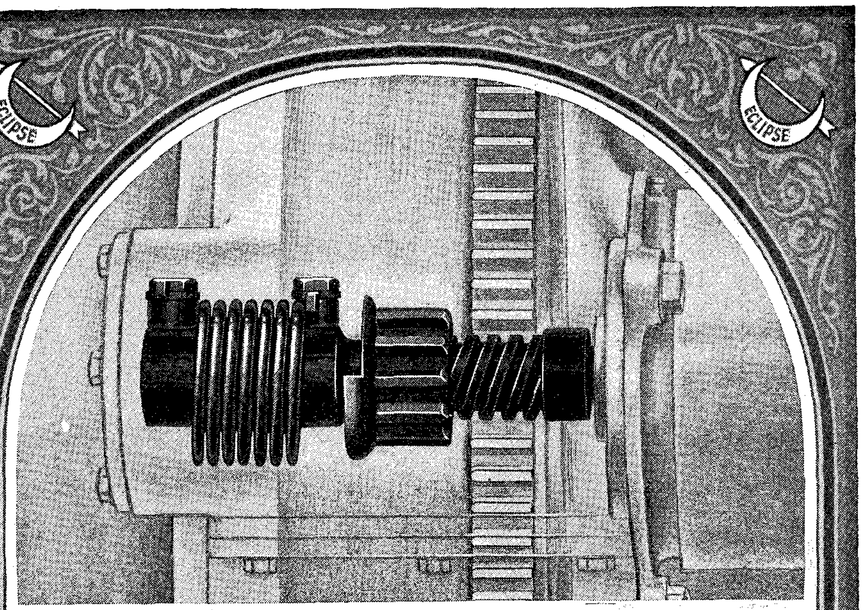
HOPELESS WAILS AGAINST THE "NEW WOMAN"

WOMEN are now, it is announced, to be admitted to smoking-cars. "Shades of our respectable ancestors!" protests a journalist, who has spent some time in considering the changed relations of the sexes that this generation has brought. There used to be four sanctuaries sacred to the male sex, recalls this commentator, George MacAdam, writing in the New York *Times:* the barroom, the bootblack stand, the barber-shop, the smoking-car. If the barroom has been snatched away from both sexes, both men and women, "or what is left of those two old-fashioned differentiations," now share the bootblack stand and the barber-shop. And at last the smoking-car has gone the way of other masculine prerogatives. The matter that really worries an ordinary old-fashioned man in this doing away of sex distinction, remarks Mr. MacAdam, is that, whereas woman started in to take the universe in hand on the ground that men had made a mess of it, she now seems to be doing her best to be a man. "To my old-fashioned vision," the writer observes further, "it does seem something of a contradiction for woman to ape the sex she has so successfully proclaimed a failure." He recalls the ideal of the feminist of a generation ago, which was:

> The females made mannish, the males made womanish. Therefore, the rallying of the feminists, their battle-cry: "We want approximated sexes."
>
> And they're getting what they want. Note the fashions of 1924; straight lines for women, gibbous lines for men; no waist-line, no hips for women; narrow-waisted coats, wide-hipped trousers for men.
>
> The fashions of 1924 are easily decipherable hieroglyphics that spell F-E-M-I-N-I-S-M.
>
> Back in the benighted period of ten years ago I interviewed that forward-looking woman, Henrietta Rodman. She told how, in the coming era, the two sexes would mix. "The boys will not be taught to be ashamed to play with dolls and dishes because they have been considered girls' toys. And the girls will not be told that they can't play vigorous games because they must be ladylike." For children, for adolescents, for grown-ups, "there will be all kinds of outdoor sports. Both sexes will take part in them indiscriminately."
>
> Being a barnacle that hates to have the hand of Progress scrape it loose from the old moorings, I interrupted Miss Rodman: "Don't you think that this constant association would make the men effeminate and the women masculine; that it would tend to efface the distinctive characteristics that we now consider not only desirable but even necessary in each sex?"
>
> "That's where we split," exclaimed Miss Rodman emphatically. "There is no quality good in one sex that is not good in the other. There will be a shift, an adjustment. The women will dress much more simply than at present, and the men far more beautifully."
>
> Again the barnacle piped up: "Wouldn't all this mean an approximation of the two sexes? Under the feminist program wouldn't it be but a comparatively short time before the only difference between



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

men and women was a comparatively negligible one of anatomy?"

Her answer was:

"My prophecy is that men and women will be much more like each other, mentally and physically, than they are at present, both approximating a type far higher than the distinct sex types of to-day."

Progress surely has stept on the gas in this twentieth century. It was 1915 when Miss Rodman made that prophecy; 1924 finds the coalesced, higher sex type a reality.

One-piece bathing-suits, hip-flasks, ringside seats at the prize-fight—nothing nowadays that both sexes do not "take part in indiscriminately."

The smoking-car is the last of the old masculine institutions that the higher sex type has reached out for and said: "This, too, is mine."

Weep, fellow barnacles, weep! As it came to pass for the Red Man, so has it now come to pass for us. Our sun is set; our last reservation has been opened.

But let us get into the tail-end of the car (perhaps we'll be out of the way there), turn two seats facing each other, and just once more—even tho it is only in memory—enjoy the things of auld lang syne.

Women will never know what they've taken from us, will they?

No, a woman never has had the desire to escape from the association of the other sex, into the association of her own sex. One lone woman can be perfectly content, nay, often very happy, in the company of a dozen, a score, a hundred, a limitless number of men. But one lone man! No, none of the Bunthorne business for him. He'll take to the tall timber.

Do you know a man—that is, one of the old-fashioned type—that doesn't have to have a certain amount of comradeship with other men? It doesn't make any difference how happy his home is, how much he loves his wife, he must have a taste of man-talk, man-atmosphere.

In the old days the woman told us that bootblack stands were "awfully bad form," that shoe-polishing was a part of one's toilet, and that the toilet should not be made in public. Well, well! No sooner did Woman shake herself loose from the old conventions (taboos, I think, is the approved word) than what did she do but climb up beside us on the bootblack stand!

And the barber-shops! The only things about 'em, in the good old days, that suggested the existence of Woman was an occasional Rabelaisian joke and the pink pages of *The Police Gazette*, its illustrations about equally divided between prize-fighters and chorus ladies in tights. Then into the barber-shops came pink, very pink, cheeks and soulful glances while nails were being pared and polished. After the manicures the deluge—hordes of bobbed females in search of a fresh bob. And now the sexes, or what is left of them, sit in neighboring chairs and are pruned and polished.

Isn't it funny how a woman will walk into a barber-shop? Why, a man would scrape his face with a clamshell before he'd go into a ladies' beauty parlor for a shave!

Well, the battle's over, boys. We're licked. Our last sanctuary is gone; women have invaded the smoking-car. How good that old rank atmosphere of undiluted masculinity! Now we'll have giggles and musk.

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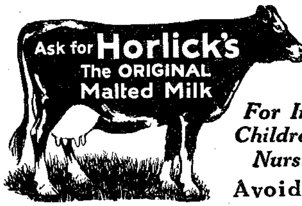

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SILENT MR. STEARNS, WHO LIVES AT THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON has never seen any one just like Frank W. Stearns, friend and counselor to President Coolidge, reports the Washington Bureau of *The Wall Street Journal.* The nearest approach to Mr. Stearns is said to have been Col. E. M. House, who was an adviser to Woodrow Wilson, and who was so singularly good at holding his tongue that he gained a reputation as a mysterious person. Besides Mr. Stearns, reports *The Journal,* "Colonel House looked like a movie star with a full publicity staff." As for the general impression given by this latest Presidential adviser, the report runs:

The hundreds of visitors who come and go through the outer executive offices of the White House these days are very likely to notice a gentleman who may be either sitting still in one of the chairs ranged along the wall or strolling about with a somewhat preoccupied air. More than often this man will be wearing his hat as tho he had just arrived or was just about to leave, altho he is very seldom observed doing either.

A little under medium height is this gentleman, a little stooped, a little gray—not an extraordinary appearance so far. What lifts him out of the ordinary is a pair of eyes that alternately snap and smile behind his spectacles, and a general air of being quite a competent person.

He might be almost anything. A bank president, newspaper editor or a corporation head. As a matter of fact he is a Boston dry-goods merchant, named Frank W. Stearns. He is the closest friend of the President of the United States, and outside of that he has Washington guessing and promises to keep it in that state.

The Washington society editors insist that Mr. Stearns still resides in Boston and that he is a White House visitor. This must be so, because society editors are nothing if not sticklers for form. However, most persons would say that Mr. Stearns lives at the White House and frequently makes trips to Boston.

Now Mr. Stearns is a kindly, tactful and genial gentleman. Outside of that, no one knows much about him, which is the remarkable circumstance.

Here he is a man with no official government connection, who is as close to the President of the United States as any man in the country, who spends the majority of his time at the White House, which means that he eats with the President, and probably talks with him more often than do the official secretaries. Yet there is no record of his ever having been quoted in a newspaper, and his name seldom appears in print unless some one sits down to wonder what he is all about, as this writer is doing at present.

It's not difficult to keep out of newspapers. One can do it by being a very obscure person or, if one is prominent, by carefully shutting out all reporters. Mr. Stearns is not obscure, and he shuts out no one. When the correspondents assemble for the semi-weekly press conferences, Mr. Stearns sits or strolls about as at other times. He is no more hedged about than the uniformed policemen at the door. A talk with him is quite possible and easy and pleasant, but quite unlikely to produce any information.

Attractive, Healthy Men and Women

—know the value of Internal Cleanliness

THOSE whom we all admire—for their good looks and energetic health—are the men and women who keep themselves fit: not merely free from sickness, but abundantly and vigorously well. The spirit of youth lives in them.

To have good looks and perfect health you must preserve internal cleanliness. Lack of internal cleanliness—faulty elimination—is often the cause of sallowness and unsightly skin blemishes. And intestinal specialists have found that a clogged intestinal system creates poisons which are responsible for more than 75% of human ailments. In fact, says the Health Commissioner of one of our largest cities, not only serious body diseases but many nervous and mental ills are founded on clogged intestines.

Too many people are miserable, he states, due to this condition. They are too tired to begin the day, nervous, gloomy and apprehensive. In time the continual absorption of poisons from sluggish intestines may cause the breakdown of the entire system and the early waning of youth.

You can prevent illness and add immeasurably to your health and good looks by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication,* the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, softens the food waste, thus hastening its passage through and out of the body.

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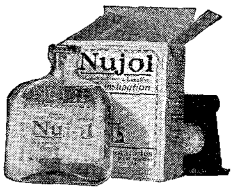

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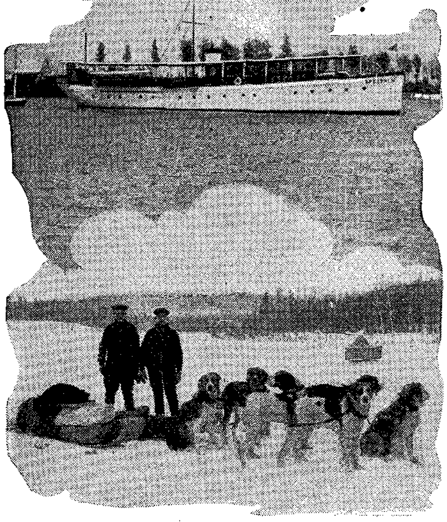

(Above)—*They Roamed the World In the Speejack's Radio Room*—U&U Photo
(Below)—*Dog Sleds Carry Them to the Arctic Outposts of Civilization*

You're fortunate—you average buyer of radio equipment. For when you are in need of new batteries you can phone or walk a few blocks for fresh ones to replace those in your receiver. Not so fortunate are those who wander across the world or spend their lives in the lonely outposts on the frontiers of civilization.

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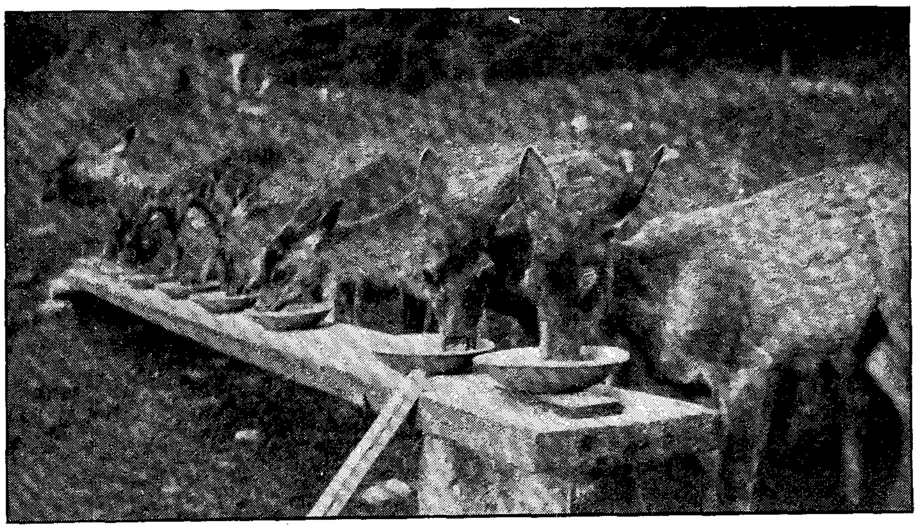
BIRDS ▾ BEASTS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

AN ISLAND RESTAURANT FOR WILD DEER

KNOCKING on the door with his horns, the big buck deer stopt once in a while to listen for some one to answer his knock, but all was still in the house, and the deer could only hear the ordinary sounds of the forest. Where had Mr. Brazil gone? Why was he not there attending to business? Seizing the door-knob in his teeth, the big buck gave it a hard rattle, but still no answer. Walking around the house and casting reproachful looks at the door, the buck seemed to be struck by a sudden thought. Of course! Mr. Brazil was probably at the restaurant, and setting off at a full run, the buck soon arrived.



Courtesy of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association

DINNER TIME, WITH SEVERAL CONTENTED GUESTS AT TABLE

The proprietor of this unique restaurant insists that deer visitors recommended his place to their friends, until now his restaurant consists of numerous table like the one shown.

The dining-tables were rather crowded, but the buck found a place, and began to eat out of his bowl. It is not necessary to answer Peter Pan's question, "Do you believe in fairies?" in the affirmative, to believe this story, for it is true, and the place where it happens every day is on the island, so-called, of the "wild-tame" deer in British Columbia, and the restaurant keeper is Mr. T. B. Brazil, a keeper and government agent, and the friend of all wild life.

If you go through the waters of "The Inland Passage," and round the corner, you come to the lovely two-thousand-acre island, clothed in the evergreen of the tall firs, and shaded into mysterious shadows for the wild deer by close growing aisles of hemlocks and cedars. Francis Dickie, in *The Bulletin of the American Game Protective Association* (New York), recounts the magic tale of the deer's dining-room in the forest:

> The two thousand acres of this little island, one very like a thousand others of varying size which dot the waters of the "Inland Passage," lie close to the larger Nelson Island, nine miles in length. At one point the little island is only a stones throw from Nelson Island, and the latter in turn is close to the mainland, a three-mile swim at the widest. These geographical details are most necessary for a thorough understanding of the goings and comings of the deer to be here later related.
>
> The little island is privately owned, and here for many years a watchman has resided alone. This remarkable man, Mr. T. B. Brazil, is almost as retiring as the shy creatures who have now adopted him. All his life a dweller in the wilderness, he came to British Columbia in 1897 and prospected widely throughout the Province, finally settling upon Hardy Island as keeper and government agent. Always a lover of animals, he found on Hardy Island an opportunity to satisfy fully this affection, and has actually accomplished miracles in dealing with the wild residents of the island which can here for the first time be told in words and, best of all, in pictures that will silence the greatest doubter. These stories you can substantiate for yourself by journeying to the spot, only sixty miles from the city of Vancouver, Canada.
>
> There are certain rarely gifted human beings that wild animals, by some strange unknown psychic sense, at once recognize as their friends. Such a man undoubtedly is Mr. T. B. Brazil, the keeper of this little island.
>
> "A few days after I came," said Mr. Brazil to your correspondent, "I saw a deer near the house. I went back to the garden on the place and pulled up some cornstalks and came and laid them down. By and by the deer came and ate them. In about a week it brought another. I always gave them something. By autumn the number had increased to seven, and they let me come much closer than at first. The next year there were thirty who had established friendly relations. They gradually kept increasing till to-day hundreds

of wild deer come and stay for various lengths of time, while between fifty and a hundred have declared themselves bona-fide residents, and they certainly run the island to suit themselves."

To-day Mr. Brazil is known to deer up and down the coast. To say that the deer did not pass the word along of this island sanctuary and its kindly guardian would be absurd. The tremendous increase in the numbers which came is proof enough. But there is still stronger evidence.

As was particularly mentioned at the beginning of this article, Hardy Island is near the larger Nelson Island and the mainland. Upon Nelson Island and the mainland the deer are extensively hunted in season. Now when shooting season comes around there is a noticeable increase in the deer population of Hardy Island. And the animals stay to mate. Here also the does come and have their young and raise their fawns.

It must be fully borne in mind that this is no deer farm—the deer are all absolutely wild, born and reared to maturity with the whole of British Columbia to roam in. They come and go as they please.

In the early summer the woods about Mr. Brail's home are alive with fawns. They come and play in his front yard, as do also the full-grown deer, following him about like dogs, tho from all other men they would flee. All this, of course, has taken time and careful advances. To the keeper's great grief and anger, several times game-hog hunters have made raids on the sanctuary and shot some of the animals, but Mr. Brazil is ever on the alert, spending long hours in patrolling his island shores to keep his protection pact with the deer.

As his guest list began to grow after the first year, he had to put up extra accommodation. So he built a dining-room table, then another, in the woods near his home, till the place became a restaurant. Upon the dining-tables a separate bowl is placed for each visitor. Some days the tables are crowded.

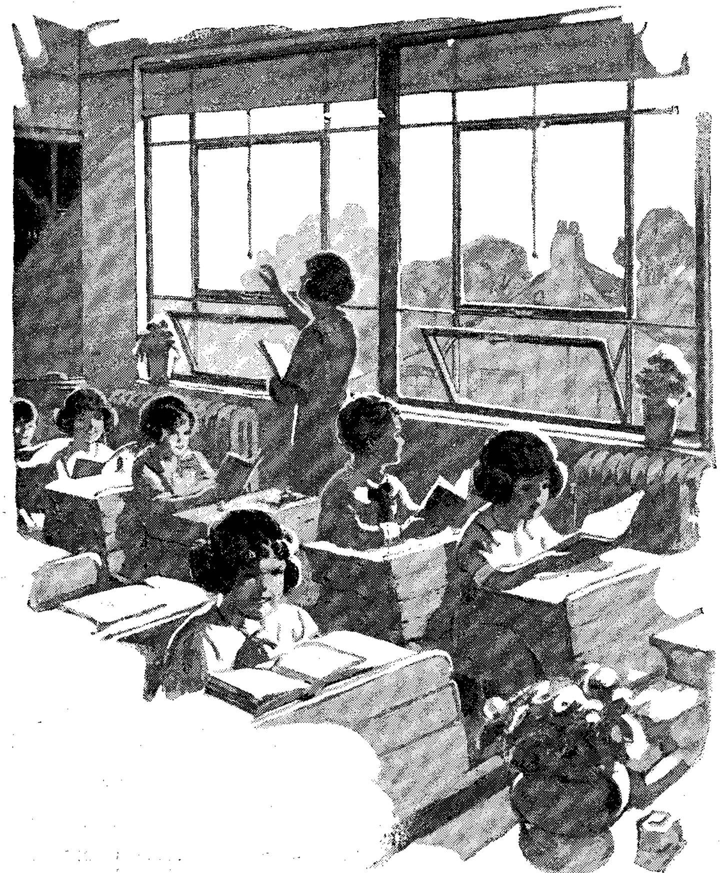
"The deer are like Indians," said Mr. Brazil, smiling whimsically, "they like white man's grub."

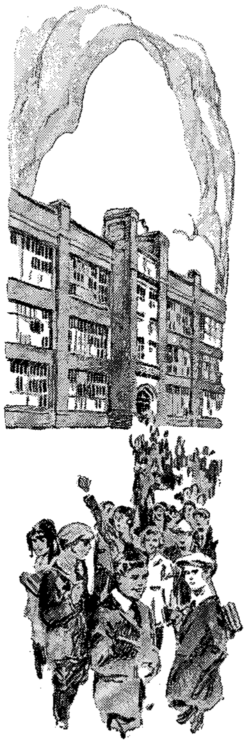
Naturally, he is in a position to gain accurate information of the habits of the deer and the following facts are here set forth:

The deer which now swarm the island in hundreds are the Columbia or coast deer. They lose their horns from January to March. The new horn starts in a few days and is full grown by August 15, when the velvet drops off. The mating season begins about the fifth of November, lasting about six weeks. The fawns are born from the first week in June till the end of July, and often two-year-old does have their young as late as August. They have twins occasionally, and sometimes three. Mr. Brazil has one doe on the island which has had six fawns in four years, but that is exceptional. Of striking importance is his statement that many of the does do not mate until their third year. This emphasizes all the more the necessity of protecting females.

"In the mating season," said Mr. Brazil, "the bucks get very bold, and are liable to tackle a man. I had one large buck put me up a tree on two occasions. I was out in the woods and some of the deer started to follow me home. This big fellow was new to the island, had probably just arrived. But later he made friends with me."

Without ascribing any ulterior motive to these woodland creatures, the fact remains





Where the Children Don't Catch Cold

IN the school room with window ventilation—plenty of it, WITHOUT DRAFT—children don't catch cold.

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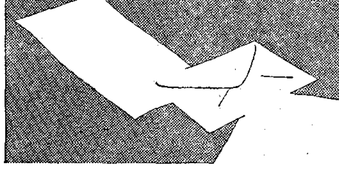

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

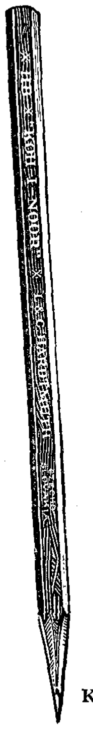
that the belligerent and suspicious nature of some of Mr. Brazil's friends is greatly softened by the fact that he is their restaurant keeper. Mr. Dickie says further:

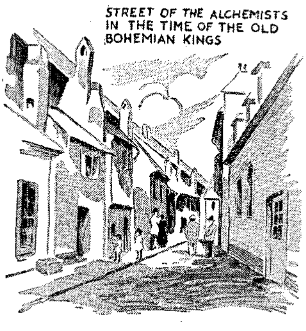
> How greatly changed this big belligerent buck became is one of the most outstanding stories of this unbelievable island. Like the others, he had fed at the well-provided tables in this, the only deer restaurant in the world. But he wasn't satisfied. However, the story sounds better as told by Mr. Brazil.
>
> "For one year he came to the house at night if everything was quiet, and would knock on the door with his head or horns for something to eat. Sometimes it was eleven o'clock when he came and I would be in bed. But I always got up and gave him a handful of oatmeal, which is one of the greatest of delicacies to a deer. No one ever saw that deer but me. If I had a visitor, he kept away."
>
> The action of this wild buck, which but a short time before had chased the guardian of the island up a tree twice in succession, is one more example—perhaps the most striking of all—that animals communicate extensively with each other; just how, of course, it is impossible to say. There are quite a number of the "home-guard" group of deer which come often to Mr. Brazil's house at all hours of the day and knock with their head or horns upon the door, or rattle the knob with their teeth to beg extra food dainties, such as apples and oatmeal.

THE CEILING THAT MOVED

"GRIP," the magnificent snow-white thoroughbred bull-terrier, had swept everything before him at the Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace in London, and after that he went to British East Africa, where Count Nils Fredrik Cronstedt became his owner, and his dearest and nearest friend. Never were they separated, and the marvelous intelligence of Grip seemed almost human. Wild, nearly unbelievable, adventures they shared in this black and terrifying country, filled with strange men and wild beasts of enormous size and of subtle ways, but the time "the ceiling moved," altho a true story, sounds like some weird imagining of Poe. Count Nils Cronstedt relates in his book called "Grip and I" (Jonathan Cape, London), the story of that night on the Niger River:

> During the wet season, which in northern Nigeria begins toward the end of April and lasts until the middle of October, the change in the aspect of the Niger Valley is very remarkable.
>
> The never-ending sand-banks, which during the tropical winter are the resort of countless birds as well as of hippopotami, crocodiles, and other engaging creatures, disappear, bit by bit, under the surface of the brownish-colored water of the stream. The withered-looking grass along the sides of the river grows suddenly thick and green, and the naked-looking trees quickly take on leaves again and bear fruit.
>
> In the middle of September, when it has

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reached its greatest height, the Niger is more like an immense sea than a river, for its breadth, along most of its lower reaches, extends to five or six miles. At this period both men and animals have to transplant themselves to avoid the rising waters. The natives quit their usual fishing-places, their tobacco-plantations, and their rice-fields. They can not take with them their dwellings, built of bamboo and grass, which are speedily carried off by the flood. As both labor and materials are cheap in these regions, however, their owners do not worry much over the loss.

As for the birds, ducks, geese, and many waders make off to cooler climes, while the rest assemble in the marshes round Lake Tchad and breed there. The hippopotami disappear into the lower forest-regions, or else keep to the wooded islands, now largely under water. There being no longer any sand-banks for them to lie out on in the sun the crocodiles have to make shift with what accommodation they can find among tree-trunks and heaps of stones.

Another habitué of the Niger's banks during the dry season is the python. Its normal home is in the brushwood which adjoins the soft, grassy meadows and marshlands, but when these dry up and the grass withers, it has to resort to the riverside.

Creeping in among the reeds or the sedgy clumps, it lies in wait for birds and beasts that come down to the water to drink. Ducks and geese fall an easy prey, but sometimes it goes for bigger game, such as wild boars and antelopes.

When the river rises again and its banks become flooded, the python returns to its usual haunts, but as it is loath to leave a neighborhood in which it has lived for months, it "hangs on" as long as it can. At last, however, a day comes when the water enforces its retreat, and that is why one so often sees these great serpents swimming down-stream during the rainy season.

On one occasion, at the beginning of August, I was journeying down the Benue, the Niger's biggest tributary, after spending some months at Yola, where I had been taking part in the work of defining the boundary between Nigeria and the Cameroons. As I was anxious to be back in Lokoja by a certain date, I had not waited for the arrival of the river-steamer at Yola, but had decided to travel in a large, steel canoe, manned by eight powerful Nupé negroes, quite capable, if necessary, of keeping up a speed of from six to seven knots an hour.

Late one afternoon I landed at the village of Mosum, on the left bank, about twenty miles from the Benue's mouth.

The Niger Company had had a station there some years earlier, but had given it up on account of the unhealthful situation of the place. Mosum is surrounded by great marshes which, during the rainy season, are under water. All the year round they are infested by mosquitoes and other flies, and most of the Europeans who were so unlucky as to go there died of malaria. The station now belonged to the naval administration of the colony, and was utilized as a coaling-station for the river steamers. A native clerk and twenty Hausa negroes, employed in coaling the vessels, constituted the entire population of the village. In addition to a big coal-shed and the dwellings of the clerk and the negroes, the naval administration had put up two huts for the use of Europeans traveling in this neighborhood and needing to spend a night there. They were,

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

like the native huts, circular in shape, but somewhat stronger, and provided with windows. The floors and walls were made of sun-dried clay, the roofs of stout bamboo canes, covered with thick prairie-grass.

As I had to go through the station's accounts and inspect the stock of coal, it was too late for me to continue my journey the same day, and as it seemed much more convenient to spend the night in one of the huts than on board the canoe, I got my crew to carry up part of my baggage to the quarters.

When I had finished my inspection and gone through the books, I had my dinner, and then, about eight o'clock in the evening, went over to the hut, in which my man had arranged things for me for the night. On these journeys of mine I always used a kind of collapsible canvas bed, provided with four fairly long brass rods upon which my mosquito-net was fixt up. On this occasion I did not have Grip's basket brought up, but allowed the dog to lie on a mat beside the bed and so near it that he was protected by the mosquito-net.

What happened next almost determines any one never to go to Africa without a "Grip" of their own:

I had hardly fallen asleep when I was wakened by barks from Grip. This was a most unusual occurrence, for as a rule the dog never disturbed me when I slept. Whenever any living creature, man or beast, approached my sleeping-place, he was always on the alert, but quite noiselessly. Jackals and thieves he saw to "off his own bat," without there being any need for me to take part in the game. Only in cases of the utmost urgency did he begin to bark.

During my long sojourn in the wilds of Equatorial Africa, where at any moment I might have to hold my own against either some beast of prey or some unfriendly native, I always slept with a revolver, a hunting-knife, and an electric torch under my pillow. On this occasion I had them all under my pillow as usual.

Somewhat startled, I raised myself up in bed, turned on my electric torch, and let Grip out from under the mosquito-net. The dog stood beside the bed, barking wildly with his head up toward the ceiling. Turning the torch in that direction, I saw an extraordinary sight. The whole ceiling was in movement—a wavy, sinuous kind of movement! It seemed to be alive! I was just about to jump out of bed, when to my horror I saw the head of an enormous snake swing down between me and the dog. The creature's head was as big as my two hands clasped together, but when it proceeded to open wide its jaws they looked as tho they could swallow a young calf. Quickly I reached out for my revolver, but at that moment the whole ceiling seemed to fall! Down it came, toppling on to the mosquito-net and myself, the brass rods bending under the impact like wire. The electric torch was dashed out of my hand, the foot of the bed gave way, and I found myself entangled in the mosquito-net and buried underneath a cold, damp mass, which I knew must be the snake.

Grip had now stopt barking; I gathered from the confused sounds that reached my ears that he was engaged in a furious battle. In the midst of my desperate attempts to

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get my hands and feet free I could feel the great serpent wriggling about on top of me. It hit me repeatedly with its tail, striking me over the head and on my legs, and it seemed to be trying to force itself in between me and the bed. Every moment I expected to find myself completely in its grasp.

That I escaped this fate was very largely due to Grip. What he was up to I could not see, for it was pitch dark, but the sounds of worrying continued.

At last I got free of the entangling mosquito-net, and rolled out of the bed and up against the wall, where I hurriedly scrambled to my feet. In the darkness I dared not risk a search for my torch and the revolver, for I had no notion where the snake was. Nor did I dare make a bolt across the room toward the door. The safest thing for me to do, I concluded, was to get out through the window, which was only a few steps away.

Carefully I crept along the wall, and had just got hold of the window frame when something that felt like a coil of rope gript my leg. The great snake had got me!

In a second I was rolling helplessly on the floor, struggling madly to get free. First I was dragged along the wall, then farther into the room until I came into contact with the pillar in the center of the hut. I clung to this with both hands. The snake tried to pull me away but failed, and at last it released my leg. Apparently it needed to have its tail free in order to cope with Grip.

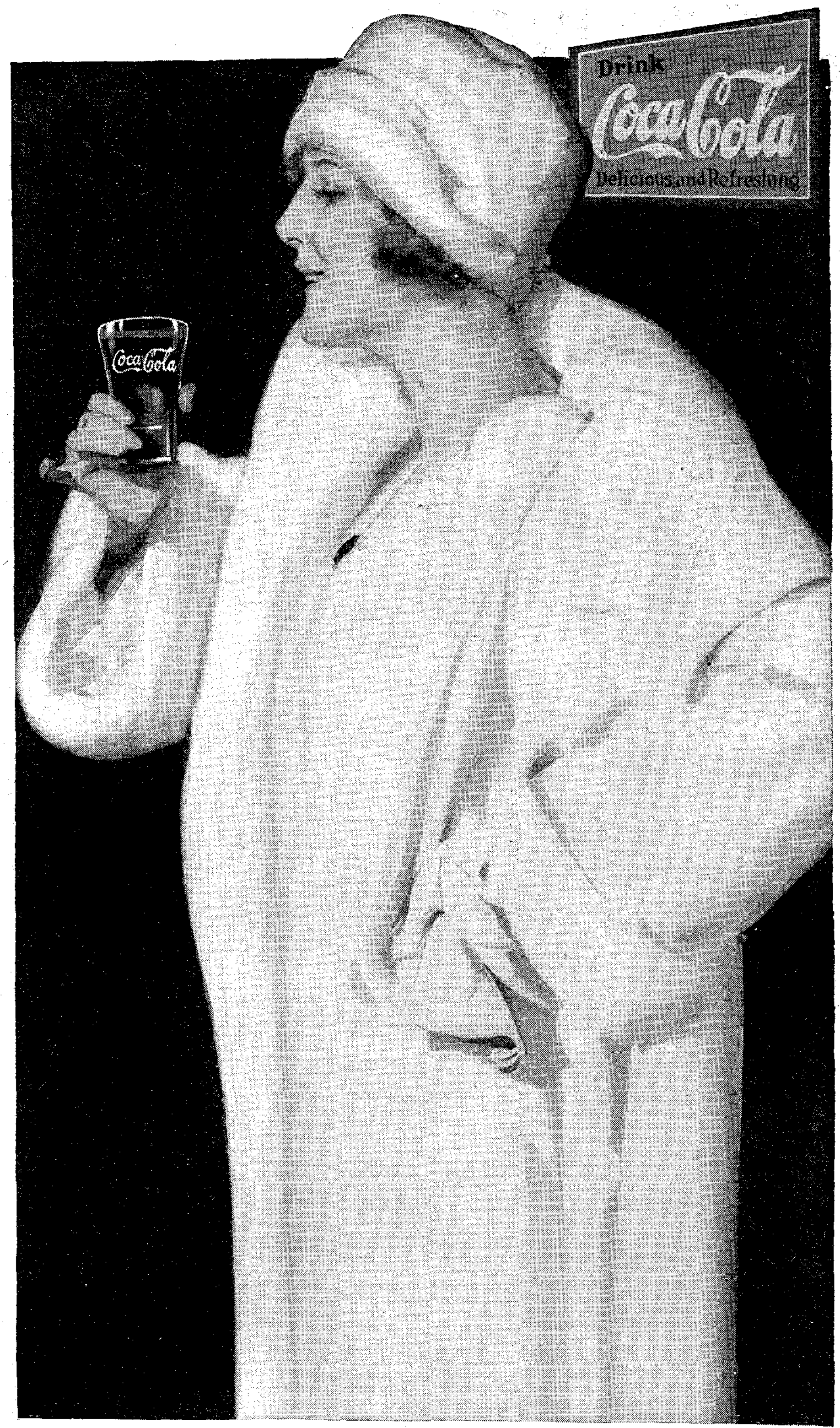
At last the way to the door was open! Dashing out, I hastened to the second hut, where my servants were to have spent the night. Most of them had gone to the village, but luckily I found my cook inside. I shouted to him to get a light and follow me. Then I rushed back, for every moment was precious. My truest friend was fighting for his life, and I knew he could only hold his own for a few seconds in such a struggle.

By the light of the cook's lantern I saw an enormous python writhing on the floor. Of Grip all that could be seen was his head. He had his teeth fixt in the brute's throat, but it had coiled itself several times round his body. Without stopping to think, I darted forward, trying to get past them to the bed in order to snatch my revolver. Unfortunately, however, I slipt, and fell right on top of them. In the twinkling of an eye the snake had coiled itself round me as well!

Now we were in a pickle indeed, for both I and the dog were held fast. I yelled to the startled cook to jump to the bed, get hold of the revolver, and put a bullet through the snake's head, taking care not to miss it and hit Grip. Luckily the cook had been a soldier in the Niger Company's service, and had learnt how to handle such weapons. He found the revolver and, placing the muzzle near the python's head, fired and blew it to bits.

The great brute's end came none too soon, for neither I nor Grip could have endured that terrible embrace much longer.

Next morning I got my servants to drag the dead monster out on the sand outside the hut. It was a boa-constrictor, the biggest I had ever seen in Africa. It measured over thirty feet in length, and at the thickest part of its body was fourteen inches round. It had probably been caught unawares by the swift rising river, for the Mosum was now completely flooded, and it had found a refuge in the roof of the unoccupied hut. At night, when its habit was to go in search of food, it had caught



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

sight of Grip, who looked a delectable morsel with which to fill its empty stomach.

I felt the effects of the squeezing I received for several weeks afterwards, and as for Grip, he really looked to me as tho he had been lengthened several inches! But perhaps that was just my imagination.

BILLY, THE BADGER

BADGERS bite your ankles, and if you draw nearer to remonstrate over this churlish and uncouth way of treating a fellow woodsman, you may find that your way leads far from the spot where you previously were, and in fact you may be driven into beating a most undignified and hasty retreat, perhaps saying to yourself, "I never did want a badger, anyway."

But sometimes altho you may not invite a badger to visit you, he comes. That was how William L. and Irene Finley came to entertain Billy. He arrived in a crate, labled "Contents: one badger. Name, Billy," and the annals of his life as they knew them are told in the *Nature Magazine* (Washington) as follows:

"Contents: one badger. Name: Billy," we remarked musingly to ourselves as we signed the invoice for the packing crate. While we were hunting for the chisel in the toolchest, we permitted ourselves no slight wonder as to how welcome a boarder friend Billy was going to be. In fact, we lived over other experiences with badgers.

Mrs. Kate O'Neil of Arlington, Oregon, raised Billy rustling about in the box before us from the time he was a baby. She told us that she handled Billy and petted and fed him, and he was gentle with her. At times he would back up with his mouth open, dancing up and down to show that he wanted to play. She admitted, however, he could not resist occasionally biting at her feet or ankles. When she put a little collar and chain on him and led him down the street, people stopt to look and nudged each other. Even the traffic of the village was interrupted. Billy, his mistress had told us, was fond of ice cream. When she took him in the confectionery store to revel in a quart of this delicacy, the villagers assembled around the doorway. Why not, to see this child of the sand and sage taking to the lure of civilization? The exit was generally blocked, but Billy would give a grunt or two and rush for the nearest ankle. Feet would fly in every direction as the crowd scattered, Billy proving a more effective weapon than a policeman's club.

Billy had been brought up to the luxury of a big room with fresh air and sunlight and was never allowed to dig in the ground. We discovered later that this prohibition was one of the keys to the badger temperament. His bill-of-fare consisted of cooked meats, potatoes and gravy, egg or milk mixed with graham crackers, tomatoes, ice cream and plenty of water for drinking and bathing.

So Billy's mistress sent him down to visit on our ten acres. She wrote, "I should like to have you take a few pictures of him." And she shipped him forthwith. As we shoved the chisel's nose under the edge of the box top, Billy was hissing and grunting in anger at being closed up for so long. Our little dog Peter was bubbling with eagerness, showing his usual great interest in any new arrival at his home. The lid of the box was pried off. Billy's nose came up one side of the partition and Peter's on the other until they touched. They sniffed and sniffed, puzzling out a common ancestry. Then the badger crawled out, seeming to recognize as clearly as any human that he was a visitor and must behave as such. He didn't offer to bite Peter's legs, but scooted underneath and upset him. Our offhand judgment was that in a fight Peter would get the worst of it, but one day in play the badger bit Peter a little too hard and there was a short scrimmage. To our surprise, the badger gave up immediately, and from that time on Peter was boss.

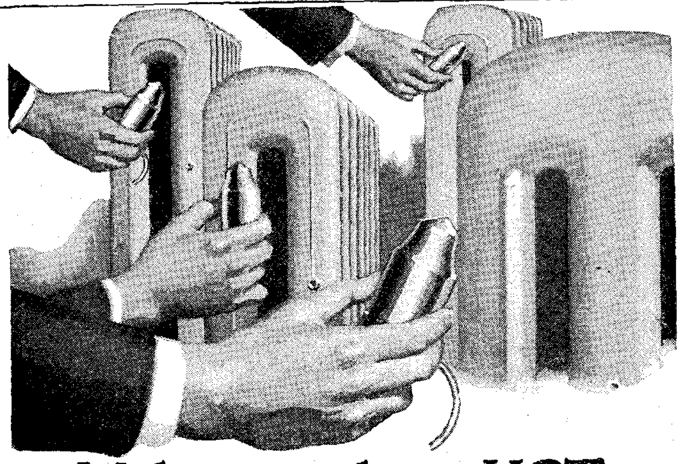
As we watched this young badger, we noticed a combination of animal characteristics in his makeup that would be pretty hard to untangle. Somewhere away back in the genealogical line he must have been related to a wild boar, judging from his vocabulary of grunts and his joy of wallowing in the dirt and water. His long, strong claws were better than those of any rodent for digging, and much like those of a grizzly bear. At times he hissed like a rattlesnake. His thick, warm coat was a fine protection in winter, though rather hot in summer. His sharp canine teeth showed he was a real carnivore, or flesh-eater.

Why shouldn't Billy have a chance to dig in the cool earth when it was so warm? We knew he would appreciate it, and we had forgotten that his mistress had told me not to let him dig. The moles were bothering in our garden, and it seemed just the thing to turn Billy loose to rid me of these pests. So we introduced him to a new mole hill. He scented game. The dirt flew as it had never flown before in our garden. Snorting with his nose in a mole hole, he scratched and kicked, fairly starved for the taste of rodents.

He was already half under the ground when we stooped down, watching with great interest. In a flash he backed out of the hole, lurched forward for a convenient ankle. His sharp teeth sank into the flesh and we leaped in the air as he reached for a taste of another leg. Ordinarily we are not afraid of animals, but the quickness and viciousness of the attack were too much. The flight across the garden was mostly in the air, with Billy a close second. But once a safe distance away, the erratic Billy shuffled back to work in his hole. We suspect that Billy's reason for attacking was that he was afraid he would be taken away from the very place he longed to be. It was the instinct of protecting himself in his home burrow. Digging in the ground, all his friendliness disappeared in a flash and reverted to the wild badger of the sand and sage. Eight or ten feet was the respectful distance he demanded before a lunge for the nearest ankle.

A few minutes later Peter came up. We wanted to see him give the badger a good trouncing, but had our doubts. Peter, however, knew better what he was about, and it so happened that he, too, was fond of digging. Urged toward the badger's hole, he rushed up, crowding Billy aside, and down went his head into the hole. To our amazement, the badger, instead of attacking him, just watched Peter dig for a moment and then started a new hole.

It is almost uncanny how one animal understands another and strange how little the human knows the mind of the wild



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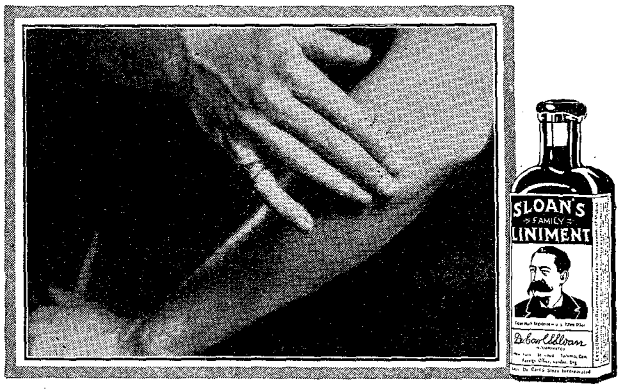

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

creature. The wild animal is extremely afraid and suspicious of man. We have found, in meeting bobcats, coyotes and others, that if we approach them without fear or in a spirit of total unconcern, they are more likely to be friendly than hostile. How quick they are to interpret fear or danger from human actions! The necessity for protection teaches them to read man's mind and actions.

Billy would have made a good post-hole digger if we could have directed his energies in exactly the right place. He might also have been useful in other ways about the farm. We started him on a row of potatoes, but instead of going straight down the row, he zigzagged this way and that. His energy ran too much in circles.

The badger inhabits the plains country of the United States, from Indiana west to the Sierras and from our southern border across the Canadian line. He can be easily distinguished by his very flattened out body and short legs. The long hair that falls from his sides and his short tail give him an appearance like a turtle as he moves along. From his sharp nose a white line extends back across the top of his triangular-shaped head to his shoulders. Between the eye and the small ear are striking patches of black and white.

On the plains, the badgers' burrows are easily distinguished from those of squirrels or prairie dogs because of their larger size. In the North he hibernates in the winter like a squirrel and has a litter of three or four young in the spring.

HUNTING-DAYS IN OLD RUSSIA

NORTHERN RUSSIA and Siberia are the hunter's paradise, as far as the numbers and varieties of animals go. Tigers, boars, wild goats, bears, foxes, ermines, sables, wolves, and many kinds of birds, all can be found in these vast regions. Elk, too, are abundant, and in the days of the "czarist Russia," a hunter could have wonderful sport, in the huge forests only about ten miles from Moscow, hunting these gamey creatures. Two kinds of purely Russian dogs are used for such hunting—the Eskimo dog, a gay little fellow, and the Borzoi dog, which has marvelous speed, but is stupid, it seems, and sometimes will not know his master even in a year. W. Von Meck in the *Asia* magazine (New York) speaks with great praise of the Eskimo dog:

> For their mind, their extraordinary purely hunter's qualities, their courage and endurance, the first place is of course to be given to the Eskimo dogs. The fatherland of these dogs is the arctic region, and it is from there that they came to warmer countries. Their parents are the wolf and the fox, and this queer cross-breeding has made a universal creature, fierce and cunning. In the life of the Eskimos these dogs occupy a more important place than perhaps even the reindeer. They are stubborn, but exceedingly clever, and lovable toward their masters. Some kinds of these dogs do not bark, but yell like foxes. Their coloring varies: some are red, some blue-black, some white. According to their occupations, they are divided into several groups: the reindeer-dogs, which watch the reindeer; the sledge-dogs and the fur-dogs. The sledge-dogs are very strong and enduring. One harnesses eight to twelve of them to a sledge; they are guided by man's voice and run very fast, so one can easily make as much as fifteen miles an hour with them. The fur-dogs are what one might call "northern sheep." They are regularly shorn, and from their wool the Eskimo women weave soft clothing and blankets. The skins of dead Eskimo dogs are valued very high. Their fur is warm and light and of it are made mittens, boots and even coats. But, notwithstanding such a specialization of the Eskimo dogs in their own country, they are by their nature, by their innate instinct, essentially first-rate hunting dogs. They are very healthy, sturdy, always gay and enterprising. In the arctic regions they even provide their own food, catching hares, small animals, fish. They are used for hunting bears and elks.
>
> At the present time in Russia the only dog used for bear-hunting is the Eskimo dog. Its part is, of course, auxiliary. An Eskimo dog can not manage to kill a bear, but it has developed such ways of attack, such a knowledge of the bear's body and of its most vulnerable parts, and at the same time it uses such precaution and knowledge of the disposition of a bear, that it seldom becomes a victim of the bear's heavy paws or terrible claws. But the Eskimo dog can very well harass a bear almost to death.
>
> The other purely Russian hunting dog is the harehound, or, as it is called in Russia, the borzoi. The fatherland of borzois, according to the opinion of zoologists, is Arabia. In the eighth and ninth centuries Russia had a lively trade with Arabia through the Black Sea. It was probably at that time that borzois were brought over to Russia. The deserts of Arabia and the Russian steppes are much alike, so that Russia was a suitable place for these dogs. In course of time the borzoi became the Russian national hunting dog. At the same time it completely disappeared in Arabia.
>
> In creating the borzoi, nature had only one aim—speed. If you look at a borzoi, you will be astounded by its likeness to a racing-horse; it has the same placement of the hind legs, the same narrow chest, the long, almost too narrow head; it is just made to cut through the air in a mad chase. It does not have any special scent for tracing an animal, but this is not necessary. Its task at the hunt is, upon catching sight of the animal, to chase it and to seize it. A peculiarity of the borzoi is that it can not see anything whatever, even a dog, running, without chasing it. As a matter of fact, the borzoi, unlike the Eskimo dog, is not clever. In view of these peculiarities of borzois, one can hunt with them only with the assistance of hounds. Hounds have an extremely good scent: their task at the hunt is to find the animal in the woods, to rouse it and to chase it out into the fields. One can hunt with hounds without any borzois. In this case the hounds take the part of the beater of the bushes. Having found the animal, they chase it toward the hunter who sounds the horn to let them know of his whereabouts. Hounds are full of initiative: if one does not keep an eye on them, they go hunting by themselves, dividing into two parties, one to chase the animal and the other to catch it. Borzois and hounds are used for hunting wolves, foxes and hares.

In the time of Czar Alexis, says Mr. Von

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Similar to the Crosley 52, but with sloping panel and cabinet to house the batteries is the new Crosley 52 Special.

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No matter what appeals to you most in a radio, you will find that point outstanding in a Crosley.

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You Will Make No Mistake in Buying One.

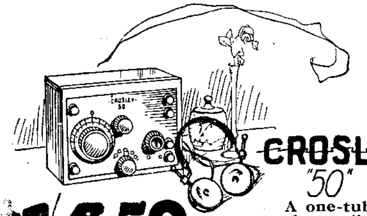
All Crosley Receivers contain the famous Armstrong Regenerative circuit, and are licensed under the Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149.

As is customary prices shown do not include tubes, phones, loud speakers or batteries

Prices West of Rockies—add 10%

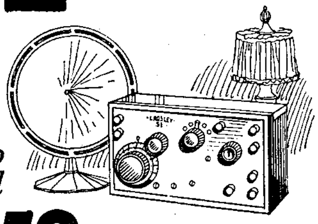
From a small beginning three and a half years ago, Crosley Radio has grown until it now produces more sets than any other concern in the world. The present production—nearly 5000 per day—is probably from two to three times as great as that of any other radio manufacturer.

Crosley owns and operates the new super power WLW Broadcasting Station located at Harrison, Ohio, remotely controlled from studios in one of three large Crosley owned manufacturing plants in Cincinnati.



14 50 **CROSLEY "50"**

A one-tube radio that easily brings in distance with phones.



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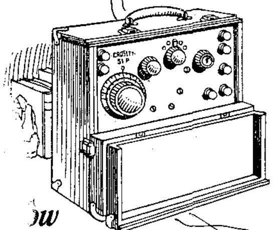
18 50 **CROSLEY "51"**

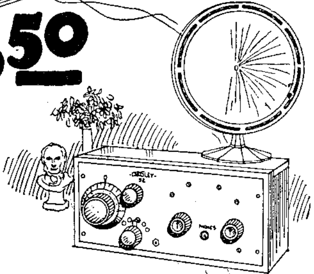
wo-tube set at gives loud eaker reception under fair nditions up 1000 miles.



CROSLEY "51" Portable

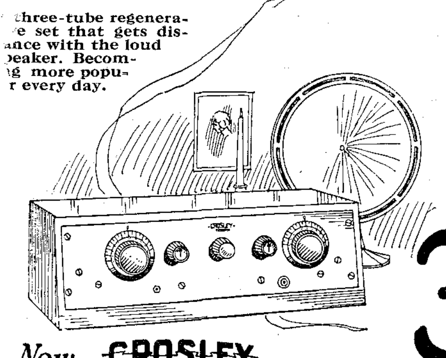
The two-tube utility radio. Let your dealer hook it up in his store.

w 23 50



30 **CROSLEY "52"**

three-tube regenera- e set that gets dis- ance with the loud eaker. Becom- g more popu- r every day.



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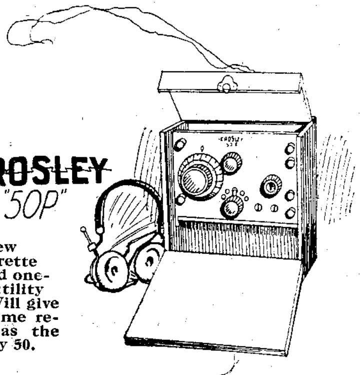

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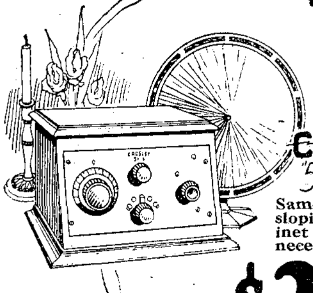

CROSLEY "51" Special

Same as 51 in new sloping panelled cabinet which houses all necessary batteries.

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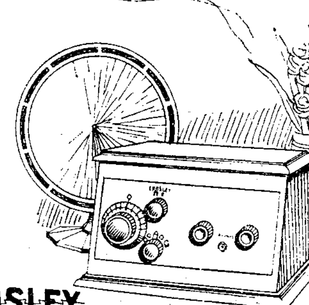
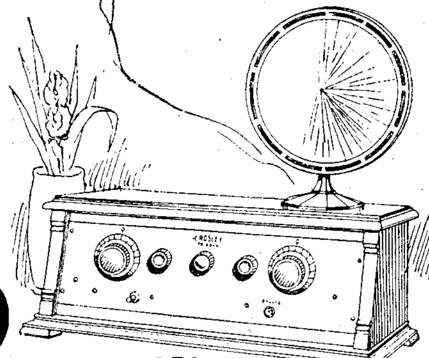


CROSLEY "52" Special

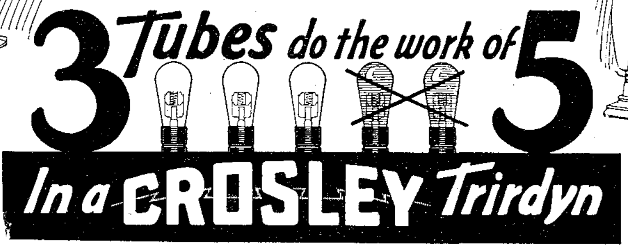
The Crosley 52 in new cabinet to house batteries. Has sloping panel.

$35



CROSLEY "TRIRDYN" Special Now $60

Same as the Trirdyn in beautifully finished large cabinet to hold the batteries.



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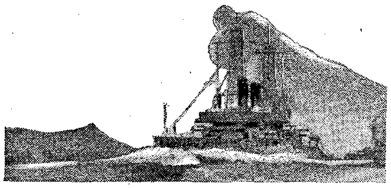

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

Meck, regular laws for hunting appeared. The Czar Alexis was the founder of what later was known as The Imperial Hunt, that huge institution in which the now faded and departed glories and power of the great Emperors shone at their brightest. Mr. Von Meck tells us how Alexis looked on such an occasion:

On calm, golden-hued autumn days he would ride on his Arab steed in the environs of Moscow. His saddle and bridle glimmered with golden ornaments, emeralds and pearls. His gold-brocaded coat shone in the sunshine. Other members of the hunt followed him: falconers, huntsmen and houndsmen. Each falconer wore a red coat with the imperial eagle embroidered on the breast; on his hand, on a white mitten embroidered in silk and pearls, he held a falcon, hooded with velvet. When the procession reached the Moscow River, the banks of which were particularly rich in game, the houndsmen let loose the dogs to scare the water-birds. Then the falconers took the caps off the falcons' heads and the coursing began. The Czar used to spend days and weeks in the fields and woods in hunting, and his booty was numbered in thousands.

Empress Anna loved hunting, but, since she was very fat and loved comfort, too, she shot bears, which were specially brought there, from the windows of her out-of-town palace.

The Imperial Hunt was a huge institution. It was under the supervision of the Minister of the Royal Household. At the head of it was the Chief Master of the Hunt with a whole staff of assistants, who were in charge of different departments: arms, horses, dogs, etc. Special programs were made for every hunt; a plan was worked out; invitations were issued; a place was appointed for every hunter. The method of such a hunt was almost always *battue*. This is easily comprehensible, since observation of etiquette would have been difficult by any other method.

Every autumn in the presence of the Czar, and sometimes of the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria or their ministers as his guests, there were grandiose hunts on his estates in Poland.

Among the courtiers of the Emperor, Mr. Von Meck continues, was one of the most famous Russian hunters—Prince Shirinsky-Shikhmatoff, of whom he tells this story:

Once I happened to be on a visit with him on his estate in the government of Tver. We were sitting one night around the fireplace, smoking and lazily talking. Suddenly a telegram was brought to our host. With a bored look he opened it, and then I could see an utter change in his face: a peasant from the government of Kazan was wiring him that a giant bear had been traced and that he was expected for the hunt. The next day all was ready—rifles, dogs, even the terrible hunting-pole, and we were sitting in the eastward express. A bright winter sunshine was flowing over the snow-covered fields and woods. The air was clear and frosty—the hunt was going to be good. In twenty-four hours we left the train at a small station and drove for another fifty to seventy miles in a tandem through deep forests.

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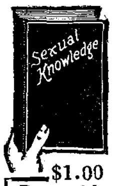

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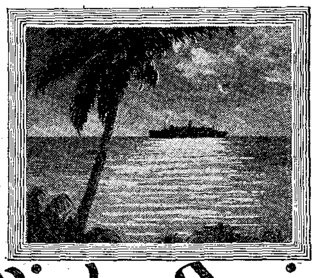

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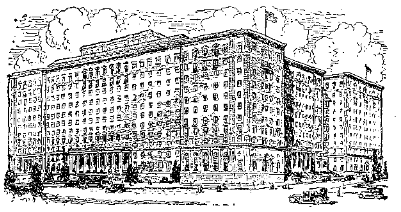

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At last we reached a Godforsaken little village. The whole night was spent in talks about the bear and in planning the hunt in all its details. At daybreak we set out. The skis ran on virgin snow. The branches of the trees crackled from the frost. Everybody felt gay and light-hearted. We neared the bear's den; here it was, under a snow-covered centennial pine-tree. People, dogs, all were excited. Prince Shirinsky whispered the last instructions to his companions. One let loose the dogs, which rushed toward the den. A short struggle under the snow ensued, and then the head, the shoulders and finally the whole bear emerged from it. The dogs hung to him like thistles. The bear was not quite awake, and he could not understand what was going on or why he had been disturbed in his sleep. Suddenly reality flashed through his mind. He uttered a terrible yell, which interrupted the fairy-like quiet of the forest. We waited for the opportunity to shoot, and, through seconds that seemed to be hours I could hear the beating of my heart. The bear had by now understood everything; he thrust aside with his paw an incautious Eskimo dog, which was still hanging to him, made a few steps, noticed the people and rose to his hind legs.

This was the moment—a shot and the huge mass collapsed in a heap not many paces from us.

Now, with a good rifle, bear-hunting is a perfectly safe pastime. Not so in olden times, when one hunted bears with a pole and a knife behind the belt. My father had hunted in this way, and two stuffed giants killed by him, man to bear, decorated our house. One used to go pole-hunting without any dogs. The hunters would approach the den and wake the bear with anything they could find—they would throw at him branches, snow, sticks. One of them stood with the pole at a distance of some ten feet from the den, propping it against a tree-stump so that it would not slip. When roused from his winter sleep, the bear felt hungry and especially fierce. Waked up and chased out of his den, he attacked the first man he met. As he rose on his hind legs and opened his forepaws, the hunter met him with the pole. In his fury the bear fell upon it.

For the hunting of wolves in the beginning of the winter, a sucking pig is used. On a clear, moonlight night, when the snow is not very deep, the hunters leave home. They first drive through the fields. At their feet in the sleigh grunts a sucking pig—it is the hero of the night. They approach the dark forest. Out of its depths a cry, or rather a moan, reaches the ear—it is the wolves. The hunters stop and put their young companion into a bag—not without a little struggle and heart-rending squeals that fill the moonlight night. These squeals become louder and louder and spread through the forest. The hunters drive farther on. Here and there between the trees appear sparks—the glitter of the wolves' eyes, full of greedy green fire. The shrill cry of the pig attracts them; they spring into the road; they run after the sleigh; they come closer and closer. The horse leaps forward, and the chase begins. The wolves jump at the sleigh and at the horse and often bite the horse's feet. The pig, the shots, join in an infernal noise. Like ghosts the hunters flit through the moonshine in a hurricane of wolves. But the driver must be a good one—God help him not to tilt the sleigh or fall out of it!—a rifle would not help him.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE "COOLIDGE BOOM" IN WALL STREET

"COOLIDGE BOOM" is the name being applied to what has happened in Wall Street since the election on November 4. In these weeks hundreds of millions of dollars have been added to the collateral values of investments in American corporations. That the upward move in the stock market continued on into the new year is something worth knowing and noticing, insists B. C. Forbes in his New York *American* column, because "Wall Street, after all has been said, does reflect broadly the degree of optimism or pessimism prevailing among the majority of those interested in finance, industry and commerce." Last year, as *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland) notes in its annual number, the stock market had two bursts of activity:

> One was in the summer, culminating in August. The other started the day after the national election on November 4. The latter movement was historic both in the number of transactions and in the rise of prices. In November sales were the largest since April, 1901. Fully 753 stock issues were dealt in and over 300 of them made new highs for the year; twenty-five industrial shares in November touched the highest peak since the 1919 boom.

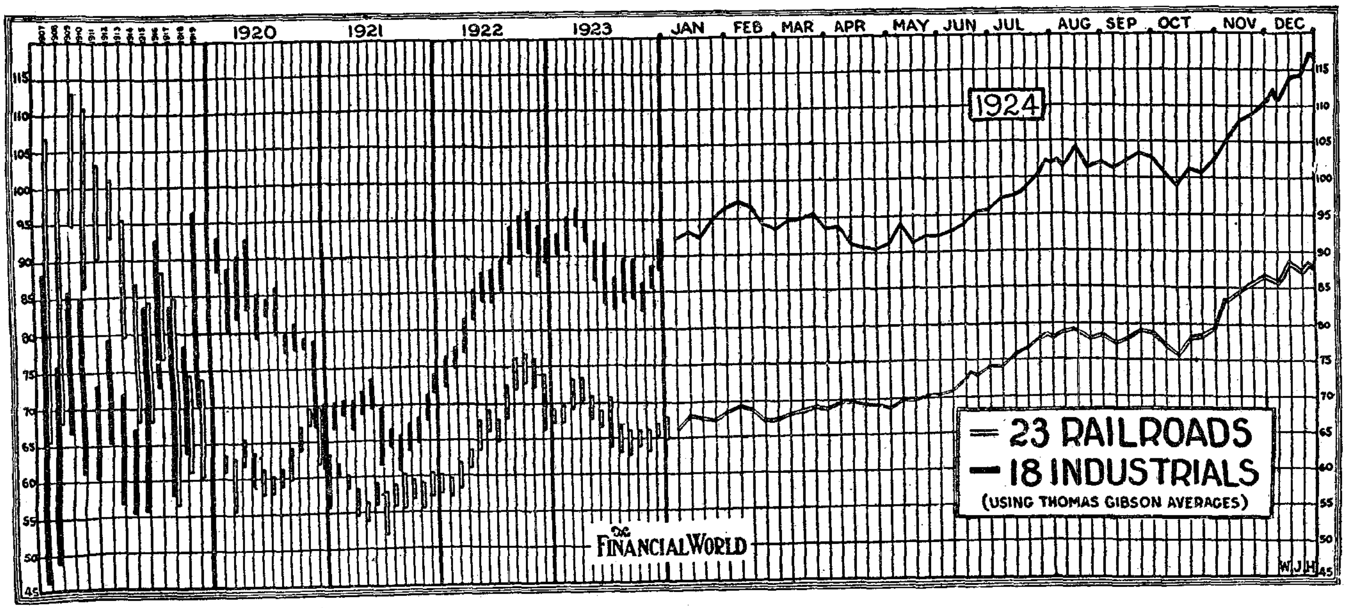
The last two months of 1924, we read in the New York *Sun*, witnessed the biggest and broadest bull campaign that has been recorded in Wall Street:

> From November 5 until the close of the year brokerage offices were swamped daily with buying orders from all parts of the country. With the exception of one or two Saturday short sessions the daily volume of trading was maintained around the two-million-share figure. On no less than seventeen trading days the turnover exceeded that total by several hundred thousand shares.
>
> Railroad shares featured the start of the bull campaign. Stimulated by the knowledge that the nation's carriers would have ample time to work out proposed consolidations unhindered by Congress, the demand for the shares of the transportation companies was phenomenal. In the course of that movement prices of many issues reached levels that had not been approached in ten or twelve years. Industrial stocks also participated actively in the proceedings in response to the optimistic predictions of business leaders.

Ever since November 4, agrees *The Wall Street Journal*, "the country's markets have been reflecting a return of confidence, and industry immediately launched upon productive campaigns." Glancing ahead, the Alexander Hamilton Institute comments on the stock market position in its *Business Conditions Weekly*, as follows:

> "Sentiment and the trend of general business are favorable to further bullish activity. The general condition of industry and employment will improve during the next six months. The public will have more money from salaries and profits to speculate with, and we expect to see many merchants and manufacturers who were too pessimistic to buy stocks when they were cheap last summer, make rather heavy speculative commitments at high prices during the first half of 1925. Mr. Average Business Man prefers to buy stocks when trade is active and there is plenty of good news.
>
> Moreover, in addition to the ordinary trade news, market manipulators in any bull market can be counted upon to keep sentiment cheerful by rumors of special stock-jobbing propositions, including reports of mergers, consolidations, stock dividends and "melons" of various kinds. These reports of consolidations or stock distributions do not add to the intrinsic value of a given security, but experience shows that they are more effectual in attracting the interest of the speculative public than statistical evidence of actually increasing profits. There is some logic in this attitude of the investing public. Sometimes when the earnings of a company show a substantial increase, the stock remains inactive. The buyer may have to wait a year or two before a pool will be formed to manipulate the stock actively in recognition of its increasing earnings. But rumors of mergers, consolidations and stock dividends convey the impression that powerful financial interests will immediately engage in active manipulation of the stock; the price will rise even if the intrinsic value is not changed.
>
> It is possible that the market may be permitted to drift irregularly during the next six weeks, and then be revived by a new crop of rumors, next spring. Taking the next six months as a whole, however, it is not likely that manipulators will let speculative excitement die out. Prices are high and special bits of good news will be necessary to maintain the present public interest in speculation.

Market writers for various brokerage houses seem generally to hold the opinion that the "bull" movement is still on, that, as one such writer puts it, "it will go on with no more than normal pauses for occasional necessary readjustments, until all Wall



From *The Financial World* (New York)

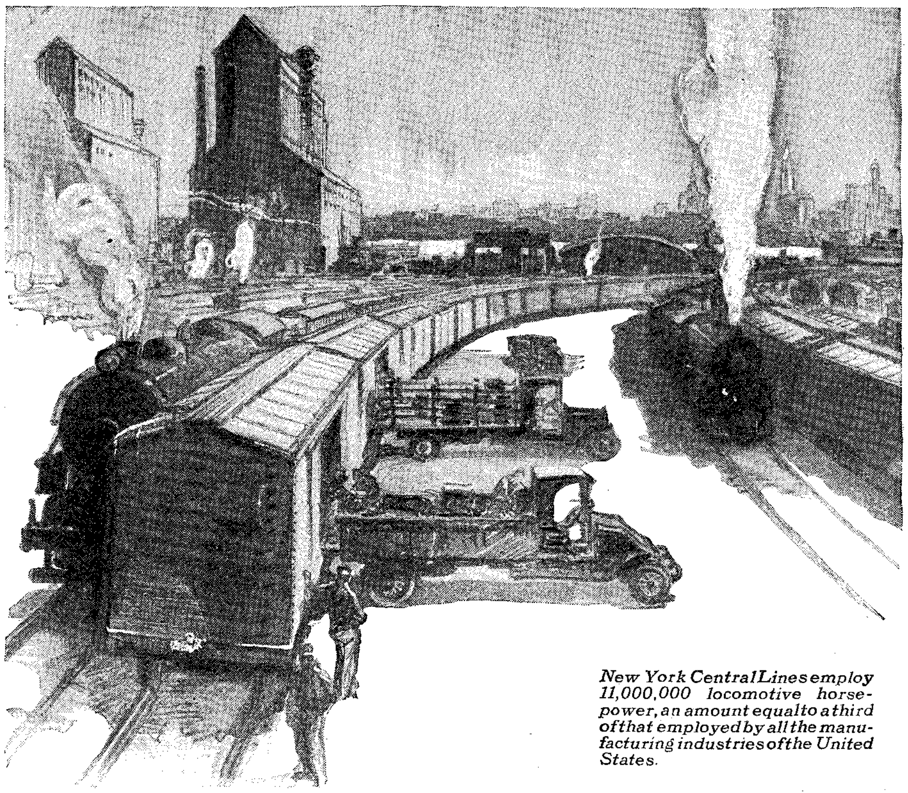
PRICE MOVEMENTS ON THE STOCK MARKET IN 1924—AND A COMPARISON WITH PREVIOUS YEARS

Street precedent for activity and prices and excitement has been outstript." Colonel Leonard D. Ayres, internationally known as an economist and statistician, is quoted in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland) as saying that "stock prices promise to move forward irregularly to high levels this year, but to reach their highest points and turn down during the year." Secretary of the Treasury Mellon has been quoted in the Washington dispatches to the effect that the stock market movements have been only natural. It would have been unnatural, remarks B. C. Forbes in the New York *American*, "if securities had not improved substantially following the Presidential election and the adoption of the Dawes plan by Europe. Of course, stocks are less attractive after a twenty-point rise, and if they rise much further they will become still less attractive. But in view of the general prospects in our own country and the recovery under way in most foreign countries, it can not be dogmatically declared that 'the stock market has gone crazy.'"

"A perfectly solid substantial foundation for a prosperous stock market" is seen by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which argues that "the market is now passing out of the stage in which politics is playing a very decisive part":

> Since election the elimination of radical doctrines has been fairly well discounted. It can not be expected to serve as an investment bogey much longer. There will be more or less use of political influences in the market as long as Congress is in session, but the present indications are, of course, in favor of adjournment of Congress on March 4, not to meet again until the following December. Thereafter the main influences upon the market must be largely of a financial and economic kind. The promotive epoch in market history is about at its close so far at least as depends upon changes of political outlook and other factors of a like sort as the principal motives in the situation. This means that that large element of confidence or optimism, which thus far has been furnished by vague belief that matters at Washington were more friendly than heretofore, is now likely to be much less of a factor, market calculations being reduced much more nearly to hardpan. This is an excellent thing as far as it goes and should provide for the restoration of a much sounder investment attitude.
>
> The early future of prices appears to be entirely encouraging. There is no reason to forecast any reaction, but on the contrary the use of disbursed dividends and interest for the purpose of buying new shares is proceeding, and optimistic conditions with only familiar temporary setbacks may be expected to continue for a good while to come. Little disposition to unload stocks appears to exist anywhere, while there are various extensive movements of accumulation which should result in keeping things very stable.

But to some the stock-market situation seems, so to speak, "too good to be true." A writer in *Forbes* has a word or two of caution regarding "an orgy of speculation, the like of which has not been seen since the war markets of 1915 and 1916, and the



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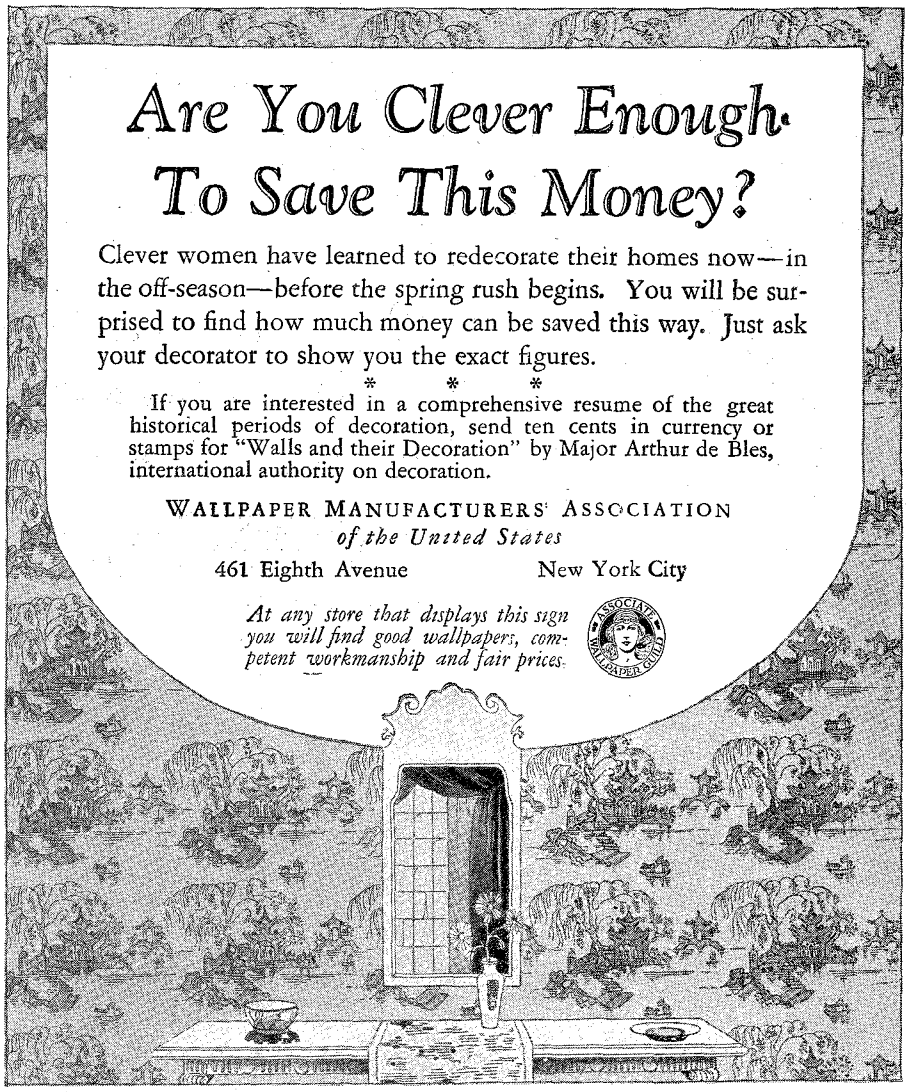

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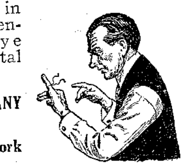


INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

tremendous post-war boom of 1919." He thinks "it is not a bit exaggerated to say that Wall Street has been witnessing an intoxicated speculation, and the only logical thing about an intoxicated market is that it is illogical." Underneath the enormous turnover of securities, and the impressive list making new high marks in each five-hour session—underneath all this there is, we are reminded, "dynamite in the form of 'stop-loss' orders. The first reaction that dips far enough to touch off the first of these high explosives may loose a flood of selling which will reverse the course of prices. Undoubtedly there are thousands in this market whose nerves have not yet been tried by dizzily dropping quotations, and their fears may send them scurrying to sell just as precipitately as they rushed in to buy." While "there is no gainsaying that the United States faces an inspiring future," this writer concludes that an attempt to discount this in a few weeks "courts disaster."

Similarly, a writer in *The Annalist* reflects that the stock market can not go on advancing forever, and that it is bound to stop for a while sooner or later, "working into a trading area for two purposes: first, to permit actual business conditions to catch up with stock market prices, and second, allowing for a period in which liquidation can be cared for." This authority says that industry as a whole has apparently not kept pace with stock-market prices, that while there is improvement and progress in many directions, "there is nothing like a boom apparent on the 'commercial horizon.'" It is also noted that while both prices and volume of trading have now far outrun the tremendous bull markets of the inflationary period following the war, actual conditions are now different. Then, almost all corporations were making tremendous profits. Now, we have a mixed situation, with some concerns increasing dividends and others reducing them or passing them altogether.

Finally, an official of the National Security Company, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, points out that the prices for securities in 1914 were less significant fundamentally than the enormous demand for securities on the part of the public and the tremendous buying power thus evidenced. It showed "that the American people as a whole are saving in the aggregate an enormous investment fund." Besides all the buying of mortgages and other investments, the American people last year invested in a billion dollars' worth of foreign securities, about five billion dollars' worth of securities of American corporations, and nearly two billion dollars' worth of American municipal issues.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 30.—The French Government dispatches a note to Washington disclaiming any intention of repudiating the debt to the United States.

December 31.—James R. Sheffield, United States Ambassador to Mexico, was fired upon during his recent visit to Cuernavaca, capital of the State of Morelos, but escaped injury, says a dispatch from Mexico City.

The name of the capital of Norway is changed from Christiania to Oslo, by which it was known from 1047 to 1624.

The French Government is reported to have suggested to Ambassador Herrick that a moratorium of ten years be granted to France, and that the debt to the United States be paid over a period of eighty years, with a small rate of interest, the latter contingent on Germany fulfilling her obligations.

The recently announced approval by the United States Government of an arrangement whereby the United States and Japan will exchange language officers in their respective armies for a period of six months is acclaimed in Tokyo as the New Year's consummation of the recent friendly exchanges between the two countries.

January 2.—Prof. J. Bergonie, said to be the most outstanding figure in the development of roentgenology, dies at his home in Bordeaux, a victim of the X-rays which he had done so much to develop for the benefit of man. Recently the French Government recognized his heroism and his contributions to science by awarding him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Rioting flares up in various parts of Italy, following quarrels between Fascisti and their opponents.

January 3.—In an impassioned speech before the Italian Parliament, Premier Mussolini says that only force can decide between Fascisti and the Opposition, and that he proposes to use force and clear the political situation in forty-eight hours.

In another note to Secretary Hughes, Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, refuses to agree that the Berlin Treaty gives to America all the reparations rights she would have enjoyed under ratification of the Versailles Treaty, and suggests that the question be left to an arbitral court chosen by the World Court at The Hague.

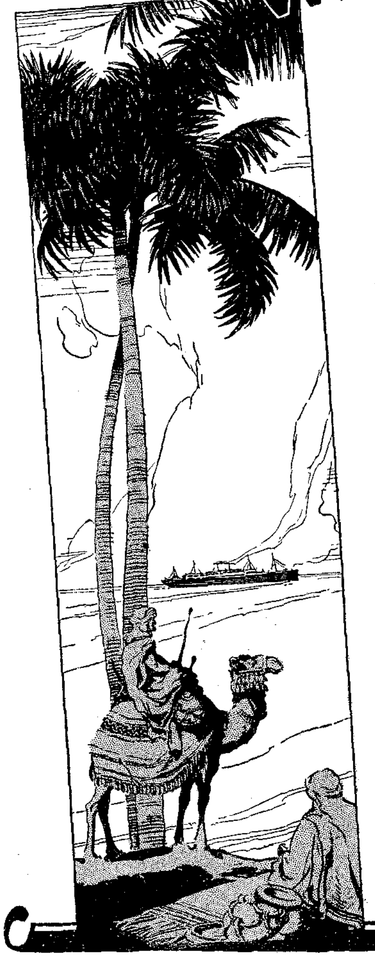
The Portuguese Cabinet Council has decided to recognize the Russian Government, it is announced in Lisbon.

January 4.—Premier Mussolini orders partial mobilization of the Fascist National Militia, and demonstrations are carried out in various parts of Italy.

January 5.—Premier Mussolini orders the dissolution of the Association for Italian Liberty, a political organization of World War veterans, headed by Gen. Peppino Garibaldi, grandson of the Liberator. Two of his Cabinet Ministers resign in protest.

The London-Berlin air service establishes a new record when a plane, carrying a full list of passengers, mail and

Winter Cruises



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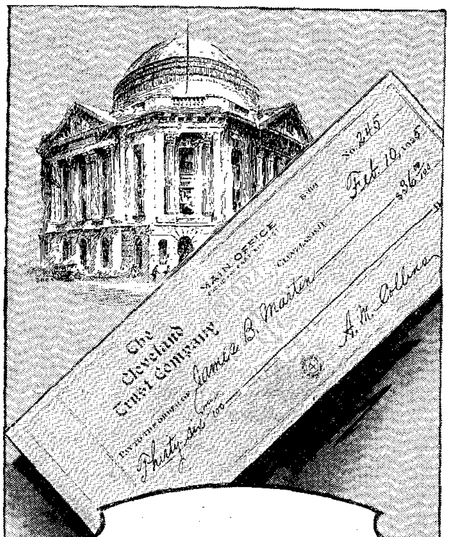

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

baggage, covers the 600 miles between the two capitals in four hours and twenty minutes' actual flying time.

DOMESTIC

December 30.—The House Naval Affairs Committee votes to make a general inquiry into the condition of the Navy, and to call Secretary Wilbur as the first witness.

The House passes the Treasury-Post-office supply bill of $763,000,000, said to be the largest peace-time appropriation measure ever considered by Congress. Of the amount $11,000,000 is for Prohibition enforcement and $20,000,000 for the Coast Guard service.

December 31.—Five Iowa banks are closed, because, it is said, State officials had decided to withdraw public funds from banks whose surety was not regarded as satisfactory.

January 1.—Postmaster-General New suspends six post-office officials in as many cities, including the acting superintendent of the mails in New York City, for alleged complicity "in the passing of money to influence postal pay legislation."

January 3.—Almost $1,000,000,000 has been cut off the public debt in the last twelve months, it is announced from the Treasury Department, and the Government starts the New Year with a public debt of $20,978,632,700. The reduction in the calendar year of 1923 was $1,072,250,610.

January 5.—In his reply to the British protest against participation by the United States in Germany's reparations payments under the Dawes plan, Secretary Hughes says that the American Government's rights to share with the other Powers in Germany's payments can not be questioned, and the suggestion that the matter be left to arbitration is unacceptable.

Associate Justice Joseph McKenna, of California, resigns from the Supreme Court of the United States, and President Coolidge nominates in his place Atty.-Gen. Harlan Fiske Stone of New York. Justice McKenna was appointed by President McKinley and is in his eighty-second year.

January 6.—President Coolidge's veto of the postal pay increase bill is sustained by the Senate by a vote of 29 to 55, a two-thirds vote being necessary to overcome the veto.

Paava Nurmi, the famous Finn runner, smashes two world records at the Finnish-American A. C. games in New York, when he runs a mile in 4:13 3-5, and the 5,000-meter race in 14:44 3-5. He is said to be the fastest runner recorded in history.

At a dinner in New York of the Nationwide Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement, Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, appeals to the nation to back the enforcement of Prohibition.

Luther A. Brewer, independent Republican candidate for Senator in the last election, files notice of contest in the Senate against Senator S. W. Brookhart, of Iowa, charging fraud, irregularity and errors in the count of the vote.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

appreciate, appreciation—"W. O. R.," Newark, N. J.—The original spelling of the word *appreciate* vas *appretiate*. The meaning of the word origiıally was "to appraise; to put a price on," from the ˌatin *ad-* which undergoes a euphonic change to *ιp-* before *r* and means "to" *pretium*, price. The ·pelling in use to-day has been traced to 15th ·entury French in which the word occurs as *ap-recier*, and this is derived from medieval Latin *ιppreciare*. The triphthong *cia* in the words *ιnnunciate*, *emaciate*, *enunciate*, etc., takes the ound of *sh* or *shi* when it follows the accented ·yllable; there is, however, a tendency to vary his in regard to the pronunciation of the first and hird words, the modern tendency favoring *si* nstead of *shi* for the penultimate syllable. It is ɹn established principle in English that the diphhongs *ia*, *ie*, *io* or *iu* when coming after the accent o modify *t* as to change it into *sh*, and as a result ve have such words as *addition*, *collection*, *composition*, *deception*, *imposition*, etc., in all of which he ultimate syllable is pronounced as if spelled *hun*. *Denunciate*, *depreciate*, *differentiate* and *ropitiate* (both of which words have been traced o the Old French *differencier* and *propicier*) are vords of the same class.

the—"I. M. B.," Rowayton, Conn.—The defiite article *the* is variously pronounced: (1) mphatically, as if spelled *thee;* (2) unemphatic efore a vowel, *the*—the *e* having the same sound s *e* in *surfeit;* (3) unemphatic before a consonant ıa—the *a* as in *final*. This condition has preailed in English for centuries of time. Commentɪg upon it, Walker, more than a hundred years go, said that a very imperfect way of pronouncing his word frequently arises in verse, where the oet, for the preservation of the meter, suppresses he *e*, substituting an apostrophe, and unites the rticle with the following word. This pronunciaion depraves the sound of the word unnecessarily, ɔr the syllable formed by the *e* is so short as to ermit of its being sounded with the preceding yllable so as not to increase the number of yllables or to hurt the melody.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
ppear in writing or in judging ill;
ut of the two, less dang'rous is th' offense
'o tire our patience than mislead our sense."
—*Pope.*

n this example the particle may or may not form distinct syllable. In the third line the first *the* ɔrms a distinct syllable, but the second is absorbed y the succeeding noun. In other words, it is ɔined as by a glide.

mavis.—"P. W. G.," Renville, Minn.—*Mavis* from the French *mauvis*. It occurs in Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose," where it was used peraps as a mistake for *muis*, a measure of corn qual to about five quarters. Cotgrave in his ictionary defines the term *mauvis*, "a mavis r throstle"; Spanish, *malvis*, a thrush. It is said be derived from the Breton *milvid*, a *mavis*, ıat is, the European song-thrush or throstle.

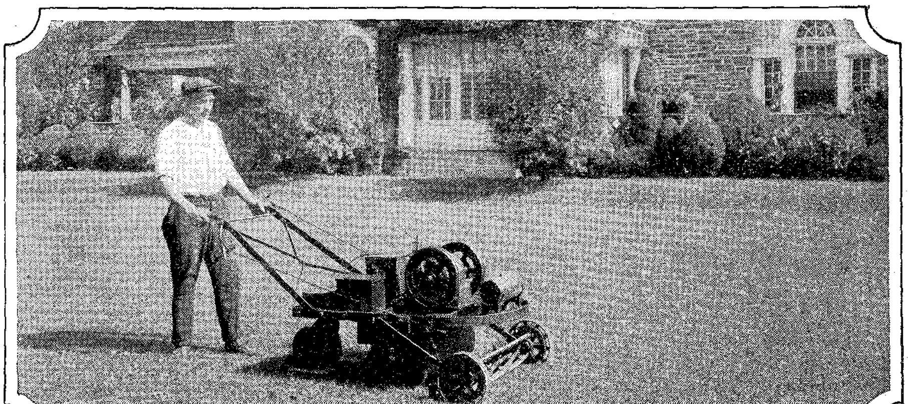
The word is not listed as a family name in aring-Gould's work treating this subject, r in the "Family Names of Great Britain." 'he name is probably derived from the bird, but s actual source is unknown. The application of ıe term to a perfume may have been due to the ıct that the thrush's song is marked by the veetness of its sound.

protogram—"W. J. Z.," New York—A *protoam* is one of a type of portmanteau- or telescopeords. Briefly stated, it comes from the Greek *otos*, denoting "first," and *gramma*, writing, om *grapho*, write. It is pronounced with the ccent on the first syllable—*pro'to-gram*. A *otogram* is "a first-letter word," of which we ıve a great many in use throughout the country. ost of them, however, are trade-names, such as *ocony*, which is a true protogram. There are ırieties of protograms, such as *Nabisco*, which is a st syllable protogram. A word belonging to ıe same family is *realtor*, which designates "a al estate broker affiliated with the National ssociation of *Real Estate Boards*."

Terms of this kind were much in evidence durg the war, notably in the word *Anzac*, which is mposed of the initial letters of "*A*ustralian and ew *Z*ealand *A*rmy *C*orps." Among others of ıose stirring times are *Waacs* for "*W*omen's rmy *A*uxiliary *C*orps," *Vad* for "*V*oluntary *A*id etachment." Among the more recent introducɔns that may be cited is *Copec*, which stands for onference *o*n *P*olitics, *E*conomics, and *C*itizenip."

The first protogram of which we have any record, *P. Q. R.*, was spread by Cæsar's legions. It does ɔt stand for "small profits and quick returns" some of our enterprising captains of finance ɔuld have us believe, but was the symbol of the oman Senate and People, the letters *S. P. Q. R.* anding for "Senatus Populusque Romanus."

The most popular of all war protograms during e War was *Dora*. She was emblematic of the Defense of the Realm Act"—D-o-r-a—but after e war was over she was the most unpopular of acts passed by the British Parliament because e remained on the statute-books unsuppressed.



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The Flavor Lingered.—"I once loved a girl that made a fool out of me."

"What a lasting impression some girls make!"—*The Simpsonian.*

Willing Spirit, Weak Flesh.—Mother—"Jimmie, what would you like to give your cousin Tim for his birthday?"

Jimmie—"I know; but I'm not big enough!"—*London Answers.*

"Audited and Found Correct."—"If the taxpayer's net income is more than $5,000, his net income shall not be considered to be less than $5,000."—*From a news item in the New York Times.*

Instalments Everywhere.—"Ed's buying an automobile on the instalment plan."

"Yes, and if he doesn't drive more carefully than he has been doing, they'll take him to the hospital on the same plan."—*Kansas City Star.*

Ever Eat Any?—Early Monday morning a broker received the following from a Kansas City customer: "Please subscribe for $1,000 Fried. Krupp notes and charge my account. I have always made money in these food stocks."—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Best Grounds.—"I shall go to your father and ask his consent to-night, darling. There are no grounds on which he can throw me out, dear, are there?"

"Not in front of the house, dearest; but there's a potato-patch at the back which looks nice and soft."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Real Sympathy.—A teacher, trying to impress on her pupils the rightness of kindness to all animals, took them for a walk to bring the lesson home to them. Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?" "I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing."—*Boys' Life.*

More Cross-Word Stuff.—Judge—"Why did you throw the dictionary at your husband?"

Woman—"Oh, well, I was trying to work a cross-word puzzle and asked him several times to tell me a word of five letters, meaning domestic happiness, and he wouldn't do it."—*Florida Times-Union.*

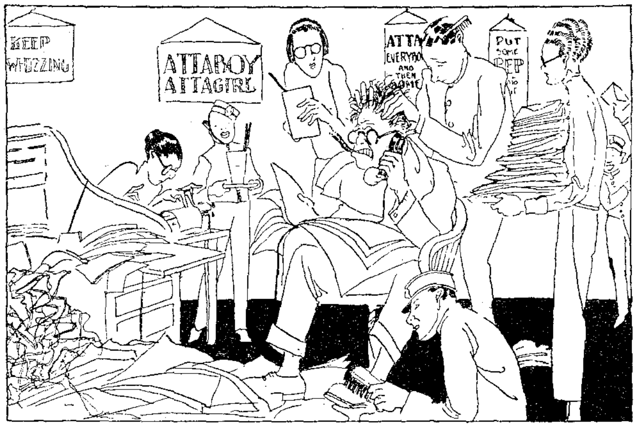
Prop Wanted.—The colored janitor of a church in St. Louis had a violent temper. He was converted, but sometimes his temper would get the best of his good resolutions. On one occasion when he was repenting of one of his lapses, he made this prayer after he had asked the Lord to forgive him: "O Lord, prop me up on the leaning side."—*Christian Witness.*

Most Natural.—"Did he die a natural death?"

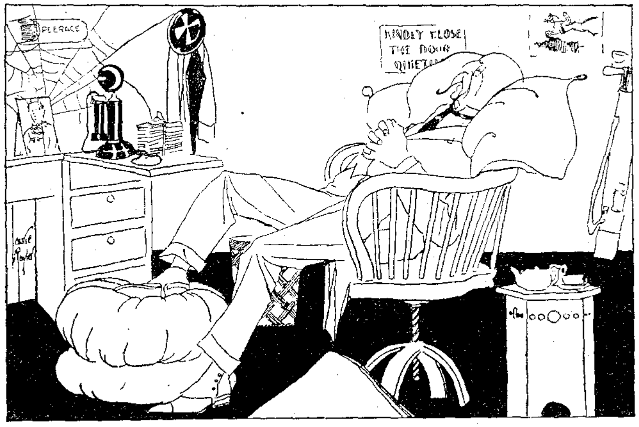
"Yes, he was run over in the street."—*Kansas City Star.*

And a Wooden Overcoat.—Old John Ruddy is fixing to celebrate his wooden wedding next week with a quart of wood alcohol.—*Arkansas Thomas Cat.*

BUSINESS AS USUAL



The British idea of an American business office, and—


PLEASE
KINDLY CLOSE THE DOOR QUIETLY

The American idea of a British business office.

—*The Bystander* (London).

Another Success.—"Here," said the poet, "is a little thing I wrote in three minutes."

"Man alive!" said the astonished editor, glancing at the poem. "Why, your fortune's made."

"Thanks," said the poet, much gratified.

"Yes," continued the editor. "If you wrote all that in three minutes, you can earn a good living at addressing envelops by the hundred."—*Chicago Continent.*

The Dead Indian.—Captain Herbert Hartley of the *Leviathan* was talking about France and Germany.

"France," he said, "would like to treat Germany as the Nola Chucky judge treated the dead Indian.

"A dead Indian was found on the outskirts of Nola Chucky with $75 and a revolver.

"'This here corpse,' said the judge, 'is fined $3.25 for carrying concealed weapons. His revolver, of course, is confiscated. The costs in the case are $71.75, which just settles the estate.'"—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Time Out.—Little Girl (disturbed at her prayers by her teasing young brother)—"Pardon me a minute while I kick Herbie."—*Brown Jug.*

Oh, Joy!—Father (taking small boy to dentist)—"Well, I've rung three times, and there doesn't seem to be any answer."

Small Boy (hopefully)—"I wonder if he's dead!"—*Punch* (*London*).

Wisdom Here.—"You ain' gineter get much good f'um readin' de Bible," said Uncle Eben, "if all you's lookin' foh is sumpin' to staht an argument about."—*Washington Star.*

Base Insinuation.—Salesman—"Here is a beautiful little eight-shot automatic pistol."

Fair Customer—"Heavens! Do you think I am a polygamist?"—*La Dépêche* (*Toulouse*).

One Resemblance.—His Wife—"A writer here explains why some husbands consider their wives angels."

Her Brute—"I suppose it is because they are always harping on something."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Slow Sorghum.—John Griffin took his five-gallon jug over to the sorghum mill early Monday morning of last week after some molasses and has not yet returned. No grave fears, however, are entertained on account of his protracted absence, as sorghum molasses runs slow in cold weather, which is still quite brisk.—*Arkansas Thomas Cat.*

Bluff.—George F. Baker, financier, said, on his return from Europe:

"You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip, and if any European nation tells you it's well off, you can rest assured it's bluffing—bluffing as hard as the 'Mississippi Whale.'

"The 'Mississippi Whale' and the 'Alabama Steamboat,' two New Orleans roustabouts, were long-distance swimmers, and they agreed one day to have a race to the death. Some sugar brokers put up a purse of $10 for the man who should swim the longest distance.

"When the 'Mississippi Whale' turned up for the race he was in swimming trunks and had an oil-stove strapped on his back and packages of bacon, coffee, bread, and so on tied on his head and around his neck. The 'Steamboat' stared at him in amazement.

"'Vittles? Vittles fo' what?' said the 'Steamboat.'

"The 'Whale' gave a shrug.

"'Doan' yo' be axin' me fo' nothing to eat on the way over, dass all,' he said. 'Mah fust stop is New York and mah nex' is London.'"—*Philadelphi Bulletin.*